The Outlook

Vol. 69 December 7, 1901 No. 14

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The President and His Cabinet to the Country 853
The New Congress 853
Secretary Root's Report: The Situation in the Philippines 854
Real Reciprocity with Cuba 855
The Sugar Situation 855
The Sugar Tax 856
Army Improvement 856
Secretary Long's Report 857
The Indian Commissioner's Report 857
Diplomatic and Consular Reform 858
Irrigation 859
The Northern Securities Company 859
A Cathedral Choir School 860
Who is Responsible for the Boer War? 860
On the Isthmus 861

EDITORIALS:

The President's Message 861
Reading for Children 866
For Civic Beauty 868

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The Best Books for Children 869
By Mary Mapes Dodge, Horace E. Scudder, Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Frank R. Stockton, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Tudor Jenks, Nora A. Smith, Caroline M. Hewins, and Agnes Repplier
Two Irish Sisters (Poems) 884
By Moira O'Neill
The Land of Lorna Doone 886
By Hamilton Wright Mabie
The Holiday Books. (With Portraits) 893
Do We Really Know Dr. Johnson? 907
By Augustine Birrell
Edmund Clarence Stedman. (With Portrait) 917
Memories of a Hundred Years. II.—1801-1807 918
By Edward Everett Hale
Counter-Currents 934
By E. S. Chamberlayne

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

The History of the Spanish War 941
Books of the Week 942
CORRESPONDENCE 950
NOTES AND QUERIES 952

The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

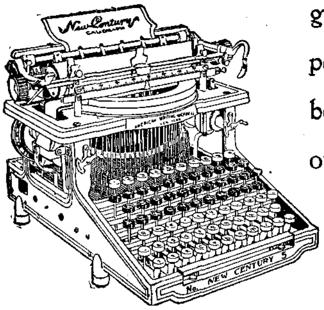
How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Copyright, 1901, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

The
New Century



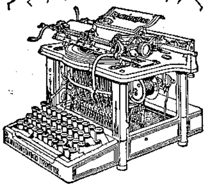
grows in popularity because of its

A 1

Work and Service

Let us send you an illustrated pamphlet giving full details of its equipment.

AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO.
302 Broadway, New York



Practical users find the
REMINGTON
the most serviceable of writing machines.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
327 Broadway, New York.

IMPERIAL GRANUM Best FOOD for Babies and Invalids, Dyspeptics & the Aged "IT ALWAYS NOURISHES"

The Handsomest Calendar for 1902 is yours for the asking Free

Size 11 x 14—Highly colored; a reproduction of the celebrated painting by the German Artist, A. Roeseler, as herewith shown. Mailed to any address on receipt of 4 two cent stamps to partially pay postage and packing—an ideal Christmas present. Ready December 15, write now. JOHN CARLE & SONS, Dept. O, 153 Water St., New York City

IMPERIAL GRANUM

GOLD MEDAL PAN-AMERICAN 1901

The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 69 December 7, 1901 No. 14

The President and His Cabinet to the Country A series of articles on prominent public questions by such men as Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, John D. Long, John Hay, Lyman J. Gage, E. A. Hitchcock, Charles Emory Smith, irrespective of their official positions, if published in one magazine or one book, would create widespread interest and would be the literary sensation of the hour. It is doubtful whether ever in the history of American politics such a group of men have made such a combined contribution to the political thought of the people as is made by the President and his Cabinet in the Message and Departmental reports which are laid before Congress this week. We devote the larger portion of our editorial space to giving our readers a brief account of most of the contributions, for such they really are. The literary quality which distinguishes the President's Message also characterizes, though perhaps to a less extent and certainly with different qualities, the reports of his Cabinet officers, and makes them all interesting as well as valuable reading. The people ought to have every facility for getting these contributions in full; they ought not to be left dependent upon newspaper summaries of them, which, however carefully prepared, are and must be inadequate. We renew the suggestion which we have heretofore made to Congress to provide some method by which these and other documents of special public interest can be furnished to the people through the Post-Office Department, so that any man in any locality where there is a post-office can secure a copy of one or all of them by giving his order to the post-office, if necessary, in advance, and paying the cost of paper and presswork, or even a part of that cost. We think it would be better that something should be paid for them than that they should be given away, for those who paid for them would make some use of them. When it is remembered how many people in this country subscribed and paid for the ten volumes of Presidents' Messages which belonged to our past history, we think it is evident that there are many who would gladly pay a small sum to secure for present reading the President's Messages and analogous papers which deal with current and immediate questions.

❀

The New Congress The Fifty-seventh Congress, which assembled on Monday, differs in one important respect from its predecessors for several years past. All of its members may be grouped as belonging to one of the two great parties. The decision of Senator Jones, of Nevada, to re-enter the Republican party, and of Senators Dubois and Heitfeld, of Idaho, to enter the Democratic party, makes unnecessary any further distinctions between Republicans and Silver Republicans on the one side, or between Silver Republicans, Democrats, and Populists on the other; while the retirement of Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky, removes the last of the "Gold Democrats." In the Senate there are, at present at least, 55 Republicans and 33 Democrats. In the House several members from west of the Mississippi may prefer at home to be known as Populists rather than Democrats—a preference often very decided among Western farmers—but all of them were elected on "Fusion" tickets largely by Democratic votes, and are certain to be classed at Washington as Democrats. The membership of the House will stand: Republicans 197, Democrats 160. The House has, of course, re-elected Speaker Henderson, of Iowa; and Senator Frye, of Maine, will be the regular presiding officer of the upper chamber. The Senate adjourned on Monday out of respect to the memory of Senator Kyle, of South Dakota, and on Tuesday, after the reading of the President's Message, both Houses adjourned in commemoration of the death of President McKinley.

❀

Secretary Root's Report Secretary Root's report respecting the Philippines will surprise many readers, and will be received with an approach to incredulity by some. He declares that in selecting the men for civil service in the Philippines no official has been appointed upon any one's request, or upon any personal, social, or political considerations, and that members of both Houses of Congress cheerfully acquiesced in not being consulted for these offices, as soon as they were satisfied that the rule admitted of no exceptions; in other words, Congress and the Administration have adopted without resistance or serious objection the principle of Civil Service Reform—not necessarily its methods—for the selection of officers in the Philippines. Scarcely less gratifying than this declaration are the statements concerning the extent to which local self-government has been instituted. Municipal governments have been organized in 765 towns, in all of which the municipal officers are elected by popular suffrage. All persons who own real property to the value of $250 or pay an annual tax of $15, or who speak, read, or write either English or Spanish, are competent to vote. The affairs of the town or village are in the hands of the municipal authorities, subject to "extensive visitorial and supervisory powers" by the Commission. How extensive these powers are the Secretary of War does not state, but we may assume that they are not more extensive than those exercised by the New York Legislature over the municipality of New York, and not so extensive as those recently exercised by the Quay Legislature in Pennsylvania over the municipality of Pittsburg. Thirty provinces have also been organized, the Governors of which are elected by the Councilors of the municipalities in the provinces; the other officers are appointed by the Commission; "but in every case they were selected upon consultation with the citizens and with due regard to their informally expressed wishes." Native police are more and more used in the maintenance of order. Encouraging progress has been made in education, but as many children are awaiting admission to the schools as are already engaged in study, because there are not adequate school-rooms. There are more people anxious for education than teachers to furnish it, more teachers than school buildings for them to teach in. On two reforms the Secretary of War lays great stress. He urges, as both the Philippine Commissions have done, that the lands owned by the friars and occupied by tenants who are intensely hostile to their landlords should be purchased by the State and sold to the tenants or to the other people of the islands upon reasonable terms. "The receipts from sales of the lands to natives can be devoted to the payment of any bonds needed to raise money for the purpose." This, as our readers will remember, is the method of dealing with the friar problem which The Outlook has urged from the beginning. The Secretary also urges a modification of the present Federal law so as to allow franchises to be given in the Philippines "under proper safeguards against undue exploitation and imposition." We should like to see Congress put a limitation of twenty-five or possibly thirty-three years on all franchises in territories belonging to the United States, and then leave the territorial government a free hand in granting franchises, possibly subject to the approval of the President of the United States. The whole report of the Secretary of War emphasizes the declaration of the President that the object of the American people in the Philippines is to promote their prosperity, to safeguard their liberty, and to transfer to them as rapidly as possible the responsibilities of all local government. That Congress should by legislation define the relations of the islands to this country is made clear by this declaration, and also by the decision of the Supreme Court just rendered in the "Fourteen Diamond Rings Case," on which we shall comment next week. The decision in brief declares that the Philippines are United States territory, and that tariff charges cannot be enforced against goods coming thence to this country under any law now existing. The Porto Rican decisions would indicate that Congress can impose tariffs, if it wishes.

* * *

Real Reciprocity with Cuba Just as people were beginning to fear that the demand for reciprocity was forever to be granted in principle but denied in practice, the Administration has made, through Secretary Root's report, a concrete recommendation for immediate reciprocity with Cuba. This recommendation is of such far-reaching importance that we reprint, as far as our space-limits permit, the words of the Secretary:

> The chief apparent obstacle to the future prosperity of the island is to be found in its commercial relations with the United States, and the necessity of securing some reciprocal arrangement under which a concession shall be made from the tariff duties now imposed by the United States upon the principal Cuban products. The prosperity of Cuba depends upon finding a market for her principal products—sugar and tobacco—at a reasonable profit.
>
> Cuba has acquiesced in our right to say that she shall not put herself in the hands of any other Power, whatever her necessities, and in our right to insist upon the maintenance of free and orderly government throughout her limits, however impoverished and desperate may be her people. Correlative to this right is a duty of the highest obligation to treat her, not as an enemy, not at arm's length as an aggressive commercial rival, but with a generosity which toward her will be but justice.
>
> Our present duty to Cuba can be performed by the making of such a reciprocal tariff arrangement with her as President McKinley urged in his last words to his countrymen at Buffalo on the 5th of September. A reasonable reduction in our duties upon Cuban sugar and tobacco, in exchange for fairly compensatory reductions of Cuban duties upon American products, will answer the purpose.
>
> Aside from the moral obligation to which we committed ourselves when we drove Spain out of Cuba, and aside from the ordinary considerations of commercial advantage involved in a reciprocity treaty, there are the weightiest reasons of American public policy pointing in the same direction; for the peace of Cuba is necessary to the peace of the United States; the health of Cuba is necessary to the health of the United States; the independence of Cuba is necessary to the safety of the United States. The same considerations which led to the war with Spain now require that a commercial arrangement be made under which Cuba can live.

The Sugar Situation Secretary Root concludes his recommendation by urging action on the part of Congress. The reception of his report, however, by the leaders of the dominant party in Congress makes it doubtful whether action will be forthcoming unless strong pressure is exerted by the rank and file of constituents having none but public interests at stake. The special interests opposed to the recommendation are already making themselves felt, and were indeed on the ground at Washington at the first intimation that reciprocity with Cuba and the Philippines would be urged by the Administration. The sugar interests are naturally the most concerned, and the New York "Tribune's" Washington despatch of the day before Mr. Root's report was published gives an illuminating picture of their activity:

> In opposition to any and every change in the present sugar schedule there have gathered in Washington the representatives of a number of interests who are prepared to ply Congress with arguments to show that the Government is under obligations to maintain the status quo at any cost, and in defiance of all considerations of policy, good morals, or common sense. At the head of this opposition to the President's policy stands one of the Oxnards, who, with his brothers, is interested in the manufacture in this country of beet-root sugar. Judging from the fact that he has taken a large house this winter, admirably adapted for entertaining, it is evident that he thinks he will have something of a fight on his hands at the coming session. Here are the interests which may be considered to have pooled their issues:
>
> First—The beet-root sugar manufacturers of the West.
> Second—The cane-sugar growers of Louisiana.
> Third—The sugar-producers of Hawaii.
> Fourth—The sugar-producers of Porto Rico.
>
> The entire consumption of sugar in the United States for the present year is estimated at 2,360,585 tons. Of this amount the four interests just cited will furnish, at a very liberal estimate, about one million tons, as follows:
>
> | | Tons. |
> |---|---|
> | Domestic beet-root sugar | 150,000 |
> | Louisiana cane sugar | 350,000 |
> | Hawaii (free sugar) | 350,000 |
> | Porto Rico (free sugar) | 150,000 |
> | Total | 1,000,000 |
>
> The amount of sugar on which duty is paid is, therefore, 1,360,585 tons. The average duty collected on a ton of raw sugar, varying according to the quality of the sugar and the prices ruling in the market whence it is shipped, is about $36. The revenue, therefore, derived by the Government from sugar is approximately $48,981,060. If it be true that the price to the consumer is increased to the extent of the

duty, as there seems reason to believe it is in this case, then the people of this country are paying $84,981,060 more for their sugar than they would if sugar were free. Or, to put it differently, it costs the people nearly $85,000,000 to get less than $50,000,000 into the Treasury.

❀

The Sugar Tax The "Tribune's" estimates, though "liberal," are substantially correct, and there is no doubt about the substantial correctness of its further deduction that a tax of nearly $36,000,000 is now being paid by the people which does not go into the Treasury, but into the pockets of the protected domestic Hawaiian and Porto Rican sugar-producers. The Hawaiian figures, though somewhat exaggerated in the "Tribune's" column, make clear the correctness of its logic. In 1900 we imported from Hawaii 250,000 tons of sugar, which was sold in our markets no more cheaply than if it had come from Cuba. Had it come from Cuba, however, it would have paid into the Treasury a duty of $36 a ton, or $9,000,000 in all. As it was duty-free, the Treasury got nothing and the $9,000,000 went into the pockets of the Hawaiian producers. Domestic sugar-producers and Porto Rican sugar-producers are protected in the same way by the tax of $36 a ton imposed upon their Cuban rivals, and all of these interests have united to keep the Cuban (and the Philippine) sugar-producers from getting even any reduction from present duties. From the standpoint of self-interest these protected sugar-producers are right in their attitude, for Cuba and the Philippines can supply all the sugar we now import subject to duty. If Cuban and Philippine sugar were made free, we should no longer consume any taxed sugar at all. If the tax on Cuban and Philippine sugar were even reduced, the price of sugar in our markets would no longer need to be $36 a ton higher than it is in the English markets. Therefore, as the "Tribune" expresses it, the producers of one million tons of domestic, Hawaiian, and Porto Rican sugar have combined to defend the "tidy little pile of $36,000,000" which they now receive from the consumers of this country by reason of the $36 a ton duty imposed upon their rivals. Private interests aggregating $36,000,000 against Cuban reciprocity can be defeated only if the general public is thoroughly aroused on this subject.

❀

Army Improvement While public attention will be most strongly arrested by Secretary Root's remarks on the Philippines and Cuba, that part of his report relating to the condition and needs of the army deserves attention. The total force, officers and men, is now about 84,000. A little over half of this number are in the Philippines, whence it is reported that the field work has been conducted from five hundred stations with such success that, with the exception of Lukban in Samar and Malvar in southern Luzon, all prominent insurgent leaders with their commands were captured or surrendered; our total casualties for the year (killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing) are put at 873, those of the Filipinos 11,619, while about 23,000 of the enemy have surrendered, with about 15,000 rifles. More interesting than the formal report of military operations is the full and carefully worked out plan for military education. Beginning with a recommendation for the rebuilding of the West Point post after "a complete tearing down," Mr. Root recommends the bringing of all the different branches of military education into one system under direct supervision and inspection by a body of officers whose special business it will be to make every part of the system effective. He would have the present loosely constructed lyceums for officers replaced by definite courses of instruction, a general service and staff college with instruction in every branch established at Fort Leavenworth (where there is now a school for infantry and cavalry officers), a post-graduate course to be carried on by the War College dealing with the really great problems of National defense and military science, the establishing of an honor-record in the Department whereby recognition of special service and capacity may be had, and, finally, the throwing open of the schools to National Guard officers who have been volunteers and graduates of military schools. With this systematic education as a basis, Secretary Root would establish examinations for applicants to test their fitness for commissions in the volunteer service, and then in time of need grant commissions to those who have passed. Doubtless these recommendations will be presented to Congress in a bill; to the layman, at least, they appear to be sensible, systematic, and businesslike.

❀

Secretary Long's Report We note several points of non-technical interest in the report of the Secretary of the Navy. In the first place, his requests for new ships are less extensive than general rumor, started, no doubt, by the very extensive recommendations of the Board of Construction, had led the public to expect. Mr. Long asks for three battle-ships, two cruisers, three gunboats, and fourteen small craft. Few critics will consider this unreasonable if our navy is to be kept up to a modern standard. An increase of the naval force by about three thousand five hundred officers and men is recommended, but nothing is said as to increasing the pay, although it is, we are told, difficult to keep the present force up to its legal limit. A second point of general interest is that the requests for minor vessels include three sailing ships, showing that Mr. Long believes that the old-time method of sea-training should not be abandoned because our war-ships are now fighting-machines practically without sailing power. Finally, an unprejudiced mind is shown by the recommendation that the United States should be allowed by a change of law to seek outside the navy for the best available civilian scientist to take charge of the Naval Observatory. The pressing need of a trained National naval reserve force is urged—one ready to act at once on outbreak or threat of war. On the vexed question of promotion and retirement, Secretary Long would modify the Personnel Reorganization Law so that officers retired under sections eight and nine, instead of having as now the rank and three-fourths the sea pay of the next higher grade, shall receive the rank and three-fourths the sea pay of the grade held at the time of retirement. The present sections eight and nine, he thinks, offer a premium to officers to go on the retired list, in the one case when the total number is less than it should be, in the second when the officer's services are no longer of value.

The Indian Commissioner's Report Those who are familiar with the history of Indian affairs for the last thirty or forty years will take a more hopeful view of the progress which has been achieved than Commissioner Jones does in his report. They will, in our opinion, generally entertain a better opinion respecting the imperfect system of taxation and the inadequate results achieved by it than he does. But they will all agree with him that—

> It is time to make a move toward terminating the guardianship which has so long been exercised over the Indians and putting them upon an equal footing with the white men, so far as their relations with the Government are concerned.

It would, however, have been more accurate to say that the movement toward terminating this guardianship, initiated over fifteen years ago, should be pushed with much greater vigor against the obstacles which traditionalism, inertia, and bureaucracy combine to present. The breaking up of the reservation system should be advanced much faster. Indian agencies should be summarily abolished in nearly if not in all cases in which the reservation has been abolished. Some better plan than the present should be devised for enabling the Indian to get the benefit of his lands by leasing and selling, in cases in which he cannot advantageously occupy and till them himself. Either the lands should be subject to taxation or the taxes should be provided for out of tribal funds, since the gain from exemption does not at all balance the popular local prejudice to which exemption from taxation leads. Some wise plan should be devised for distributing the tribal funds now held in trust, even if, as a result, some of them are squandered. And the school system should be modified so as to conform it to the school system for other populations. For this reason we are very glad that the "Browning Ruling" has been abrogated. Whatever necessity there may have existed for that ruling when issued in 1896, it exists no longer. Under the contract system the Government gave to denominational schools, for the support and maintenance of Indian pupils therein, a fee, sometimes amounting to as much as $125 per pupil. As a result, there was not only strife between the various denominational schools, but also between the Government and the church schools, to secure pupils. Influence was brought to bear upon Indian parents to take their children out of the Government day-schools and put them into the denominational or mission schools. To prevent this the Browning Ruling was issued in 1896, that "where a day-school is established, children should *not* be taken from its territory and sent to contract or non-reservation schools until the day-school is filled to its capacity, or so nearly filled that it will not interfere with its efficient operation." The right of Indian parents to designate the school their children shall attend was explicitly denied by the Department.

❁

The Result All the Protestant denominations, becoming persuaded of the evils attending the contract system, consented to its abandonment; the contracts between the Government and the mission schools were discontinued by the diminution in successive years of the appropriations; the Government assumed responsibility for making provision for the education of Indian children in Government schools; and in 1897 Congress declared it "to be the settled policy of the Government to hereafter make no appropriation whatever for education in any sectarian schools." Certain Roman Catholic dignitaries are still urging the Department of the Interior to allow funds belonging to certain tribes to be appropriated by the request of the tribe for the partial support of mission schools, but this request is clearly inconsistent with the spirit and language of the act of Congress, and with the policy which Congress has deliberately adopted, with the approval of all the denominations, unless it be the Roman Catholic. Under these conditions, the reason for the Browning Ruling no longer exists, and certainly under ordinary circumstances Indian parents should have the privilege of choosing the school which they wish their children to attend, subject to such regulations as may be necessary to secure an adequate standard of education in all Indian schools, whether public or private. It appears to us that the principles adopted by England in the conduct of her Board schools, and to some extent also in this country, indicate the lines on which the United States Government should act in the future. A standard of education should be established by the Federal Government for all private schools assuming to educate Indian children, or perhaps for all undertaking to furnish education in any territory and possession of the United States not organized as a State, and children should be required to attend such schools as do conform to this standard; but they should be allowed to attend any schools which thus conform, provided changes are not made in the middle of the school year at the whim of the parent and to the disadvantage of the child. No funds should be appropriated by Congress to denominational schools, out of either public or tribal funds. No white community is allowed to appropriate public funds to ecclesiastical or denominational uses, and certainly no Indian community should be allowed to do so.

❁

Diplomatic and Consular Reform No part of the President's Message is more encouraging than its espousal of consular reform. Organized under the provisions of the law of 1856, our consular service is entirely inadequate to present conditions. By his long experience in the diplomatic service our present Secretary of State has had abundant occasion to note the blow to American prestige given by every unworthy representative. He has often referred to the inadequacy of our present laws, as does Mr. Roosevelt in his Message. Both now recognize the interest taken in the reorganization of the service by various Chambers of Commerce throughout the country. In recent years several bills have been introduced in Congress based ostensibly upon the principle that our rapidly expanding foreign commerce and the maintenance of the dignity of the Nation abroad demand a reorganization of the diplomatic but especially of the consular service. Congress has vainly been urged to enact into law the principles advocated in these bills, that "appointments to the service should be made only after a practical test of the applicant's fitness, that promotions should be governed by trustworthiness, adaptability, and zeal in the performance of duty, and that tenure of office should be unaffected by partisan considerations." At the last session the so-called Chambers of Commerce Consular Reform Bill was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Lodge and in the House by Mr. Burton. Four months later Senator Lodge reported another bill as a substitute. The latter bill was read twice and referred to the calendar, where it remained. This was fortunate, since the Chambers of Commerce would certainly have opposed its passage, chiefly because, as was pointed out at the time in The Outlook, of the change of the Examining Board. In the Chamber of Commerce Bill the Board examining applicants for admission to the service was to be composed of the Secretary of State, or such person in the Department of State as the President should designate, a Consul General or Consul of the United States, to be designated by the President, and the Civil Service Commissioners. Thus the Civil Service Commissioners constituted a majority of the Board. The substitute bill changed this by providing that the Board should be composed of the Assistant Secretary of State, or such person in the Department of State as the President should designate, a Consul-General or Consul, and an officer of the State Department whom the President should designate. The Board was thus reduced to three in number, and made entirely dependent upon the President. The change was radical enough to deprive the bill of its usefulness. While Mr. Roosevelt has not advocated the passage of any particular bill, we believe that his administration will support the Chambers of Commerce movement as originally outlined; and we trust that the present session of Congress will witness the inauguration of a much-needed reform.

❀

Irrigation The subject of National irrigation works deservedly occupies a prominent place in the reports both of the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture. The Secretary of the Interior points out that "while one-third of the United States is still vacant, there are relatively few localities where homes can be made . . . not because the soil is barren or infertile, but on account of the difficulty of securing an adequate water supply." There is, he continues, water to be had, but the supply is either in great rivers from which it can be taken only by costly works, or it comes in sudden floods and needs costly reservoirs to store it. The individual farmer cannot cope with the problem, and neither can groups of farmers, save in exceptional localities. The agencies of town or State or Nation are needed, and the Secretary of the Interior urges that the National Government should make this work pre-eminently its own. In this recommendation the Secretary of Agriculture concurs, though he wisely points out that the reforms needed must begin with the education of the irrigators within the various States, and the reform of State laws. "Whatever aid Congress extends," he says, "should be conditioned on the enactment of proper irrigation codes by the States, and be made to promote the greater efficiency and success of such laws rather than interfere with their operation." The Secretary of the Interior urges the prosecution of experimental work and the construction of the San Carlos storage reservoir in Arizona, "reclaiming 100,000 acres or more of public land, at an estimated cost of $1,040,000." He points out that forty acres of well-irrigated land makes a farmer more independent than a hundred and sixty acres of land well watered by rains, and sensibly recommends that when irrigated land is opened to homestead claims the area allotted to any one family be proportionately reduced. The Secretary of Agriculture recommends the immediate change of our land laws by repealing the Desert Act, and by requiring cultivation as well as residence on a homestead. His report, together with the reports of his subordinates upon which it is based, forms a valuable addition to the literature of irrigation.

❀

The Northern Securities Company Three interesting statements were published last week touching the recent railroad combination in the Northwest. The first was from Governor Geer, of Oregon, in a reply to the letter of Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, concerning the absorption of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways by the

Northern Securities Company. Governor Geer said in part:

> Oregon has no laws regulating combinations of capital and none regulating freight rates. Passenger fares are limited to four cents a mile, but two lines, the Northern Pacific and Oregon Railroad and Navigation Companies, have voluntarily reduced the rates to three cents. . . . Unless consolidation of railway companies should be followed by increased freight and passenger rates, it would be difficult to see where objection to it would lie. If this result should follow, it is a matter within the power of Legislatures to control. It may prove an easier matter to regulate rates than to prevent consolidation. . . .

Another equally interesting view was presented by Attorney-General Douglas, of Minnesota. Speaking of proceedings to be taken against the railway merger, as violating the plain intent of Minnesota laws, he said:

> Of course our State laws cannot reach a corporation doing business in New Jersey or New York. The remedy for a grievance of that kind would be in the Federal courts and by legislation at the hands of Congress. We ought to secure results now either under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law or the Inter-State Commerce Act. . . . I think the Sherman Act affords a very good remedy. It is direct in its provisions with regara to any movement calculated to hamper competition in business, and while there may be some doubt as to the power of the individual States to prevent a deal such as the Northern Securities Company appears to have in contemplation, I do not believe there is any as to the efficiency of the Federal law or the potency of the Federal courts in that direction.

❀

A Cathedral Choir School An interesting new educational institution has just been opened in New York City—a choir school for the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral. The school is exclusively for the education of the cathedral choristers, who, in consideration of their singing, receive a free general education. The master of the school is the Rev. Ernest Voorhis, A.M., Ph.D., a gentleman who has had large experience in the instruction of boys. The school is controlled by the Cathedral Board of Trustees. Preference is given to candidates between the ages of nine and twelve, older boys not being received except in cases of special musical ability. Indispensable conditions of entrance are a good voice and a correct ear, while clear articulation, pronunciation, and reading are also essential. On entering the boys are examined in reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic; they can be retained in the school only if they maintain such proficiency as the Cathedral services demand; they are not allowed to leave school before their voices break, or to remain in it after their voices have broken.

❀

Who is Responsible for the Boer War? We have received from a correspondent a letter questioning our statement that "the Boers challenged Great Britain to this war. Whatever their provocation, whatever the justice of their cause, we do not here discuss. The challenge was theirs." Our correspondent says:

> Many of us who are not Boers do not think that is correct in any far-reaching sense. It is true that the ultimatum came from the Boers; but there are many who believe that, from the time of the Jameson raid down, if not before, Great Britain had shown her intention of absorbing the Transvaal so plainly that it is standing on a technicality to say that the small and weak power challenged the large and great power to war.

Another correspondent, less discriminating, sends us a copy of the "Algemeen Handelsblad," of Amsterdam, and in an accompanying letter says: "You will see that the Boers did not challenge Great Britain to war, that they were compelled, especially after the Jameson raid, to do what they did do." Our reply can be very briefly given. It is one of the signs of moral development that no nation is any longer willing to accept responsibility for producing war. In the present case the Boers and the British lay the responsibility one upon the other. The British advocate affirms that the Boers treated British subjects with injustice and indignity, refused to grant them the justice accorded to them even by Boer courts, denied them civil and religious rights, overtaxed them, stimulated discontent among the Dutch subjects of British colonies, accumulated money, arms, and ammunition, and prepared surreptitiously to instigate an uprising in South Africa for the purpose of overthrowing British authority altogether and establishing a Dutch United States. The Boer advocate insists that the British were incited by greed of gold after its discovery in the Transvaal, set themselves to work to undermine Boer authority first by political measures, next by instigating an uprising by the Jameson raid, lastly by preparations for direct aggression, and finally by giving the Transvaal notice of a coming ultimatum. Their case is thus stated by the "Algemeen Handelsblad:"

> "Were not the Boers the aggressors?" some American papers ask, echoing English voices. May I draw your attention to Sir Alfred Milner's "extreme measure" despatch of 1899, in which he urged the British Government to force on a war at once, and that while negotiations with the Transvaal were going on? Mr. Chamberlain published this appeal for war in England . . . he broke off the negotiations in progress . . . he called out the reserves . . . he gave the Transvaal notice that a document would soon reach it which was understood everywhere to be an ultimatum. I must take for granted that the ministers understood what they were doing, and that war must come, unless the Boers were cowards who would allow England to bully them and to filch their independence from them.

Into the question which of these claims is justified by history we explicitly refused to enter in the article which our correspondents criticise. Our own opinion is that the two nations must share the responsibility for this war between them; that if either Mr. Kruger or Mr. Chamberlain had been a statesman, certainly if both had been statesmen, the war never would have occurred. But, whatever the responsibility for the causes which provoked the war, it is unquestionably true that the Boer Government threw down the gage of battle. It was the challenging party. Having, in our judgment, failed, it ought to accept the failure, and endeavor to make the best possible terms with Great Britain consonant with securing protection to life, liberty, and property for the people which it represents.

❀

On the Isthmus Last week we reported the capture of Colon by the Colombian Liberals or insurgents. This week finds the Conservatives, or Government forces, again in possession of the town. The presence of a Colombian Government vessel at Colon, together with a skillful maneuver by which Colonel Barera's position at Buena Vista was flanked and his Liberal forces defeated in a sharp skirmish, brought matters to a crisis, and the surrender to General Alban was arranged through the United States officers in command of our forces who are protecting interoceanic traffic. None of the reports indicate any likelihood of unpleasant complications between the representatives of the United States and either of the belligerents. Even European critics are recognizing the fact that our Government is keeping strictly within its treaty obligations and rights, and has no intention of profiting selfishly by opportunities arising out of Colombia's internal trouble. The recapture of Colon does not mean the end of the insurgent movement. Further fighting is expected at Bocas del Toro, seventy miles from Colon, and probably the struggle will continue in the interior for some time. It is thought by some that the two factions may be united under the leadership of General Reyes. More important, though less prominently in the world's view than the fighting on the Isthmus, is the action of Venezuela in terminating diplomatic relations with Colombia. This probably means war between the two countries. As we have pointed out before, President Castro, of Venezuela, as the head of a Liberal, anti-Clerical party, is in sympathy with the party of the same name and character in Colombia which is now in insurrection, while the Colombian Government, being Conservative, sympathizes with the Venezuelan reactionary party.

❀

The President's Message

The President's Message is characteristic of the man. No reader of the Message will need to be told that it has not been written for the President, and is not composed of material furnished to him by the different Departments. It is a contribution to the political thought of the Nation by an independent thinker of decided convictions and of unquestioned courage. It discusses such themes as Anarchy, Trusts, the Labor Problem, Army and Navy Reform, Civil Service and Colonial Policy, in the same spirit in which unofficial Theodore Roosevelt might have discussed them in a series of magazine articles. It is preeminently interesting and readable—the address of a citizen to his fellow-citizens, of an equal to his equals, on subjects in which he and they have a common interest and on which they bring to bear equal intelligence. This characteristic is something more than a mere quality in style; it is more even than a quality of thought; it is a quality inherent in the animating purpose. We see behind this Message the author, and what we see is this: The youngest man ever elevated to the Presidency of the Nation; elevated not by the direct vote of the people but by an awful tragedy; suddenly installed as the official leader over men who are his seniors in age, with equal abilities and with larger experience; saying to himself, "I may not control, but I can influence; I may not command, but I can guide;" setting himself to express his strong convictions with such sincere and evident respect for the opinions of others, with such unaggressive persuasiveness of spirit, as shall evade prejudices and secure a receptive reading. Thus we conceive the purpose of the man; the product is a message forceful but not aggressive, clearly defined but not combative, one which deals with general principles but not in vague generalities, which is specific in suggestions without recommending specific forms of legislation, which represents the highest ethical standards but is not didactic. It is the voice of a man of affairs who is more than a practical politician; of a party leader who leads by representing the advance guard of his party, not by separating himself from it; of a reformer who is also an opportunist, of an idealist who is not a doctrinaire. Mr. Roosevelt is popularly regarded as the characteristically aggressive representative of a "strenuous life;" and yet Mr. Gladstone, the most distinctively persuasive orator of the nineteenth century, could hardly have delivered an address more conciliatory and persuasive than Mr. Roosevelt's first Message.

As a literary production it may be described as a public address on questions of the day. It contains no historic summaries of Departmental Reports. Its introduction is a eulogy of President McKinley as "the most widely loved man in all the United States," and a condemnation of the Anarchist, "whether he preaches or practices his doctrines," as "a malefactor and nothing else," "in no sense, in no shape or way, a 'product of social conditions,' save as a highwayman is 'produced' by the fact that an unarmed man happens to have a purse." Its unrhetorical and simple peroration is a grateful recognition of the international fellowship shown in the interchange of sympathies between the afflicted nations in the deaths respectively of Queen Victoria, the Empress Dowager Frederick of Germany, and President McKinley, and the pledge to the entire world involved in the closing sentence of the Message, spoken in the name and in behalf of the American people: "We firmly intend that our policy shall be such as to continue unbroken these international relations of mutual respect and good will." This introduction and close frame in a series of calm, forceful, explicit expressions the President's judgment on most of the questions which are now presenting themselves for solution to the American people.

The President recommends the creation of a Cabinet officer to be known as Secretary of Commerce and Industries, as provided by a bill introduced at the last session of Congress.

Approves the present tariff system as National policy.

Supports the principle of reciprocity as the handmaiden of protection.

Calls for immediate remedial action by Congress to restore the American merchant marine to the ocean, but does not suggest what the remedial action should be.

Urges strict economy in expenditures.

Calls for such amendment of the Inter-State Commerce Act as will enable us to secure to the public rates just and open to all shippers alike.

Advises the union in the Bureau of Forestry of functions now divided among different departments, the better to secure the preservation of our forests.

Calls for governmental construction and maintenance of irrigating reservoirs for our arid lands.

Announces the consummation of "a treaty which if ratified will enable us to begin preparations for an Isthmian Canal at any time, and which guarantees to this Nation every right that it has ever asked for in connection with the Canal," the early construction of which he urges.

Condemns the "wicked folly of war," and commends the Monroe Doctrine as a long step toward universal peace.

Recommends the completion of our

navy, the increase of our naval force, and the continuance of naval maneuvers.

Advises against an increase of our army; but urges increase of its efficiency, and declares that "no pressure, political, social, or personal, of any kind, will be permitted to exercise the least effect in any question of promotion or detail."

Pledges further Indian reforms in directions already instituted.

Recommends effort to exclude the liquor traffic from aboriginal races.

Calls attention to the Expositions at St. Louis, Charleston, and Buffalo.

Advises that the Census Office be made a permanent Government Bureau.

Recites our recent policy in China, and promises its continuance.

Referring our readers for further information on these subjects to the Message itself, we give more at length our interpretation of the Message on the four subjects treated in it which we think are of the most general interest—namely, Anarchy, Trusts, Colonial Policy, and Civil Service Reform.

The President makes short work of that sentimentalism which treats Anarchy as a product of social conditions. His remedies for that form of it which has found expression in the utterances of Emma Goldman and Herr Most, and in the action of Czolgosz, are four. He would make criminal the preaching of Anarchistic doctrines, if they involve a recommendation to crime. "No man or body of men preaching Anarchistic doctrines should be allowed at large, any more than if preaching the murder of some specified individual. Anarchistic speeches, writings, and meetings are essentially seditious and treasonable." He would use the powers of the Government to exclude professed Anarchists from coming into the country. "Such individuals as those who not long ago gathered in open meeting to glorify the murder of King Humbert of Italy perpetrate a crime, and the law should insure their rigorous punishment. They and those like them should be kept out of this country; and if found here they should be promptly deported to the country whence they came." He would throw additional protection around the life of the President, and any one in direct succession to the President—to which we should add the lives of any representatives of the Federal Government, including Senators, Representatives, and especially judicial officers. "The Federal courts should be given jurisdiction over any man who kills or attempts to kill the President, or any man who by the Constitution or by law is in line of succession for the Presidency, while the punishment for an unsuccessful attempt should be proportioned to the enormity of the offense against our institutions." Finally, he would enter into treaties with other civilized powers recognizing the crime of Anarchy, which "should be made an offense against the law of nations, like piracy and that form of manstealing known as the slave trade; for it is of far blacker infamy than either. It should be so declared by treaties among all civilized Powers."

In dealing with Anarchy The Outlook would discriminate more clearly than the President has done between that form which commends violence and that form which simply proposes by peaceful agitation to put an end to all exercise of force in the control of one will by another will. The first is crime, the second is simply folly. Assuming that it is of the first form of Anarchy which the President speaks, The Outlook heartily indorses the specific methods of dealing with it which he suggests.

It is evident that the President has given to no portion of his Message more careful attention than to that in which he discusses the subject of Trusts. On the one hand, he recognizes very clearly the problems and perils which they involve; on the other, he recognizes with equal clearness the perils which would be involved in any rash or reckless dealing with them. The complex industrial development, the resulting industrial changes, the rapid growth of cities, the increase of aggregate wealth, the tendencies to combination in corporations, have all combined to produce very serious social problems. Out of them has grown antagonism between rich and poor, enhanced by superficial thinkers or unscrupulous demagogues. "It is not true that as the rich have grown richer the poor have grown poorer. On the contrary, never before has the average man, the wage-worker, the farmer, the small trader, been so well off as in this country and at the present time." The captains of industry have contributed to the universal prosperity, and so have rendered great service to the people. "And it is of the utmost importance that this position should not be jeopardized. . . . It would be most unwise to cramp or to fetter the youthful strength of our Nation." Moreover, "the fundamental rule in our National life—the rule which underlies all others—is that, on the whole and in the long run, we shall go up or down together." The commercial disasters which injure the capitalist may easily deprive the wage-worker of even bare necessities. These considerations make it necessary to use extreme care in dealing with corporate wealth. The ignorant and reckless agitator is not to be accepted as a leader. Nevertheless, there are real and grave evils which must be studied and overcome. "Combination and concentration should be, not prohibited, but supervised and within reasonable limits controlled." The first essential "is knowledge of the facts—publicity." "The Government should have the right to inspect and examine the workings of the great corporations engaged in inter-State business;" and all artificial bodies depending upon statutory law for their existence and privileges "should be subject to proper Governmental supervision, and full and accurate information as to their operations should be made public regularly at reasonable intervals." The regulation and super vision of corporations doing business in many States should not be left to the individual State. "The Nation should, without interfering with the power of the States in the matter itself, also assume power of supervision and regulation over all corporations doing an inter-State business." The President believes that such power can be exercised under the Constitution. "If, however, the judgment of the Congress is that it lacks the constitutional power to pass such an act, then a Constitutional amendment should be submitted to confer the power."

We do not recall any clearer statement of immediate practical remedies than those afforded by this portion of the President's Message: first, publicity; second, Governmental supervision. Let these be tried first; it will be time to consider others when these have been tried and failed. We are glad to read the President's expression of his conviction that supervision by the Federal Government is not unconstitutional. It is safe to assume that he is supported in this opinion by his legal advisers. It accords with that interpretation of the Federal Constitution towards which the decisions of the Supreme Court have been constantly pointing since the time of Chief Justice Marshall. On this subject we shall speak more at length hereafter.

The President does not depend altogether, or rather we should say not chiefly, upon legislative action for promoting public well-being. He believes in the exclusion of pauper labor, contract labor, Chinese labor; in preventing the competition of convict contract labor in the open labor market; he believes in the enforcement of the eight-hour law, as far as practicable, in all Government work; he believes in improved immigration laws involving a more thorough system of inspection abroad and a more rigid system of examination in our immigrant ports; but, beyond all this, he believes in the spirit of good will. "When all is said and done, the rule of brotherhood remains as the indispensable prerequisite to success in the kind of National life for which we strive. Each man must work for himself, and unless he so works no outside help can avail him; but each man must remember also that he is indeed his brother's keeper, and that while no man who refuses to walk can be carried with advantage to himself or to any one else, yet that each at times stumbles or halts, that each at times needs to have a helping hand outstretched to him."

It is characteristic of the President that he declines to go into any academic discussions. Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines are already American territory, and Cuba is independent: on this assumption his discussion of our colonial policy proceeds. He wishes to see Hawaii developed on traditional American lines; he does not wish it to become "a region of large estates tilled by cheap labor." "The well-being of the average home-maker must be the true test of the healthy development of the islands. The land policy should, as nearly as possible, be modeled on our homestead system." In the case of Cuba the arguments of Secretary Root in favor of reciprocity are indorsed—though the President does not in terms refer to them—in a few brief but explicit sentences. "We are bound," he says, "by every consideration of honor and expediency, to pass commercial measures in the interest of her material well-being." In the Philippines the problem is more difficult. "Our earnest effort is to help these people upward along the stony and difficult path that leads to self-government." In this endeavor "we must show both patience and strength, forbearance and steadfast resolution." "Our aim is high. We do not desire to do for the islands merely what has elsewhere been done for tropic peoples by even the best foreign governments; we hope to do for them what has never before been done for any people of the tropics—to make them fit for self-government after the fashion of the really free nations."

Our present danger is not of exercising too despotic power over the Filipinos. On the contrary:

> In our anxiety for the welfare and progress of the Philippines, it may be that here and there we have gone too rapidly in giving them local self-government. It is on this side that our error, if any, has been committed. No competent observer, sincerely desirous of finding out the facts, and influenced only by a desire for the welfare of the natives, can assert that we have not gone far enough. We have gone to the very verge of safety in hastening the process. To have taken a single step farther or faster in advance would have been folly and weakness, and might well have been crime. We are extremely anxious that the natives shall show the power of governing themselves. We are anxious, first, for their sakes, and next because it relieves us of a great burden. There need not be the slightest fear of our not continuing to give them all the liberty for which they are fit. The only fear is lest in our over-anxiety we give them a degree of independence for which they are unfit, thereby inviting reaction and disaster. As fast as there is any reasonable hope that in a given district the people can govern themselves, self-government has been given in that district. There is not a locality fit for self-government which has not received it. But it may well be that in certain cases it will have to be withdrawn because the inhabitants show themselves unfit to exercise it; such instances have already occurred. In other words, there is not the slightest chance of our failing to show a sufficiently humanitarian spirit. The danger comes in the other direction.

We give this paragraph of the Message in full because it seems to us that it ought to convince every unprejudiced reader that the spirit of the President is the furthest possible removed from the spirit of imperialism. It may be argued that we ought not to govern the Filipinos even for the purpose of developing in them a power of self-government, that we have no right to exercise any authority over them, that they ought to be left to decide for themselves whether they are able to exercise the functions of government, and that any interference on our part is an intrusion and an impertinence. This appears to us to be the position of a doctrinaire who evolves his theories of life out of his own consciousness, instead of evolving them out of the realities of life. But those who believe that politics is a practical science, and policies are to be measured by their results, and statesmen by their spirit and their purposes, must, we think, be convinced by this Message, if anything could convince them, that the purpose of the Republican Administration, at least as it is represented by the President, is not to exploit the Philippine archipelago for the Americans' benefit, nor even to govern the archipelago for the benefit of the Filipinos, but to develop, by a government which is necessarily transitional, a capacity for self-government in the people of the archipelago.

For this purpose the President urges such legislation as shall promote industrial development: "The connection between idleness and mischief is proverbial, and the opportunity to do remunerative work is one of the surest preventives of war." "Congress should pass laws by which the resources of the islands can be developed, so that franchises (for limited terms of years) can be granted to companies doing business in them, and every encouragement be given to the incoming of business men." But franchises should be granted "only under regulations which will guarantee the islands against any kind of improper exploitation." Our laws should give free play to industrial enterprise in the archipelago; "the commercial development which will surely follow will afford to the people of the islands the best proof of the sincerity of our desire to aid them."

On the subject of Civil Service Reform, we surmise that the President has had in mind the critics, not of honest government, but of the examination methods for securing it. His treatment will probably not be trenchant enough to suit that class of reformers who never think they are making progress unless they are exciting enmity, but for the fundamental principle that public business should be conducted on business principles it will win the considerate hearing that a more dogmatic tone would not have won. "The merit system of making appointments," says the President, and his phraseology is felicitously descriptive, "is in its essence as democratic and American as the common-school system itself. It simply means that, in clerical and other positions where the duties are entirely non-political, all applicants should have a fair field and no favor, each standing on his merits as he is able to show them by practical test." The written competitive examination furnishes, not an ideal method, but, "though an imperfect means, yet the best present means of getting satisfactory results." This system is important at home; it is still more important abroad. "Not an office should be filled in the Philippines or Porto Rico with any regard to the man's party affiliations or services, with any regard to the political, social, or personal influence he may have at his command." "The administration of these islands should be as wholly free from the suspicion of partisan politics as the administration of the Army and Navy. All that we ask from the public servant in the Philippines or Porto Rico is that he reflect honor on his country by the way in which he makes that country's rule a benefit to the peoples who have come under it. This is all that we should ask, and we cannot afford to be content with less." This is admirable; what is even more admirable is the fact that this Administration, with its predecessor, is and has been from the beginning acting on this principle in the Philippines, as appears from the abstract of Secretary Root's report given in another column.

Our object in this article is not to discuss the President's Message but to report it. We wish that it were customary in this country, as it is in England, for the Opposition to move an amendment to the "Speech from the Throne" with which the legislative body is opened. We should really like to see what amendments Democratic leaders would have to offer to this document. We find it wholly admirable, in spirit, in animating purpose, in directness of utterance, and in the practical wisdom of its principles. We should wish to recommend more specific amendments to our tariff laws in the direction of reciprocity; we should like to see the tariff reduced on all American goods which have a monopoly in this country and find a sale abroad; and we should like to see subsidies opposed and free ships advocated as a means of fostering our merchant marine. But as a broad and comprehensive survey of National problems this Message will, in our judgment, take a high place among the historical state papers which American statesmen have furnished to the American people.

⁂

Reading for Children

The matter of reading for children is of such importance, and presents so many perplexities to fathers and mothers who are eager to make the best use of the most impressionable years of childhood, that The Outlook is glad to be able to present the conclusions of a group of men and women who, by reason of special study of the subject, and, in many cases, of successful practice of the art of writing, are qualified to speak with authority. It is significant that, although there is considerable variation in the specific books presented, there is substantial unanimity between the writers of this group of articles; a common recognition of the fact that the mind of the child ought to have free access to the reading which it craves, and that very few restrictions ought to be placed about it. The healthy child may be allowed to browse in a well-selected library with entire safety. Those things which it ought not to know, it will not, as a rule, understand; its innocence will protect it from that knowledge of life which at its years would be disastrous. Its curiosity will carry it far and wide; but it is a curiosity which is without morbidness and without pruriency. Nevertheless, in reading, as in all other matters, parents have no right to abdicate their functions; they are to stand to their children, not as repressors of natural instincts, formers of mechanical habits, directors of conventional taste, but as wise, judicious, and far-sighted liberators, keen to detect the individual taste of a child, quick to sympathize with its temperament, eager to lead it in the way to which its own mind would guide it.

The books suggested by the writers of this group of articles include practically all the standard works for children. Additions might be made to the list, and perhaps some subtractions made from it without material loss; but every book mentioned might be put into a child's hand with profit to the child. These lists will serve for the guidance of those who are not familiar with literature for children, and who have no opportunity for preparing themselves to direct the reading of children.

A few general principles may be laid down which are capable of as varied application as the wide range of temperament, taste, and mind demands:

Every child has an inalienable right to be brought into contact with the best writing in the world at as early a period as possible; he has an inalienable right to the education in ideas, in feeling, and in taste which familiarity with the best brings. There is a great deal of very good literature prepared especially for children, shaped definitely to meet them on the level of their experience, and to interest them along the lines of their natural activity. Many books prepared for this purpose have, by virtue of their fidelity to life and their excellent literary quality, attained the rank of literature. Kate Douglas Wiggin suggests an admirable test for books written specifically for young readers, and that is, the power of such books to interest both old and young. A book written for children which interests older people is likely to be a sound book. "Gulliver's Travels," "Alice in Wonderland," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," "The Arabian Nights," "The Water-Babies," "Tanglewood Tales," "Tom Brown at Rugby," and "The Jungle Book" are the common property of both young and old; that means that they are true to life and that they are sound in form.

It is a great mistake, however, to limit the reading of children to books especially prepared for them; to children, as much as to their seniors, belong the best books of the world. It is interesting to note how many of these best books are included in these lists. Scott's "Ivanhoe," Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales," the poems of Scott, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Æsop's Fables, "Guy Mannering," "Rob Roy," "Uncle Remus," "Pilgrim's Progress"—such books are the common property of all ages. To these must be added, however, a large number of those books which are recognized as forming the heart of every great literature. Every child ought to know his Homer. When it is read to him in such form as the Odyssey in Professor Palmer's prose translation, it is a story of adventure and action which he takes to quite as naturally as and with more zest than he would to the same narrative told with inferior skill. Shakespeare is a mine of interest to boys and girls of a certain age. They fasten upon the story-element long before they understand the poetry; but into their imagination the poetry unconsciously passes to become a part of their intellectual capital for the future. The folk-tales and fairy stories of all literatures were not written for children; many of them are incorporated into the best literature; they have richly furnished the figures and materials with which art has dealt. They belong, however, pre-eminently to children, for they express the mind of the race in its childhood, dealing with the things which are of universal interest. The child who knows mythology and folk-tales in the years when this rich material comes to him simply as stories, lives and breathes the air of the childhood of the race, and is awakened in imagination and stimulated in observation long before he is aware that he is being educated. It is quite as easy to interest children in the best lyrical poems of Wordsworth as in the imitative jingle which is so often imposed upon them because it is supposed to be interesting to childhood. No one thinks of beginning to train a child's artistic taste by showing him inferior pictures. Reproductions may be shown to him because they are accessible, but he is brought face to face in every form with the best works of the best painters. No one thinks of educating a child's ear musically by giving him street tunes, vaudeville airs, and "coon" songs;

he is given the best from the start. In art there is no second best. The same rule ought to hold with regard to books. From the very beginning the child ought to know the best, and only the best.

And he ought to be hampered with very few rules and very little supervision. Give him access to the best books and leave him alone; it is after he is twelve years old that his reading needs more careful oversight. When the knowledge of life is beginning to come to him, his reading, like his companionship, calls for wise direction.

❀

For Civic Beauty

Chicago is one of the best cities in the Union to conduct an experiment on a large scale for the beautifying of a modern town, because, pre-eminently among American cities, it is pervaded by a sense of civic unity. Every man who succeeds in Chicago feels that he must do something for the city; that, in a certain way, he is in partnership with the community, and that the place which has afforded him the opportunity of making a fortune ought to receive some share of the fruits of his activity. The Outlook has already reported various suggestions which have been made in practical ways looking to the adornment of the city. Still more significant is the proposed action of the Municipal Art League, the members of which are now planning to put the public spirit of the city to a very critical test. An effort is to be made to make the Art League include the great body of citizens by extending its membership to at least half a million persons. In this way it is proposed to reach all citizens who are in any way accessible either to the appeal of beauty or to the appeal of local pride; to turn the whole body of citizens into an organized propaganda for the adornment of the town, and incidentally to secure from so large a membership an annual income of at least one million dollars.

With this income it is proposed to carry out some of the suggestions already reported in these columns; to enrich the public buildings by mural paintings; to adorn open spaces and parks throughout the city with an abundance of high-class sculpture; to urge upon elevated railroads the necessity of ornamental stations, and to secure beauty in all the details of advertising signs and the fittings of streets. This is a very noble scheme, and, if it can be successfully carried out, will not only reflect the highest honor upon Chicago and place it ultimately among the most beautiful cities on the continent, but will immensely stimulate the pursuit of civic beauty in all parts of the country.

There never was a time in our history when the spirit of beauty was so needed. New York, for example, is being rapidly rebuilt. Great advances have been made and many beautiful structures have gone up in recent years. Morningside Heights and University Heights will eventually give the whole city dignity and high standards; but there ought to be such a unity and steady pressure of public opinion in regard to all matters affecting the highest welfare of the city that no conspicuous building could be erected which did not meet the popular demand for solidity and beauty of structure. The unity of design which pervades Paris is there carried further than will ever be acceptable in any American city; but, unless our cities are to degenerate into a confusion of architectural oddities, eccentricities, and irregularities, some unity and coherence must be secured.

The city ought to be treated as a unit; every American city is treated as so much area for architectural experimentation. The ugliness of the great majority of American cities is the first thing that strikes a foreigner. That ugliness is not only offensive to the eye, but it is offensive to the soul. Its educational influence is in the last degree disastrous. Men need beauty precisely as they need fresh air and clear skies; to condemn them to live among ugly surroundings, under skies blackened with smoke, is to deaden their æsthetic sensibilities and to rob their lives of one great element of interest and dignity. For this reason, as the advance guard of a possible reformation which cannot be brought about by the enthusiasm of a few artists or the co-operation of a few capitalists, but which must be accomplished by the co-operation of the whole populace, the experiment of the Municipal Art League will have National interest and importance.

THE BEST BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

MARY MAPES DODGE
KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN
EDWARD EVERETT HALE
HORACE E. SCUDDER
FRANK R. STOCKTON
T. W. HIGGINSON
TUDOR JENKS
AGNES REPPLIER
CAROLINE M. HEWINS
NORA A. SMITH

The ten brief articles which follow were written in response to the request of the editors of The Outlook for lists of ten of the books best suited for reading by children of from six to twelve years of age, with brief comment. The authors were selected because of their recognized reputation as writers of children's books or as interested in the subject of children's reading. An editorial on the general question will be found on another page.

FROM MARY MAPES DODGE

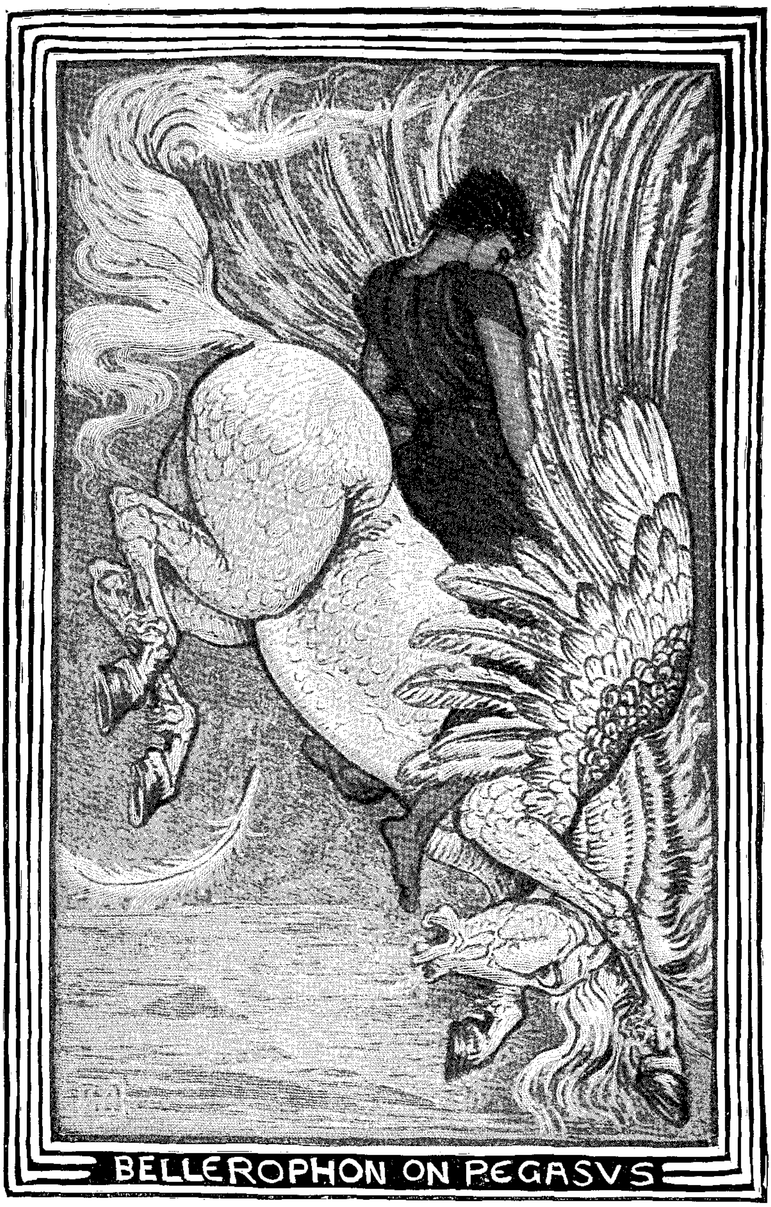
Editor of "St. Nicholas;" Author of "Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates," etc., etc.

YOU have asked for a list of eight or ten books furnishing the best reading for children between six and twelve years of age—and I, alas! feel that, rightly speaking, no such list can be made. In truth, each child, during that early formative period, virtually represents six individual children, so great is the change effected by each passing year. Children outgrow pleasures and needs as they do their garments, and the fondled picture story-book of one season is cast aside for stronger and more stimulating attractions the next. And so individuality is developed by sure stages, year by year, until the "big boy" of twelve looks back with surprise at the books that used to interest him when he was "only a little chap."

With this in view, we tread warily the attractive ways, and with a conscientious deference to many considerations.

The ten books furnishing the best reading, therefore, would better be called the ten *kinds* of books which would best fit and promote from year to year the young reader's natural and healthy development. The child's best culture demands a familiarity with some of the good old books that have grown mellow with time and the love of generations; but no less important are many recent works for young folk by the best authors of to-day. And there are so many such books, both old and new, that from them many good lists of ten could be compiled.

Here is one, for instance: 1. "Alice in Wonderland." 2. Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. 3. Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" (or the "Tanglewood Tales"). 4. "Gulliver's Travels." 5. Kipling's "Jungle Books" (or Seton-Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," or Harris's "Uncle Remus"). 6. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" (or Nansen's "Farthest North," or Kennan's "Tent Life in Siberia"). 7. Scott's "Ivanhoe" (or Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood," or Lanier's "The Boy's King Arthur"). 8. Gibson's "Eye-Spy," or some other



BELLEROPHON AND PEGASUS

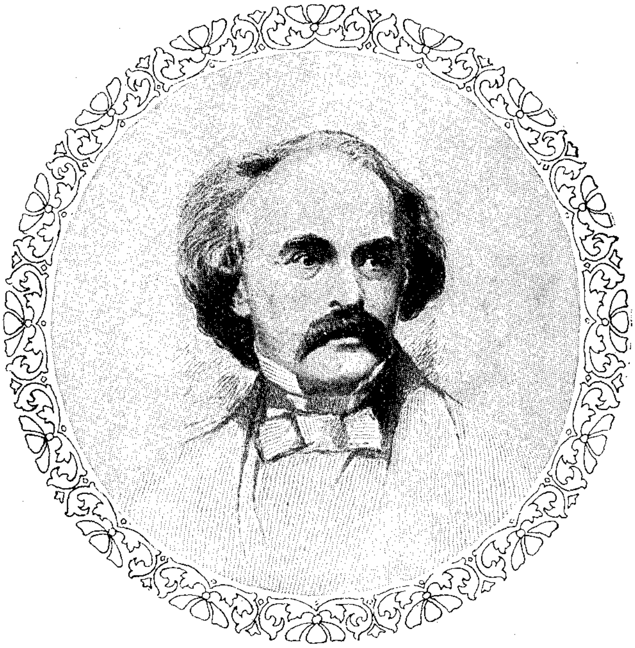
Drawn by Walter Crane, for Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s new edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Wonder Book."

good nature-book. 9. Cooper's "Leather-Stocking Tales" (or Stevenson's "Kidnapped"). 10. Scudder's "Children's Book" (or Miss Repplier's "Book of Famous Verse").

FROM KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," etc., etc.

The Newberys of London began publishing books for children in 1745. The "Melodies of Mother Goose," first collected by Oliver Goldsmith, and "Goody Two Shoes," written by him in collaboration with Mr. Newbery himself—these two books have outlived all the other volumes issued by the Newbery press, and they have been kept alive and hoisted into fame and favor year after year by the children themselves. Many and many a book that never would have found its way into "lists" made by grown folks has "stumbled into immortality" because it



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
From an etching by S. A. Schoff.

has been discovered, loved, read and re-read, then passed on to others, by these well-nigh infallible little critics—

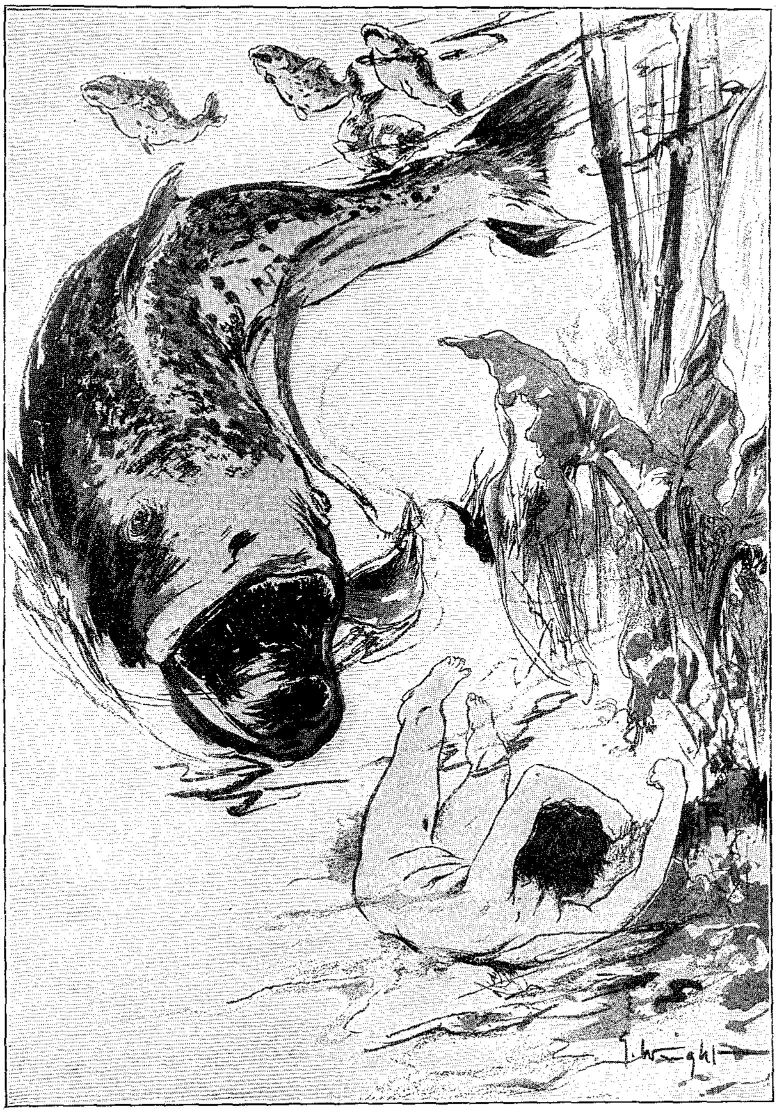
> "A court as of angels,
> A public not to be bribed,
> Not to be entreated,
> Not to be overawed."

Charles Lamb's belief in turning the child loose in the rich pastures of literature to browse where he pleases is the one, on the whole, that commends itself most to me. But it implies, of course, the possession of a good and varied library. Given this library, from which you have removed two or three dozen books which it is not wise for young people to read—at any rate too soon—and the child will do all necessary selection, and not unwisely. He will make a few mistakes in choosing, but so would we, we must remember, if we chose for him. He may begin, but he will never go on, reading a book which is entirely beyond his comprehension, and the mere "dip into" something vast, remote, mysterious, may stir his imagination and set his mind to work on wider lines. "Man's reach is greater than his grasp, else what's a heaven for?" The child is sure to neglect something if left to himself, you urge, and that is true. For one thing, he is sure, nine times out of ten, to neglect the "juveniles," with their little dummies and effigies filling up good room that might have been occupied by flesh-and-blood heroes and heroines. Mighty little need, indeed, have children of the reading age for many books of this sort, which flood and devastate the earth at holiday time because fond parents, "gift-bearing aunts," and fatuous old bachelors think that children like them. The best of them have, indeed, their allotted space and place, but it is small and circumscribed. The bottle may represent a necessary stage in nursery life, but if you should see a six-year-old child imbibing nourishment by that means you would have reason to suppose there was something wrong—not, indeed, with the bottle, which is virtuous enough in itself, but which in this instance is certainly "misplaced matter." Similarly, if you find a twelve-year-old boy addicted to "juveniles" and to nothing else, you may as well give the poor little creature up. He may in time become a tolerable husband and father, but his ears will be deaf to the music of St. Paul's Epistles and the Book of Job; he will never know the Faerie Queene or the Red Cross Knight, Don Quixote, Hector, or Ajax; Dante and Goethe will be sealed oracles to him until the end of time; the spaciousness of Milton will forever confound him, and he will never

> "Hear, like ocean on a western beach,
> The surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

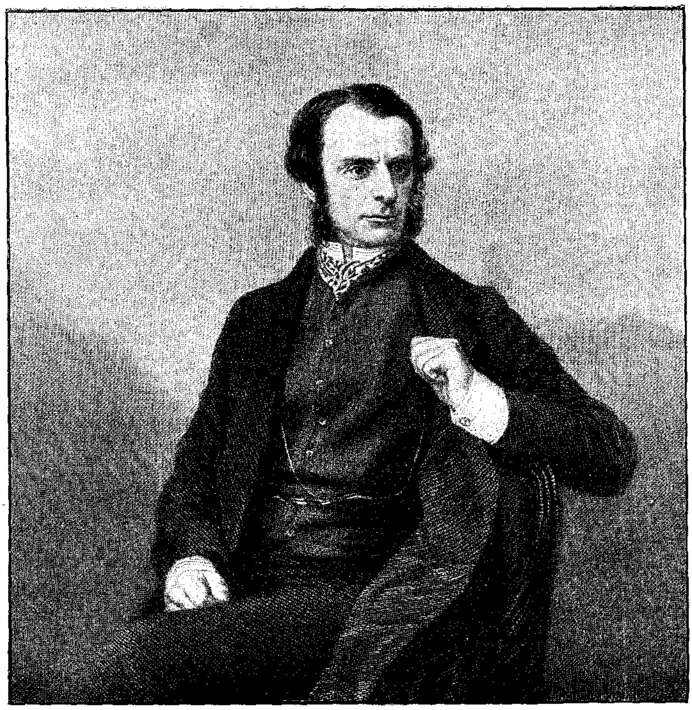
He drank too long and too deeply of nursery pap, and his literary appetite and digestion are both weakened beyond cure. One never grows to love and comprehend the very greatest things without some preliminary training in matters of taste and style and form, some legitimate exercise of one's nobler powers, some experimental flights into spiritual and intellectual heights. We used to think that birds flew because they had wings; we now surmise that they have wings because they *tried* to fly.

I hope nobody is asking himself or herself "just what does she mean" by "juveniles"? Because there is neither time nor space for full explanation; but, broadly speaking, I mean determinedly childish books written *down* to the child's level by people who could not possibly write *up* to it if they tried. There are in existence plenty of fresh, ever-green, and ever-youthful books—books which all



THE WATER-BABIES

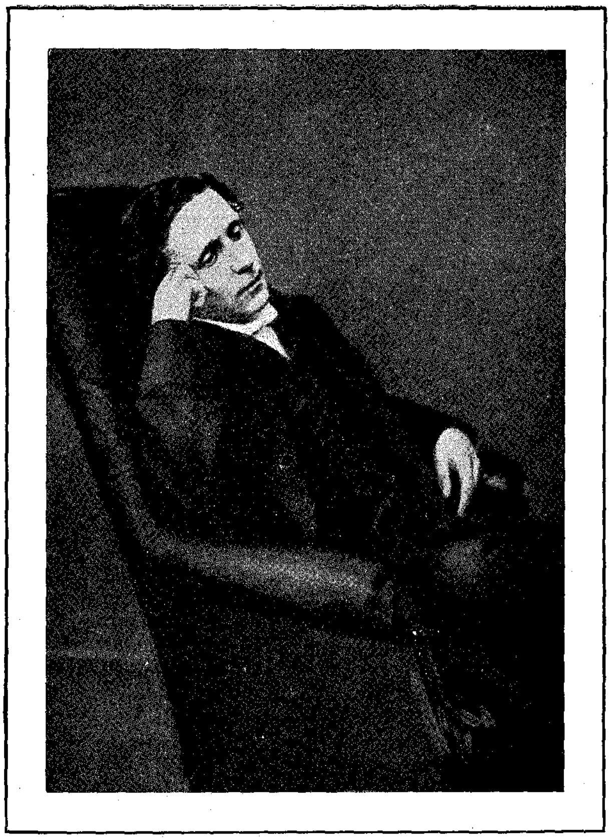
Drawn by G. Wright, for the A. Wessels Company's new edition of Charles Kingsley's "The Water-Babies."



CHARLES KINGSLEY
From an engraving by D. J. Pound.

children love—simple, genial, gracious, lovable, splendid, vital, sweet, good, and heroic; but such books, although universally popular among young readers, are not what is here stigmatized as "juveniles." Indeed, you will note one thing, that older people can always read with pleasure the best children's books. For instance, it would not bore you at this moment to be shut up for a day or two with nothing but "Robinson Crusoe," "Æsop's Fables," "Arabian Nights," Kingsley's "Water-Babies," "Alice in Wonderland," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales," John Burroughs's "Birds and Beasts," "The Seven Little Sisters," Hans Christian Andersen's and Grimm's "Fairy Tales," "Two Years Before the Mast," "Tom Brown at Rugby," Lamb's Shakespeare Tales, Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," "The Jungle Book," the simpler poems of Scott, Lowell, Whittier, or Longfellow, and a sheaf of songs from the Elizabethan poets. If, indeed, you would be dreadfully bored, it is conceivable that you are a bit pedantic, stiff, and academic in your tastes, or a bit given to literary game of very high and "gamy" flavor, so that French "made dishes" have spoiled you for Anglo-Saxon roast beef.

But you may say you have no library worthy of the word, therefore you must at least help your child to choose. This is, in point of fact, so great a delight that it resembles a temptation; it is also a great responsibility, although I cannot discover that parents are bent to the earth because of the burden of it. When things come to this pass, and we are obliged to do for children what many of them can do better for themselves, a knowledge of child-nature and a knowledge of what really *is* literature—these two things are extremely handy to have in the family. You cannot so much as draw a commonplace straight line without knowing two points—the one you start from and the one you wish to reach. The child is your first point: do you know him? What you wish him to learn, think, feel, and be is the second point: are you quite sure of your knowledge in that field? But this, you say, seems to presuppose a kind of psycho-pedagogical wisdom extremely rare. To which I return that common sense makes a fairly good substitute; and when you crush me by asking how the

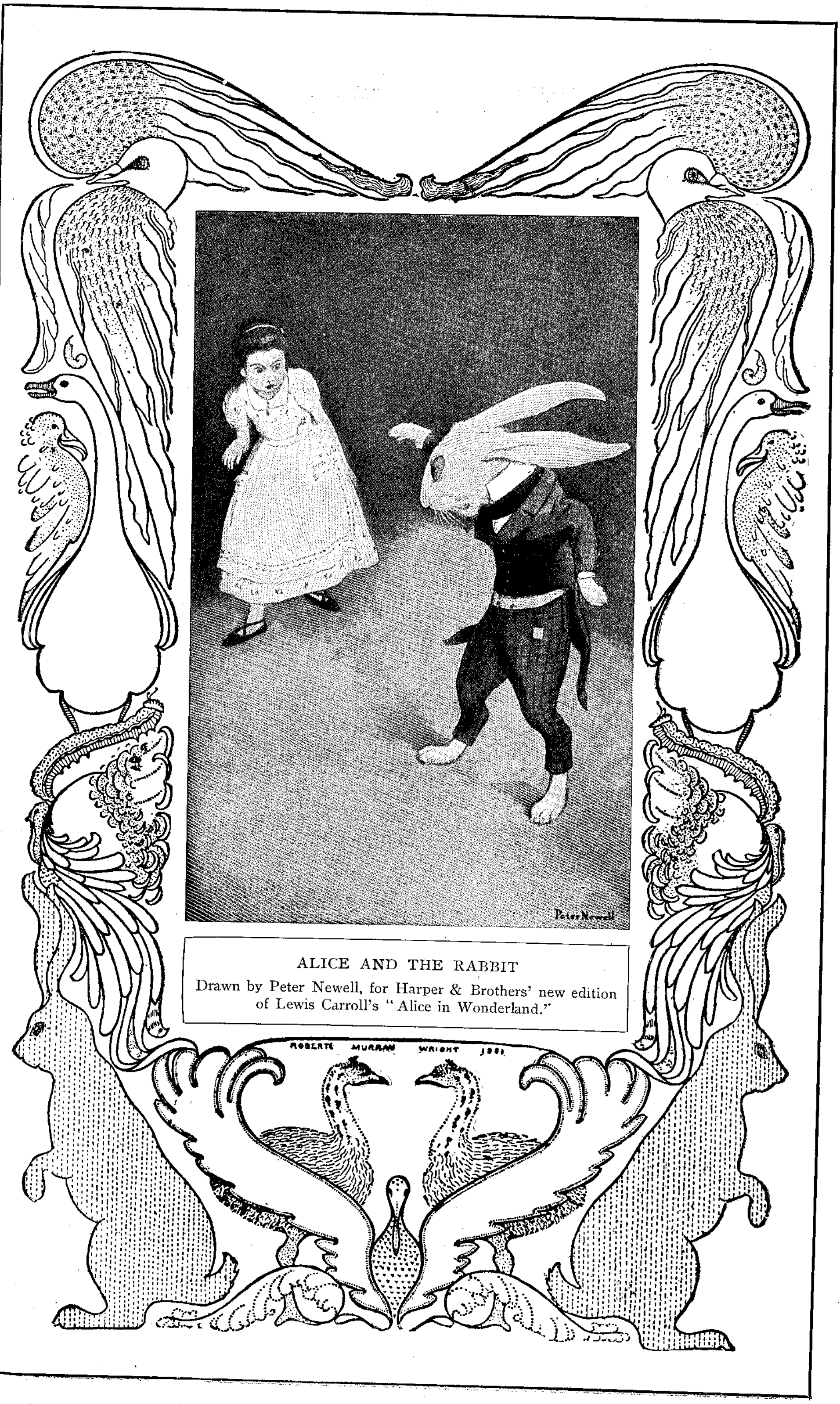


"LEWIS CARROLL" (CHARLES L. DODGSON)

parent not gifted with common sense can acquire it, I reply (from the extreme confines of the corner where your logic has driven me) that, supposing the germ to be existent, resolution, reflection, fasting, and prayer will commonly assist its growth to a point where at least it can be seen by the naked eye of your neighbors, who, by the way, generally use opera-glasses—big end for shortcomings, t'other way round for virtues.

It makes a deal of difference, not only what a child reads, but how and when he reads it. Fortunately, books are not the only means of grace. I have seen children as well as grown people who seemed to absorb and distill a wisdom from the world of nature—the mysteries of earth, air, sky, and sea—from sympathetic contract with fellow human creatures and from some hidden source of power within their own souls, that put the wisdom of the books to shame. It is not prudent, however, to conclude that our particular child is a being of that rarefied sort simply because he declines to read. Symptoms of intellectual frowardness are sometimes mistaken for the aberrations of genius. Let us try and penetrate the secret of the child's indifference, remembering that, young as he is, there are elective affinities and antipathies that must be taken into account, and perhaps controlled and guided. And, whatever else we do, if we wish to widen the spiritual horizen of our children, let us not close up the windows on the emotional and imaginative side by neglecting poetry. "There is in every one of us a poet whom the man has outlived." Don't let the poet die of inanition! Keep it alive by feeding the child's youthful ardor, strengthening his insight, guarding the sensitiveness of his early impressions, and cherishing the fancies that are indeed "the trailing clouds of glory" he brings with him from God "who is his home."

The rhythm of verse will charm his senses even in his baby days; later on he will feel the beauty of some exquisite lyric


Peter Newell
ROBERTE MURRAY WRIGHT 1901

ALICE AND THE RABBIT

Drawn by Peter Newell, for Harper & Brothers' new edition of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland."

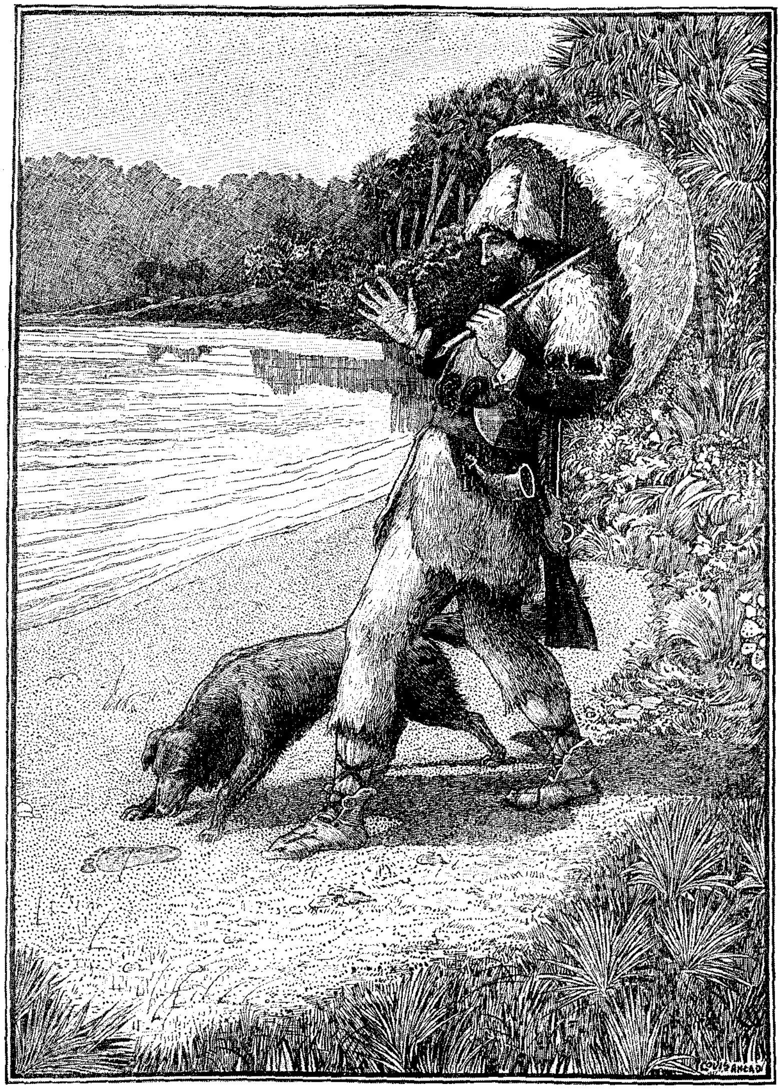
phrase as keenly as you do, until at last he can enter upon his full birthright, the "rich deposit of the centuries."

As to "adaptations" of the great things of literature by means of which the child may get a hint of the glories which await him just at the turn of the road—that subject, too, can be argued eloquently on both sides. Is it possible to expurgate, abbreviate, adapt, some of these books which the reading world agrees to call "classics"? It can be done, especially by word of mouth, in the form of the story told to groups of eager listeners, and in the written volume it can be successfully done too, perhaps by two persons in a million. My own belief in this form of literature is a trifle theoretical and weak on its legs. In my heart I incline to agree with somebody who said, "What's the use of adapting the classics to children when the children are already adapted to the classics"?

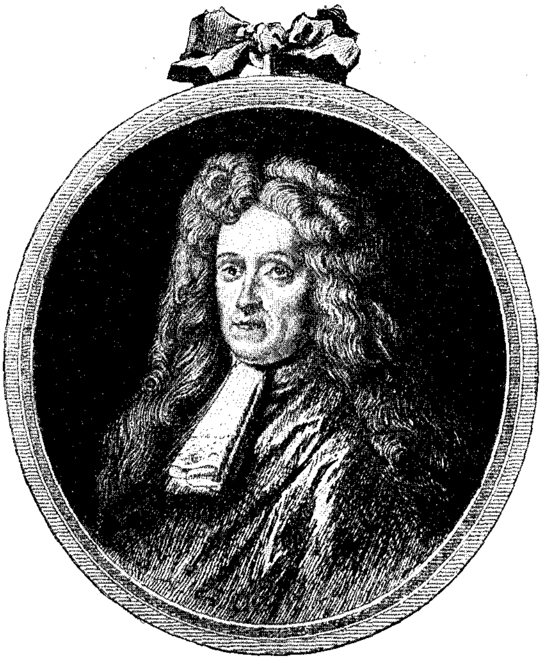
FROM EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Author of "The Man Without a Country," "Ten Times One is Ten," etc., etc.

At the bottom I always wish that children might be brought up as I was, and as my children were, in a house which



ROBINSON CRUSOE
Drawn by Louis Rhead, for R. H. Russell's new edition of "Robinson Crusoe."



DANIEL DEFOE
From an engraving.

contained a few thousand of the best books in the world, with quite general freedom to browse at their pleasure—of course with the eye of a watchful mother over them. I am quite clear that the books which are written for children are, with a few great exceptions, no good.

1. Realistic narrative is good for children. This was proved by the success of the Rollo Books. Any one who will do for this generation what Jacob Abbott did for the generation past will be one of its greatest benefactors. I find that children read to profit the more advanced Rollo Books to-day.

2. Avoid mere sentiment, particularly the sentiment of grown people. Do not have books about dead children and flowers, nor in general any sort of rot.

3. For myself I like good narrative, but I get very little of it outside the Bible, "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," and the letters of one of my correspondents. I think that if I had to take six or eight children to my castle in Spain, which is in fact somewhere up among the Maine Lakes, I should take the Bible, "Robinson Crusoe," and "The Swiss Family Robinson." Oddly enough, "The Swiss Family Robinson," which is in every way inferior to Defoe's masterpiece, is the most popular book with children. My cabinet think that this is due to the amount of domestic life in it; it is family life, and "Robinson Crusoe" is not.

I should also take Schoolcraft's "Algic Researches," a book of which some very intelligent people have never heard. I should take "Old Deccan Days," and a book called "Norse Tales." I do not know but the new "Norse Tales" would do as well, but I cannot speak of that. I should take the old series of Grimm's "Fairy Tales," and I should take Lane's "Arabian Nights."

4. I should like to introduce children to books of travel, only so few people write them even decently.

5. I am sorry to say that the modern fad is that children should not learn to read in early years. For myself, I could read as well when I was two years old as I can now; and I owe much happiness in the years between 1824 and 1830 to this. My grandchildren are not going to have a similar recollection, and I am sorry for them.

Let the intelligent father and mother observe that many books are enjoyed by children when they are read to them, which they do not like if they have to read them themselves. Mrs. Hale has read the best Waverley Novels aloud six times to as many children, and lives to have their thanks for doing it. I do not believe that the same children would have read "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," "Guy Mannering," and "Rob Roy," at the same dates.

I have known intelligent children who read Shakespeare at the age of eight with pleasure. I am not one of them. My mother tried to entrap me with "Julius Cæsar" and "The Soothsayer," but she did not succeed.

FROM HORACE E. SCUDDER

Author of "The Bodley Books," "The Children's Book," etc., etc.

A child when first approaching books is delightfully ignorant of any such thing as authorship, and the earliest literature belonging to him is unembarrassed by this element. The fables which have clustered about the name of Æsop should be his first real book. The stories are short, they go straight to the point, they are about his natural playmates, and they answer to his own dramatic imagination. Then, a step beyond, come the best of the folk stories or nursery tales—first the English variety, then the stories collected by the Grimms. With these, scarcely separated from them, should be named the best of Andersen's stories.

All the books just named quicken the imagination and are native to the mind not yet hemmed in by experience. The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" add just that touch of Orientalism which the Western child needs to give him the freedom of the world.

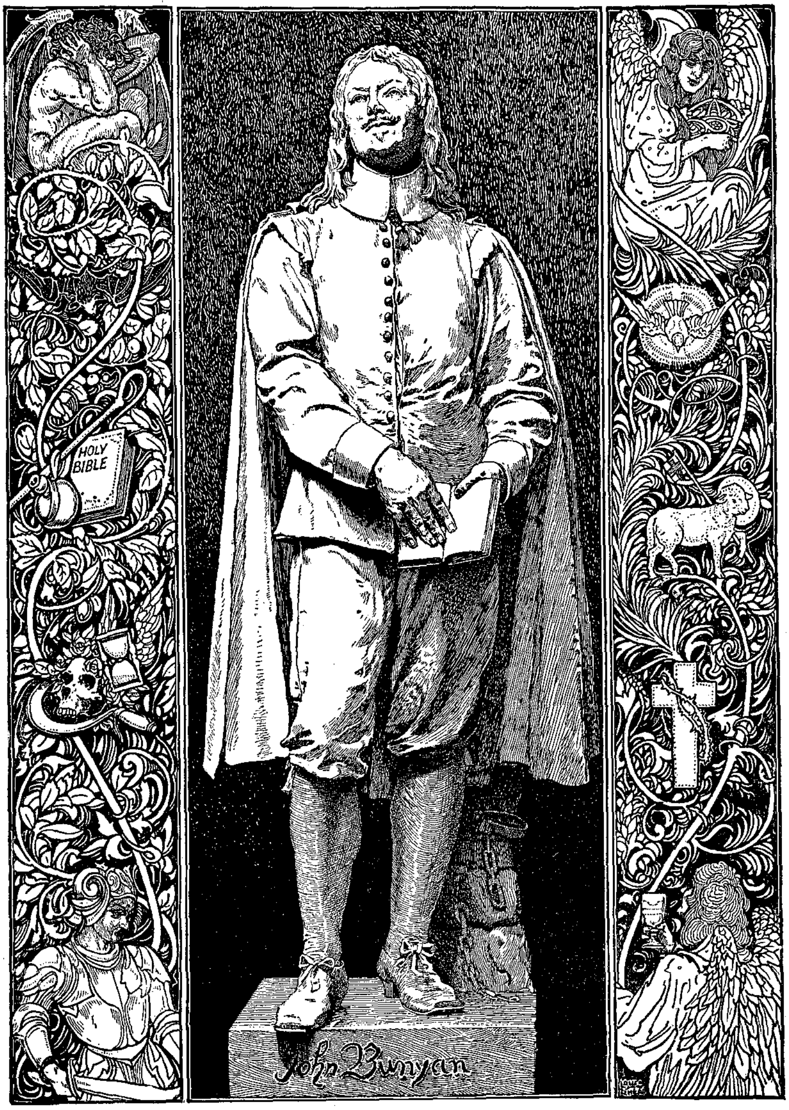
A child fed on this literature, with a good collection of the best lyric poetry, such as may be had in, for example, the "Children's Garland," or my own selection, "Verse and Prose for Beginners," will read with avidity the Odyssey—Palmer's translation is an acceptable one—will find delight in Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," and pass easily into the vernacular wonders of "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress." By this time his interest will begin to be awakened in authors, and in Scott's poems, later in his novels, he will enter consciously the great world of literature.

FROM THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Author of "A Young Folks' History of the United States," "Cheerful Yesterdays," etc., etc.

This is a subject which has always interested me, both through private observation and through long experience as a director of the Cambridge (Mass.) Public Library, where I was instrumental in introducing a Children's Room. I write also after special consultation with the librarians of this institution.

It is necessary to remember at the outset that a considerable range now separates the child of six from the child of twelve in respect to reading. I say "now," because formerly children learned to read much earlier than at present—too early, in my judgment—and my mother wrote of me in her diary on my fourth birthday, "He has already read many books." Children now usually graduate from the picture-book at about six years of age, and then plunge rapidly into comparatively mature reading. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and its companion book capture them very promptly. Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," Kipling's "Jungle Book," and Kingsley's "Water-Babies" follow soon after, and even the immortal "Little Women" does not fail to reach them, although it begins in a nursery and ends in a love story. Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," of course, follows, and Scudder's admirable "Children's Book," drawn largely from those delightful German Popular Tales (Grimm's) which, under the name of "German Pops," delighted my early playmates. Perhaps I may venture to link with this my own "Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic," all more or less traditional. Mr. Lang's "Fairy Book" and "Arabian Nights" may come in at ten or twelve; and Professor Norton's "Heart of Oak" series cover a wide range. I am sorry not to include in this Mr. Alcott's favorite book, Carove's "Story Without an End," which was the delight of my boyhood, but I do not know whether it is still in print. Its reception would help to solve a problem which I find to divide librarians, in some degree, as to the capacity of children to enjoy books of outdoor natural history. I suppose the truth is that children themselves vary a great deal on this point; yet surely such



JOHN BUNYAN

Drawn by Louis Rhead, from the Boehm Statue at Bedford, for the Century Company's new edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

a book as Pierson's "Among the Meadow People" reaches many at a very early age. It is commonly found that the two things most surely to be counted upon in children, after their affections, are imagination and observation; and they are themselves so near to nature that they are apt to watch the ways of birds and beasts earlier than those of men and women.

FROM FRANK R. STOCKTON

Author of "Rudder Grange," etc., etc.

In the first place, the memories of my youth, and my present belief in clear, simple common sense and attractive practical teaching, will not allow me to pass by the Rollo Books. Of course these are old-fashioned now, and perhaps they are out of print, but when I was between six and ten they were of the greatest interest and use to me. So, while I do not insist upon putting them on my list, I cannot pass them by without a word of grateful recollection.

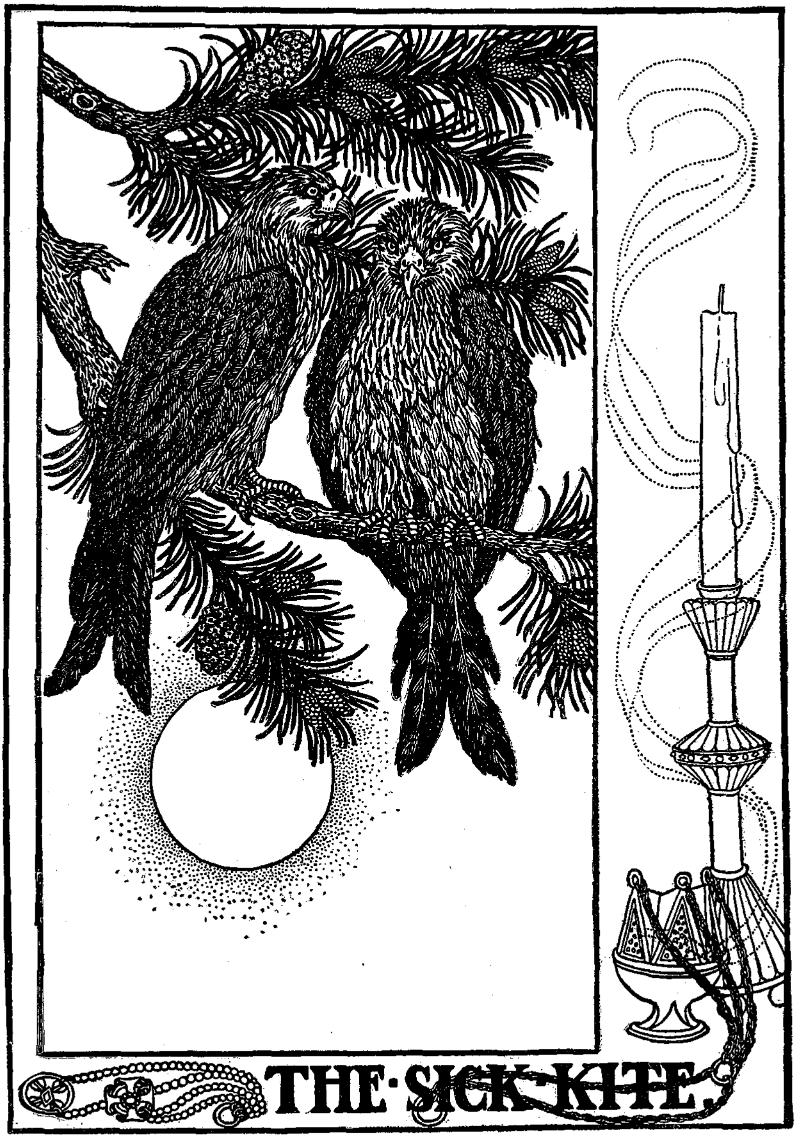
Then select Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales, which all children should have a chance to enjoy and remember. And I am greatly inclined to set down

Andrew Lang's "Blue Book," although this may be considered a good deal of fairy lore for such a small collection.

Following these comes Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," the work of a true magician, who knew how to make real things as surprising and interesting to the youthful mind as any ordinary wizard at work with his fancies.

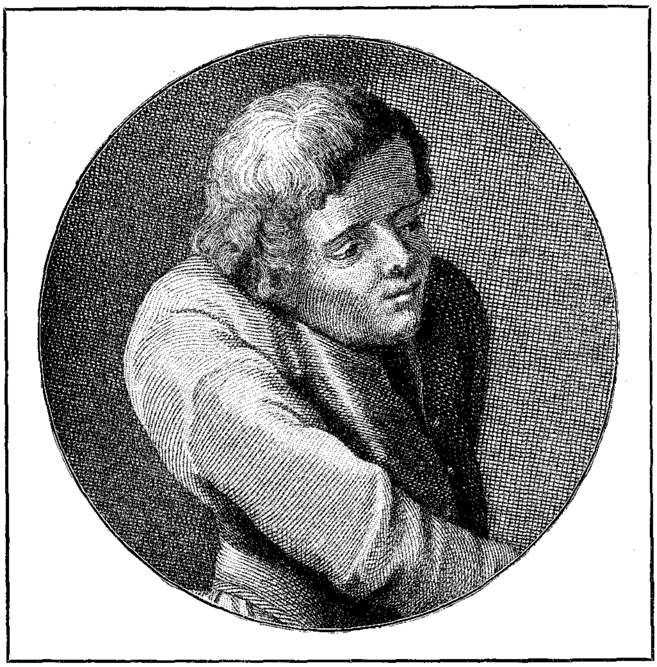
Now we have "Alice in Wonderland." It would be wicked to prevent a child, of any age, from becoming acquainted with the dormouse and the fading grin of the Cheshire cat. Then "Uncle Remus" takes his place, not only because we choose him, but because he is bound to be there by right.

I might say something here about the "Arabian Nights," but, really, we have had so much of the wonderful, the fantastic, and the supernatural, and so much depends upon what edition of these immortal tales we might select, that I will not be positive about the "Arabian Nights." I will let the whole thousand and one of them stand upon their own merits, and we shall see what will happen next.



THE SICK KITE

Drawn by Percy J. Billinghurst, for John Lane's new edition of "Æsop's Fables."



ÆSOP
From an early engraving.

Then we must take "Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates," by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge; and with it Miss Alcott's "Little Women." Here we come back to our own world again, and although everything is real, the life in these stories will hold the youngsters, after they begin to read them, as closely as any fairy tale.

Next we shall have Mr. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy." Good boys and bad boys enjoy this book, and so do the girls of both kinds, for it has been noticed that interesting girls are always on the lookout for interesting books about boys.

Then we must put down the "Peterkin Papers," by Lucretia P. Hale, because they contain the truest and most spontaneous fun that has ever been written for children. And after them I shall take "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb. When the children have read these, they will be better able to appreciate, in later years, the Variorum Edition by Dr. Furness.

We shall end our list with Kipling's "Jungle Book," for the girls and boys of twelve will find in this a new life and a new world, and Mowgli will tell them so many wonderful things.

It may be that some young people—bright, intelligent young people, too—will not care for this list because it is so old-fashioned. Well, it is old-fashioned, and that is the kind of a list that I would make out for a family of young people for whom I had a real affection and regard.

FROM TUDOR JENKS

Author of "Imaginotions," "Galopoff," etc., etc.

In choosing books as the "best" for children from six to twelve, I believe the taste of the children should be guided. As we are omnivorous physically, so are we omnivorous mentally, until good taste is cultivated. Therefore, in making a list, I should put in what ought to be liked, in the faith and belief that the appetite would come with the reading. My list contains only fiction, taking educational and religious reading for granted.

First I should put an appropriate edition of the "Arabian Nights," on the ground that it is the best of fanciful fiction, lacking only humor. "Alice in Wonderland," having humor, follows as the best of modern fanciful work. "Gulliver's Travels," edited and illustrated, Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," and Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring," with Kingsley's "Water-Babies," ought to be enough food for the young reader who desires imaginative work.

In realistic stories I should choose Mrs. Ewing's "Mary's Meadow," a pure, wholesome, and artistic bit of fiction; Miss Alcott's "Little Men," in deference to children's own taste; one of Jacob Abbott's Franconia stories, "Malleville" for instance; Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy;" and Susan Coolidge's "What Katy Did."

This is a list of eleven books. I do not find that children below twelve care for "Robinson Crusoe," "Tom Brown at Rugby," "Pilgrim's Progress," or stories about the classic heroes. I think they care little for verse, for most of Æsop, Andersen, Grimm, and Laboulaye. All tinkered classics and mutilated plays and poems simply blunt the appetite for the complete works later.

The books I have named are all works of established worth, and will please the children themselves. Many books often recommended—like Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," for example—are nearly unintelligible to young readers because of the big words used.

FROM AGNES REPPLIER

Author of "Essays in Miniature," etc., etc.

All books are good for children that do not vulgarize their minds, nor make them think themselves wiser than their elders. I should put at the head of my list Daniel Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," and Hans Andersen's fairy tales. Also any other fairy tales the little ones may like. Mr. Lang's collections—the earlier volumes especially—are charming, and are illustrated in the way that children fancy, without any straining after poster effects.

Miss Edgeworth's best books, "Parents' Assistant," "Moral Tales," and "Rosamond," have never been surpassed. She had distinction of mind, a very correct taste—save in the matter of titles—and she knew how to be entertaining without flippancy. Flora Shaw's "Hector" and "Castle Blair" are good modern stories, a little strenuous, but sure to please.

Most of these books seem better fitted for little girls than for their brothers. But of the "Boy's Froissart" and "Boy's Mabinogion" it is impossible to speak with too much praise. They are admirable in design and execution, and they open to the youthful mind the splendid fields of history and romance.

FROM CAROLINE M. HEWINS

Of the Hartford Public Library, author of "Books for the Young."

It is fair to suppose that the requests for book lists which come to you are from homes where fathers and mothers have books of their own, and in many cases from cities and towns where classics like "Robinson Crusoe," "Evangeline," the "Arabian Nights," and "The Alhambra," and newer books for young children, like Baldwin's "Fifty Famous Stories Retold" and Jane Andrews's "Seven Little Sisters," are used as supplementary reading in the schools. If not, they should be bought for home use in inexpensive school editions.

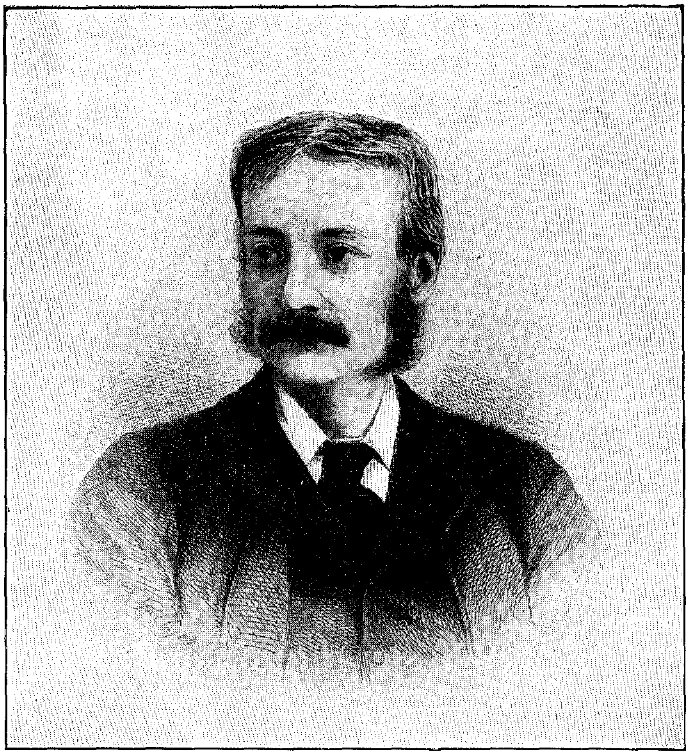
A Bible with pictures is better for children than any collection of Bible stories, and books of physical science for children are of little use to a boy who has an inventive and mechanical mind and is ready for the "Scientific American" or an electrical newspaper almost as soon as he can read.

The best books for a child are the books that widen his world. A man or woman in middle life or old age who loves poetry and great pictures and statues, is familiar with Shakespeare, and has historic sense, imagination, a sense of humor, and a love of nature, is full of resources and the joy of living. No one can ever have these resources and that joy who has not had them from earliest childhood. Some books that enrich children's lives are:

1. A good collection of poetry. The best that I know is Katharine H. Shute's "Land of Song." In addition to the poems printed in it, every volume has a list of poems or authors excluded for lack of room, but recommended for children.

2. A collection of pictures like the "Masterpieces of Art," published at fifteen cents a month by the Bates & Guild Company, so cheap that they can be used like any picture-books.

3. A one-volume edition of Shakespeare, in good type and full of pictures, but not too expensively bound for children to handle as freely as the "Mother Goose" which they should know by heart at six years old. There is an edition



COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. E. BENJAMIN

ANDREW LANG

From an etching by S. Hollyer.

illustrated by Sir John Gilbert that is as good as any.

4. A book of historical pictures. There is an " England's History as Pictured by Famous Painters," edited by A. G. Temple, that is well worth the four dollars which it costs here, and may be made a present to a whole family. Children learn United States history and read the lives of great Americans in school, but they need broader historical training at home.

5. A collection of fairy tales or myths. It may be Grimm, or Andersen, or Andrew Lang's many-colored fairy-books, or Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," or Francillon's "Gods and Heroes," for younger children, or Mrs. Valentine's "Old, Old Fairy Tales."

6. A book full of absurd fun, like Lear's "Nonsense Book" or "Alice in Wonderland." This gives children a standard for judging humor, and cultivates a sense of nonsense that will help them over hard places in later life.

7, 8, 9, 10. Out-of-door books like Schuyler Mathews's "Familiar Trees and their Leaves," Mrs. Dana's "How to Know the Wild Flowers," Neltje Blanchan's "Bird Neighbors," Howard's "Insect Book."

All these books should be on low open shelves where children can reach them and learn to treat them well. Some of them will wear out, but have them rebound or get another copy. As Ruskin says in regard to other reading, "Of course you must or will read other books for amusement, once or twice; but you will find that these have an element of perpetuity in them."

FROM NORA A. SMITH

Author of "Children of the Future," etc., etc.

What, do you ask me, are the best books for children? I believe that they are those which they would naturally choose under the following circumstances:

First, give the child a mother who will sing sweet baby-songs and repeat charming bits of verse to him as he lies in her arms by the nursery fire, for the beginnings of literary taste are made here; second, send him by and by to a really intelligent, cultivated kindergartner who will feed him on the marrow of tradition—on fable and myth, fairy and folk story, on wonder-tales of science, too, and on tales of gods and heroes. See to it, also, that in kindergarten and home no day slips by without the magic touch of poetry upon its shoulder, and teach the eager listener some verse worthy to be his perpetual possession.

Postpone his learning to read until he really longs to know the meaning of the printed symbol, and be sure, if thus postponed, the art will be attained speedily and be practiced with delight.

Last of all, open the library doors to the happy child and give him free entrance. Let him begin at the first book on the top shelf and read completely around the room, until, on the eve of his twenty-first birthday, he lays down the last volume on the lowest shelf of all. If you have selected your books wisely, nothing in the library will hurt him; if there are weeds here and there, a noxious growth, a reptile, or a slimy rock, he will swim down the pure current of literature as regardless of them all as the fish in the flowing stream.

Two Irish Sisters

By Moira O'Neill

I.—Never Married

MY mother had three daughters, an' the ouldest one was me,
The other two was married in their youth;
'Tis well for them that likes it, but by all that I could see
It 'ud never fit meself, an' there's the truth.

Oh never think I'm wantin' to miscall the race o' men,
There's ne'er a taste o' harm in them, the cratures!
They're meddlesome, an' quarrelsome, an' troublesome—but then
The Man Above He put it in their natures.

I'd never be uncivil, sure an' marriage must be right,
Or what 'ud bring the childer to the fore?
Wid their screechin' an' their roarin' an' balorin' day an night—
Me sister Ann has five, an' Jane has more.

I couldn't work wid childer, an' the men's a bigger kind,
But muddy an' mischeevous like the small;
Ye've got to larn them betther, an' ye've got to make them mind,
An' ye've got to keep them aisy afther all.

I'm betther doin' wi' dumb things, a weeny black-face lamb,
Or the yellow goosey-goslin's on the knowe;
The neighbors think I'm sensible wi' sick ones, so I am—
Sure 'twas me that saved the life o' Mullen's cow.

Aye, ye'll often hear them say a woman cannot bide her lone,
An' its fifty years alone that I have bided;
They're very apt to say no woman yet could guide her own—
But them that God guides is well guided.

II.—The Married Sister

BRIGID is a caution, sure. What's that ye say?
Is it my sister then, Brigid MacIlray?
Caution or no caution, listen what I'm tellin' ye—
Childer, hould yer noise there, faix! there's no quellin' ye—
Och well, I've said it now this many a long day,
Tis the quare pity o' Brigid MacIlray.

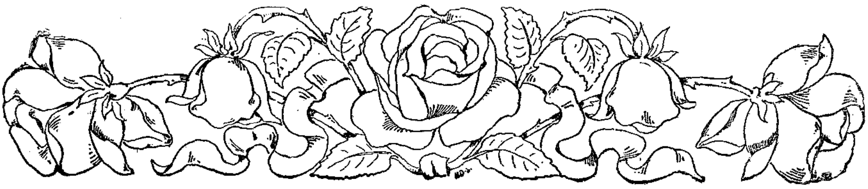
An' she that was the beauty, an' never married yet!
An' fifty years gone over her, but do ye think she'll fret?
Sorra one o' Brigid then, that's not the sort of her,
Ne'er a hait would *she* care though not a man had thought of her;
Heaps o' men she might 'a' had—*Here, get out o' that,*
Mick ye rogue! desthroyin' o' the poor ould cat!

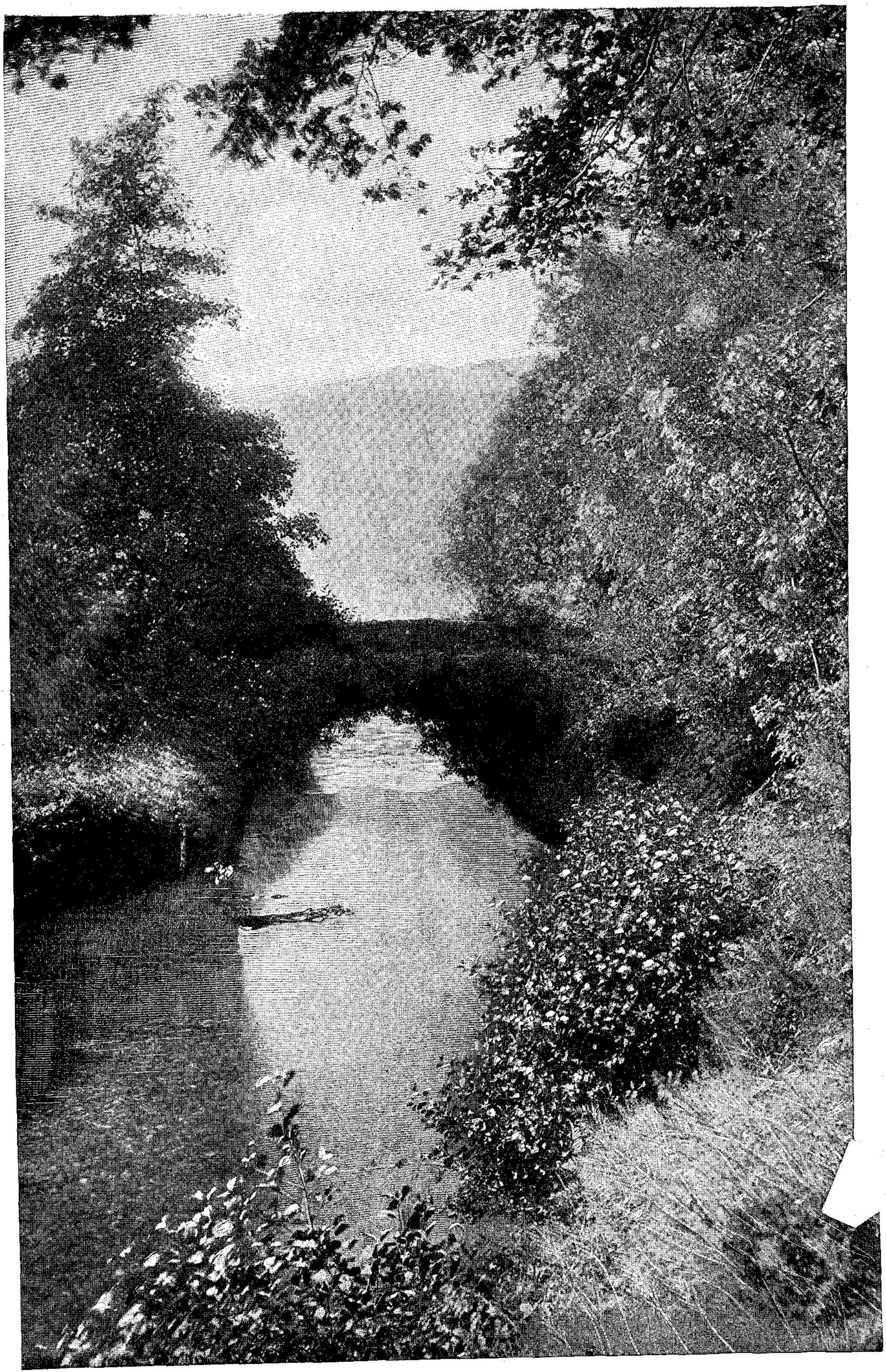
Ah, no use o' talkin'! Sure a woman's born to wed,
An' not go wastin' all her life by waitin' till she's dead.
Haven't we the men to mind, that couldn't for the lives o' them
Keep their right end uppermost, only for the wives o' them?—
Stick to yer pipe, Tim, an' give me no talk now!
There's the door forenenst ye, man: out ye can walk now.

Brigid, poor Brigid will never have a child,
An' she you'd think a mother born, so gentle an' so mild—
Danny, is it puttin' little Biddy's eyes out ye're after,
Swishin' wid yer rod there, an' splittin' wid yer laughter?
Come along, the whole o' yez, in out o' the wet,
Or may I never but ye'll soon see what ye'll get!

She to have no man at all—*Musha, look at Tim!*
Off an' up the road he is, an' wet enough to swim,
An' his tea sittin' waitin' on him, there he'll sthreel about now—
Amn't I the heart-scalded woman out an' out now?
Here I've lived an' wrought for him all the ways I can,
But the goodness grant me patience, for I'd need it wid that man!

What was I sayin' then? Brigid lives her lone,
Ne'er a one about the house, quiet as a stone—
Lave a-go the pig's tail, boys, an' quet the squealin' now:
Mind! I've got a sally switch that only wants the peelin' now—
Ah, just to think of her, 'deed an' well-a-day!
'Tis the quyare pity o' Brigid MacIlray.





BRENDON BRIDGE

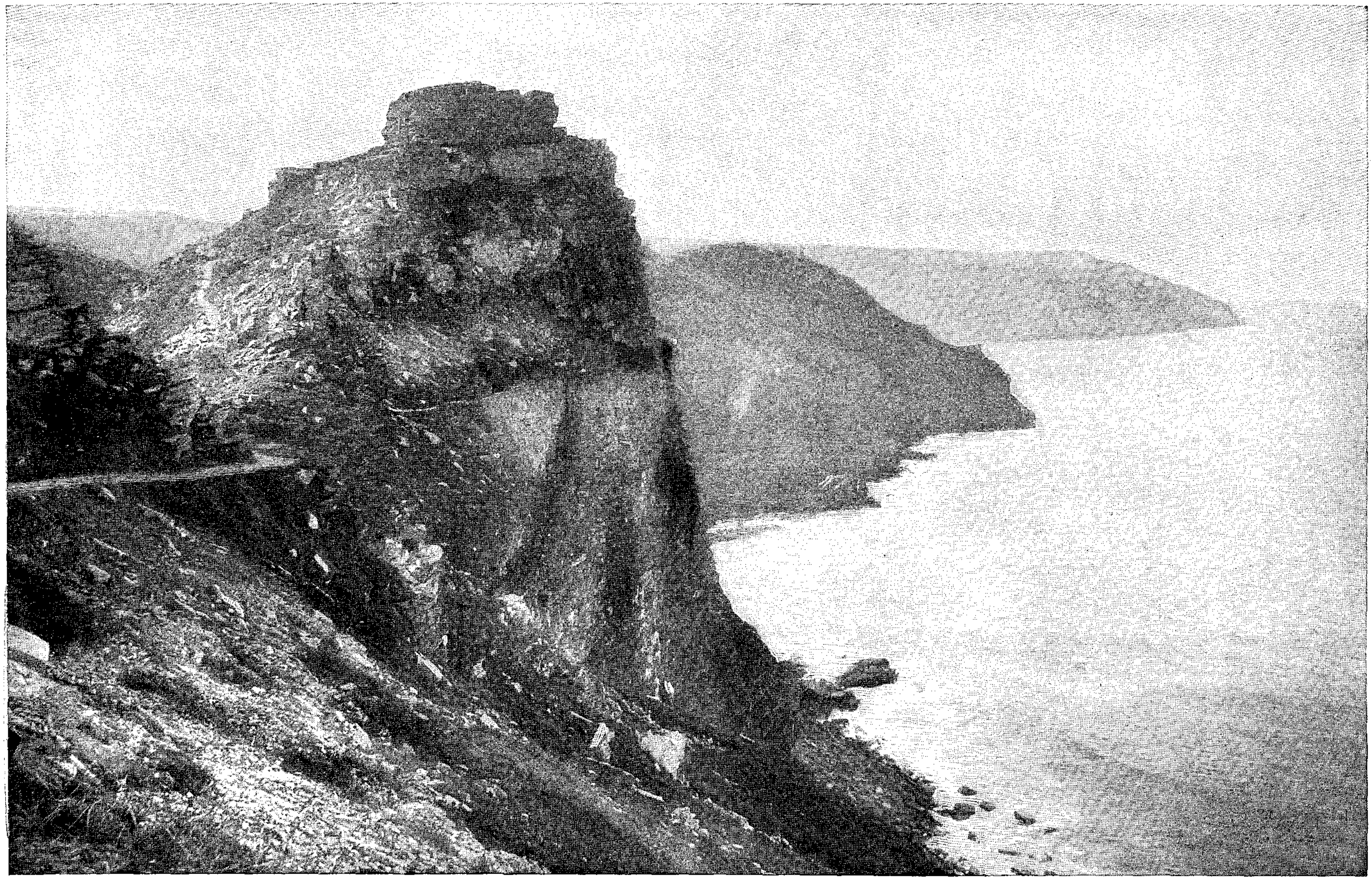
The LAND of LORNA DOONE

By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

THE artistic value of backgrounds is strikingly shown in Mr. Blackmore's one successful novel, "Lorna Doone." There are other stories of his which are not without charming qualities, but on this romance alone has he put the stamp of beauty and individuality. "Lorna Doone" cannot be regarded as a great story; it is, rather, a lovable story—one of those pieces of art which live by reason of their close touch upon the most intimate and tender of human relations; a story which, upon analysis, reveals serious faults of construction and defects of style, but which nobody is willing to analyze. It is too long; it drags in places; the manner, under the guise of great simplicity, is sometimes artificial; and yet it captivates, and its charm is likely to abide.

That charm resides in two elements—its idyllic love story, and its impressive background. If the drama of John Ridd and Lorna Doone had been played on a commonplace stage, it could hardly have appealed with such beguiling force to the imagination; it is because through it, as through an open window, we are always looking out on the wild, romantic Valley of the Doones that it lives in memory and recalls us to many a quiet re-reading. To a Devonshire man, as Blackmore reports with evident satisfaction, "Lorna Doone" is "as good as clotted cream," that delicious product of the dairies of Devon. It is redolent of Devon and Somerset, two counties which in variety and richness of scenery must be ranked among the first in England. John Ridd belonged to both counties, and both have given the story the charm of landscapes of noble breadth and ripest beauty.

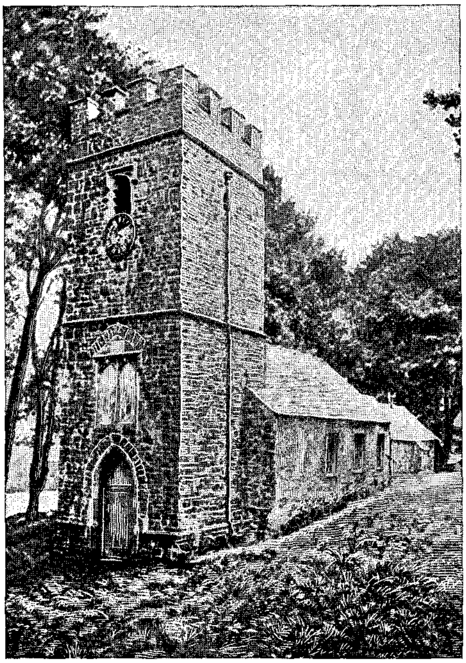
There is no better approach to the Valley of the Doones than a drive across country from Bideford. At nightfall, in that quaint old town, one may look across the Torridge and see the lights shining from the low windows of "The Ship Tavern," where Salvation Yeo and his fellows once talked far into the night of the perils of the Spanish Main. One may, if he chooses, sit in the room in which much of the work of preparation for the writing of "Westward Ho" was done.



THE DEVONSHIRE COAST NEAR CASTLE ROCK

On a soft summer morning, the low sky veiled with a pale mist, no road could be more beguiling than that which takes one from the old seaport, where famous sailors were bred in the sixteenth century, into the heart of the lovely Devonshire landscape, with its bold lines of hills, its rich verdure, its fields ripe with the deep-rooted loveliness of ancient fertility, its hedges so high that one is often shut in between impenetrable walls of hawthorn and privet.

For hours through this quiet world of old-time beauty one drives in absolute solitude; not even a cart comes down the long hills or around the winding curves of the road. Later, as one nears Lynton, coaches will thunder past; but across country this western corner of England is as quiet as it was in the days before telephones vexed the ear with the noise of distant cities. In some corner of a field or some bend in the road, under immemorial oaks or beeches, there is fitting time for luncheon and a quiet nooning for the horses. If there happens to be a long hill ahead, one walks on in advance, stopping now and again to enter some newly harvested field and catch another glimpse of the fertile landscape where long service of human needs has bred a deep sense of fellowship between man and meadow. In one of these little incursions one may meet a typical English farmer, taking time for a turn with his pipe and predisposed to friendly talk, with a vein of characteristic criticism of the Government, the state of agriculture, and the English system in general; for farmers are much the same the world over, and are rarely without good-humored grievances against existing conditions.



OARE CHURCH

At the end of the afternoon the landscape changes, and one comes out upon Exmoor, with its broad expanse of gently sloping moor, brown or green, with touches of purple bell-heather. The noble coast lies but a mile or two beyond; and there again the landscape changes, and the cliffs of Devon stand in the sea, rocky and castellated or green to the very edges where the tides rise and fall.

It is a noble approach which one makes who goes to the Valley of the Doones from Lynton; at once wild, solitary, and beautiful with the loveliness of color, of moving streams, and of bold hillsides. There are passes between the hills so deep and densely overhung with trees that it is easy to imagine the sudden descent of the robber band from the hills, the brief struggle, and the swift success of the adventure. Below the road runs the stream which is fed by the two brooks which flow together at Watersmeet. The meeting of these mountain brooks is a place of rare beauty, where Bryant would have found the charm of solitude which laid its spell upon him in Flora's Glen among the Berkshires, with an added wildness of hill and an added loveliness of ancient water flowing through moss-grown beds. There is a choice of roads, and the well-informed go in by one route and return by another. The road through the valley of the Brendon runs through the quaint hamlet which bears the name of the stream; the little villages are much alike: a church, a parsonage, a few laborers' houses, a small inn, and sometimes a picturesque house of size, solidity, and an air of assured position.

The little hamlet of Oare is one of the focal points in the story, and there still stands the old church in which Lorna and John were married, where the true-hearted girl fell into the arms of the faithful lover, and from which John rushed in

THE VALLEY OF THE DOONES

a mad passion and heartbreak to settle the long score with Carver Doone. It is a tiny building, well hidden by trees, with a low square tower, a nave so small that it seems like a toy structure, and a chancel as tiny—one of those quaint little churches which one finds in England, with room for but a handful of people, but touched with old associations and giving a quiet landscape a hint of ancient worship and half-forgotten history. In this church John Ridd held office as warden with a deep sense of his unfitness.

The Plover's Barrows Farm of John Ridd's time has vanished, but its site is pointed out, and one needs no imagination to look upon the landscape through his eyes: "Almost everybody knows, in our part of the world at least, how pleasant and soft the fall of the land is round about Plover's Barrows Farm. Above it is strong dark mountains, spread with heath, and desolate, but near our house the valleys cove, and open warmth and shelter. Here are trees, and bright green grass, and orchards full of contentment, and a man scarce espy the brook, although he hears it everywhere, and, indeed, a stout good piece of it comes through our farmyard, and swells sometimes to a rush of waves, when the clouds are on the hilltops. But all below, where the valley bends, and the Lyn stream goes along with it, pretty meadows slope their breast, and the sun spreads on the water." Here lived the Ridds—slow-witted, big-framed, honest-hearted farmer folk; loving the soil which they had worked for generations; clean-handed, God-fearing men and women of the stock which has given England an immovable foundation.

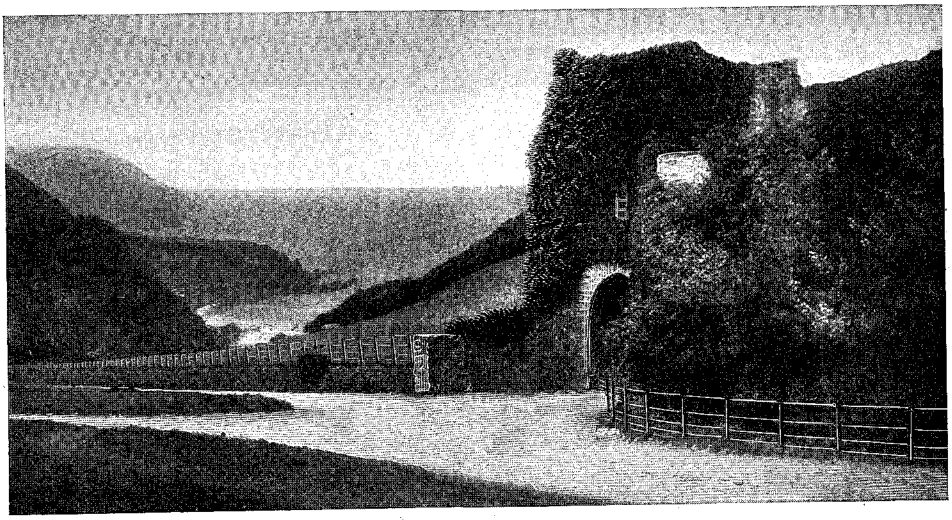
The Bagsworthy Valley lies a mile or more beyond, and here, at Bagsworthy Farm, one leaves the road and follows a foot-path along the stream for three miles, through the haunts and home of the Doones. It is a beautiful glen, with a certain wildness and brooding desolation quite in keeping with its associations; but it is less bold and its sides are less precipitous than the descriptions in "Lorna Doone" suggest. The hillsides are steep and barren save for the bell-heather which softens their outlines, and the narrow valley has an atmosphere of remoteness and desolation. The waterslide, when it is reached, seems much less alarming than it appeared to John Ridd when he made his perilous ascent; and the Doone Gate is a rocky mound which is easily accessible.

PORLOCK

It must not be forgotten that John

Ridd's imagination was filled for years with an almost superstitious dread of the Doones, whose recklessness, audacity, quick intelligence, and long defiance of law had deeply impressed the whole countryside with a sense of terror, so that the Doone Valley became an accursed place, full of all manner of known or unimaginable terrors. Moreover, it is more than two centuries since the spell of the Doones was broken and their nest burned over their heads, and every year in that long period has softened and subdued their old haunt. The Exmoor of to-day is a very different landscape from that upon which men looked in the time when Judge Jeffreys was holding the "bloody assizes." A century later Exmoor was "a land of freedom and solitude, haunt of the bittern and red deer, intersected by many a silent tomb and brawling river." The red deer are still there, and the wild, lonely beauty of the heaths and of the Valley of the Doones is untouched; but Mother Melldrum no longer hides in the Valley of the Rocks, the old superstitions have become pleasant legends for the entertainment of tourists, the Doones have ceased to be terrible and become romantic; and their valley has exchanged its inaccessible savagery for a wild loveliness which is somewhat secluded but quite within reach of the pedestrian. In the novel we see through John Ridd's eyes; and, honest and literal as the slow-thinking but stout-hearted lover of Lorna was, his imagination was not untouched by the wild tales and superstitious fears of his time.

Coming out of this lonely valley, with its tragic legend of ancient wrong rudely avenged, and its tender story of old-time love transmuted into lifelong happiness, one is prepared for the noble ride across the summits of the hills, splendid beyond words with the purple of the bell-heather, mile upon mile of unbroken color against the sky, with long contrasts of yellow gorse; the great cliffs green or bare to the water, and the sea softly blue in the long summer twilight; a noble country, molded on large lines, with a richness of verdure which has its roots in unnumbered centuries; lonely heaths, great hills shouldering one another to the line of the sky, and a valley sacred to the memory of a beautiful romance and of a novelist who touched the heart of his generation.



LEY ABBEY

THE HOLIDAY BOOKS

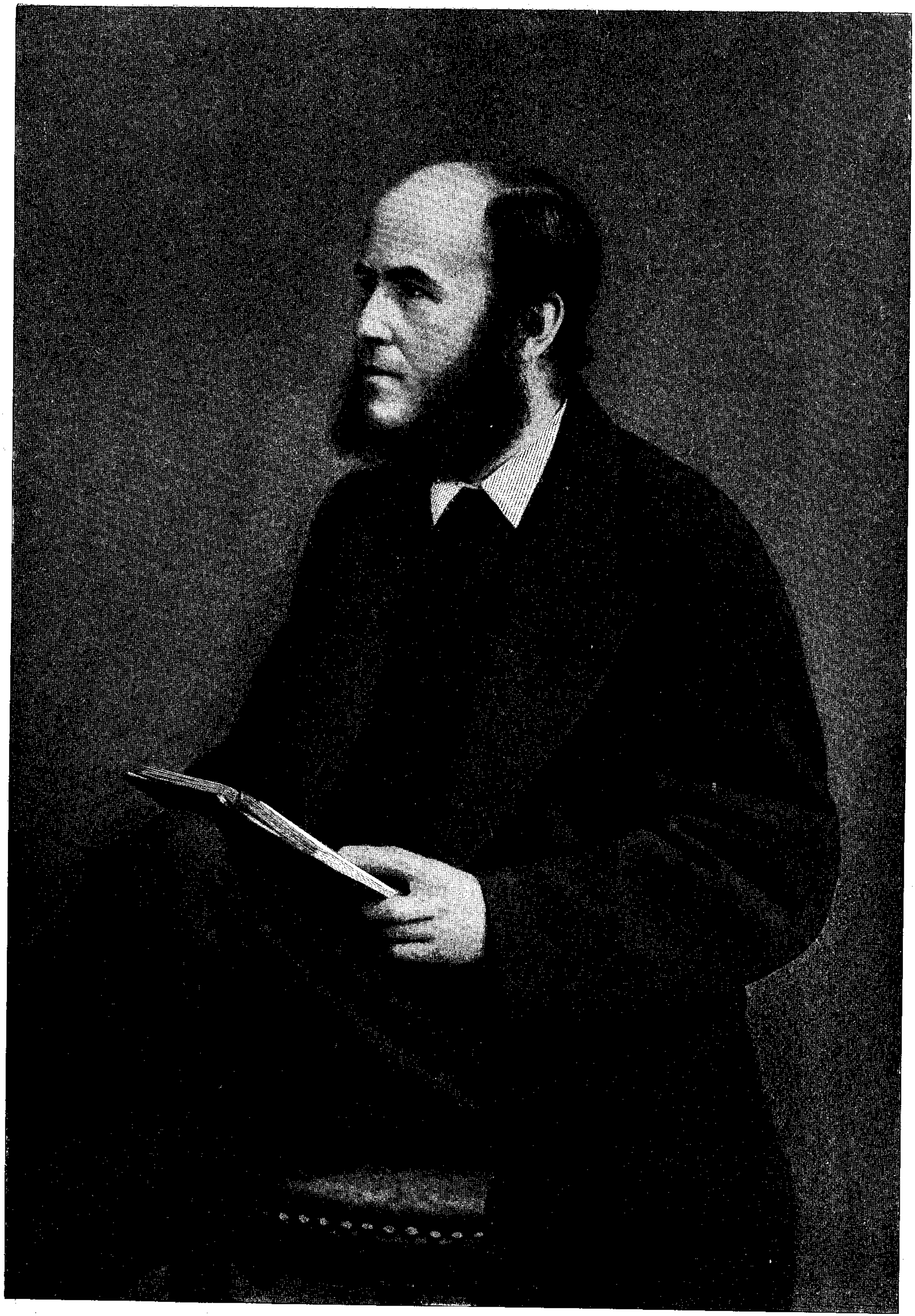
A REVIEW OF SOME OF THE MORE IMPORTANT BOOKS OF THE SEASON

PROMINENT among the finest illustrated books of the year stands Mr. Baldry's "Hubert von Herkomer," a work authoritative in text and sumptuous in illustration. The volume's worth as biography is less than its worth as criticism. We know something about this master's portraits, as they have been extensively exhibited, but we do not know as much as we might and ought about his other activities. Chief among these is his early work as a painter of figure-pieces. Of these, probably the best known is "The Chapel of the Charterhouse," a reproduction of which appeared in The Outlook for November 16. The painting now hangs in the London National Gallery. This and the other Herkomer figure-compositions betray Frederick Walker's influence; but there is in each a dramatic quality coming from the artist himself—it is as if we read in each a phase of his early years when he was struggling with poverty and illness. At all events, "At Death's Door," "The Last Muster," "On Strike," "God's Shrine," and the rest gave to their painter a freedom for the exercise of his fancy impossible of attainment in the work by which he will probably be best known, portraiture. While the illustrations of his portraits are noteworthy, by far the most interesting illustration is that which shows the Herkomer work in black-and-white, and this subject also forms the second salient merit of Mr. Baldry's admirable text. The black-and-white work is not so well known, either in England or in this country, as is that in color, because to a great degree it was the achievement of the artist's earlier, not of his later, years. It shows ever-increasing distinction in style, markedly true in the etchings and specially in the small etchings. Professor von Herkomer himself acknowledges that his earlier attempts were on plates of disproportionate size. Mr. Baldry reports him as declaring: "My sins of size lie heavy on my conscience. One glance at a Rembrandt etching would have set me right." The most interesting of all the Herkomer attempts in black-and-white, as Mr. Baldry also admits, lies in the process of autographic engraving. The artist was moved to this invention by noticing the charm of monotypes, namely, prints from unengraved plates. He is also a draughtsman on wood, a lithographer, and has arrived at an ingenious reproductive process now known as "Herkomergravure." The book as a whole is a notable contribution, not so much towards the knowledge of a remarkable personality as towards the greater illumination of art itself. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Tourists in the Engadine, and especially in the Maloja district, have been, naturally, the most appreciative admirers of the late Giovanni Segantini's pictures. He lived near the Maloja Pass, and spent his too short career in depicting Alpine scenes. Most of his landscapes were painted directly from life; but, when the weather was too rigorous for working out-of-doors, the others were done in his chalet-studio. Almost all his landscapes have animals in the foreground, and some critics even consider him as good a painter of animals as he was of landscapes. That which lent a peculiar impressiveness to his pictures, however, was the fact that he generally put in some human figures which he sought to invest with a subtle symbolism. Their effect was heightened by the painter's use of unusual effects of light and shade—a habit which in some of his works, as viewed for the first time, seemed almost to approach the eccentric. Taking him all in all, however, Segantini was a remarkable painter, uniting some of the qualities of Troyon and Millet. We are glad to see that no less a biographer than Signora Linda Villari has undertaken to tell the world about the artist's life and work. This account is accompanied by reproductions of seventy-five of the master's paintings. We are glad that these illustrations are on a sufficient scale also to reproduce Segantini's peculiar technique, one which has often been adopted by Mr. Watts in his great allegorical pictures. Instead of mixing colors to the desired shade on the palette and then laying them on in even tints, the colors appear in small points and fine streaks. Such text, illustration, print, and paper might have received more appropriate binding. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

In point of book-making and illustration, Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann's volumes on "The History of American Art" are models; in point of text they are hardly as satisfactory, owing to certain slight inaccuracies. We also regret to find the work incomplete in that the subject of architecture is omitted. The book's title, therefore, would be more exactly expressed by "A History of American Painting and Sculpture." Mr. Hartmann gives an interesting review of American painting before 1828, dwelling particularly on Copley, Trumbull, Benjamin West, and Gilbert Stuart. He then reviews the school of American landscape-painters, of which early pioneers were Thomas Cole and Asher Durand. The "Hudson River School," of which Kensett, Sandford Gifford, and Cropsey were notable examples, is treated at considerable length. The last part of the chapter on landscape artists is the more noteworthy, as it contains some particularly acute and clever criticisms on the work of Robinson, Inness, Platt, and Chase. Mr. Hartmann's idea of the Old School as applied to American art might have been inserted earlier in the book, so it seems to us. At all events, it is a considerable leap from Copley and the rest across many pages devoted to landscape-painters, only again to come back to the earlier artists. However, what we read is full of interest. The Centennial Exhibition marks a line between the old and the new. We applaud Mr. Hartmann's criticism of American sculpture in that it has not as yet done justice to the American woman. "It is not merely in cold, beautiful form that the American woman excels; she also possesses Lord Bacon's highest beauty, 'the beauty of decent and gracious motion.'" America is far better known in Europe by painters than by sculptors; the latter have produced strongly individual works like the Macmonnies statue of Nathan Hale, for instance, or Mr. French's "Death Staying the Hand of the Sculptor," or the works of St. Gaudens; but our painters—notably Messrs. Whistler and Sargent—have arrived. They and others, like Messrs. Homer Martin, Abbot Thayer, Winslow Homer, Dewing, and Tryon, for instance, have rolled up a debt which the American Nation can never repay, not only because, as Mr. Hartmann points out, they were insensible to mercenary temptations and faithfully accomplished the ideals of their youth, but because "their genius proved powerful enough to struggle against the indifference of a whole Nation, and thus has bequeathed to us, in this very era of commercialism, a proud and self-reliant native art." (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

No work on pottery has appeared in this country of such compelling interest as the recent publication by the Riverside Press, for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, of its catalogue of the Morse Collec-



JOHN RICHARD GREEN

The author of the famous "Short History of the English People." "The Letters of John Richard Green," edited by Leslie Stephen (The Macmillan Company), is one of the most important books of biography of the year.

tion of Japanese Pottery. The accompanying text is the work of Professor Edward S. Morse, the Keeper of the pottery. There are nearly seventy superb photogravure prints, of which no less than forty are accompanied by guide plates drawn by the author. There are also reproductions of over fifteen hundred potter's marks. The magnificent collection of which this volume is a fitting memorial was originally gathered in Japan by Professor Morse himself. At that time he occupied the chair of Zoölogy at the Imperial University, Tokio. A number of generous friends of the Boston Museum bought the collection, and since its installation it has continued in charge of Mr. Morse, having now been increased by some important additions. The value of the work to collectors and students is enhanced by the separate alphabetical indexes of Japanese provinces, potteries, and marks. In short, this splendid volume is no mere descriptive catalogue of a particular collection; it is at the same time an authoritative general work on Japanese Pottery. By its reading we may gain better comprehension of all Japanese art, especially of the various symbols and designs used as motives of decoration; even the tyro may now understand how the Japanese generally use pottery where we would use porcelain, pewter, silver, or glass. It is not too much to say that this handsome quarto will hereafter be regarded as the standard work on the subject.

A year ago we had Mr. Mumford's valuable volume on "Oriental Rugs," of which a second edition is now announced (Scribners). This book was unique of its kind among English publications. It is now no longer unique, for from Chicago (A. C. McClurg & Co.) comes another book on the same subject. "Rugs, Oriental and Occidental," is not quite so elaborate, but quite as suggestive, comprehensive, and profitable. Mrs. Holt's narration is concisely told, and her book thus becomes one for ready reference. She justly lays special stress upon Persia, since there rugs are the necessary feature of every habitation, from the palace of the Shah to the hut of the peasant. When we consider the cost of Oriental carpets in America, it seems almost incredible to think that the Persian peasantry treat them as we might oilcloth; we may remember, however, that Persians do not pay an export duty, or the cost of carriage to seaports, or, on the American side, a scandalous duty of no less than forty per cent. *ad valorem* in addition to the specific duty of ten cents per square foot. Among Persian carpets the silk prayer-rugs have become deservedly popular in this country, and we are glad to note the prominence given to them in this volume's text and illustration, particularly to those of the Tabriz weave. In Persia every one, prince or pauper, sits upon a rug when eating, cushions being placed behind, and in all Mohammedan countries every Muslim spreads his rug before he kneels in prayer. Hence the finer sort of carpets, large or small, have a certain spiritual significance carrying with it its own pathos and impressiveness. Of this better sort we may also note that many are used by Orientals for hangings. No rugs are esteemed really fine in the Orient until their colorings have been mellowed by at least ten years' age. The reason why these colors mellow as do not those used in the Occident is because Oriental vegetable dyes are infinitely better than the cheap aniline dye imitations made in Germany, England, or America. Hence the late William Morris, with his unerring instinct for true art, whether in rugs, wall-paper, typography, painting, or poetry, strove to overcome the invasion of poor dyes by producing English rugs colored with vegetable infusions only. There have also been noteworthy attempts by certain American women pioneers in this direction, notably by Mrs. Albee, at Pequaket, N. H., Mrs. Volk, at Lovell Centre, Me., and Mrs. Wheeler, at Onteora, N. Y. Efforts at superior rag-rug weaving have also been made at Berea College, Kentucky. This part of Mrs. Holt's book is especially interesting. We would call attention to the colored plates. It seems incredible that ink could have been tempered to the proper shades. In these plates Navajo and other American Indian rugs also figure. No lover of the colorings which can never be produced by aniline dyes ought to be without Mr. Mumford's and Mrs. Holt's books. They represent a treasury of useful and delightful knowledge.

Mr. Brownell's "French Art" has long

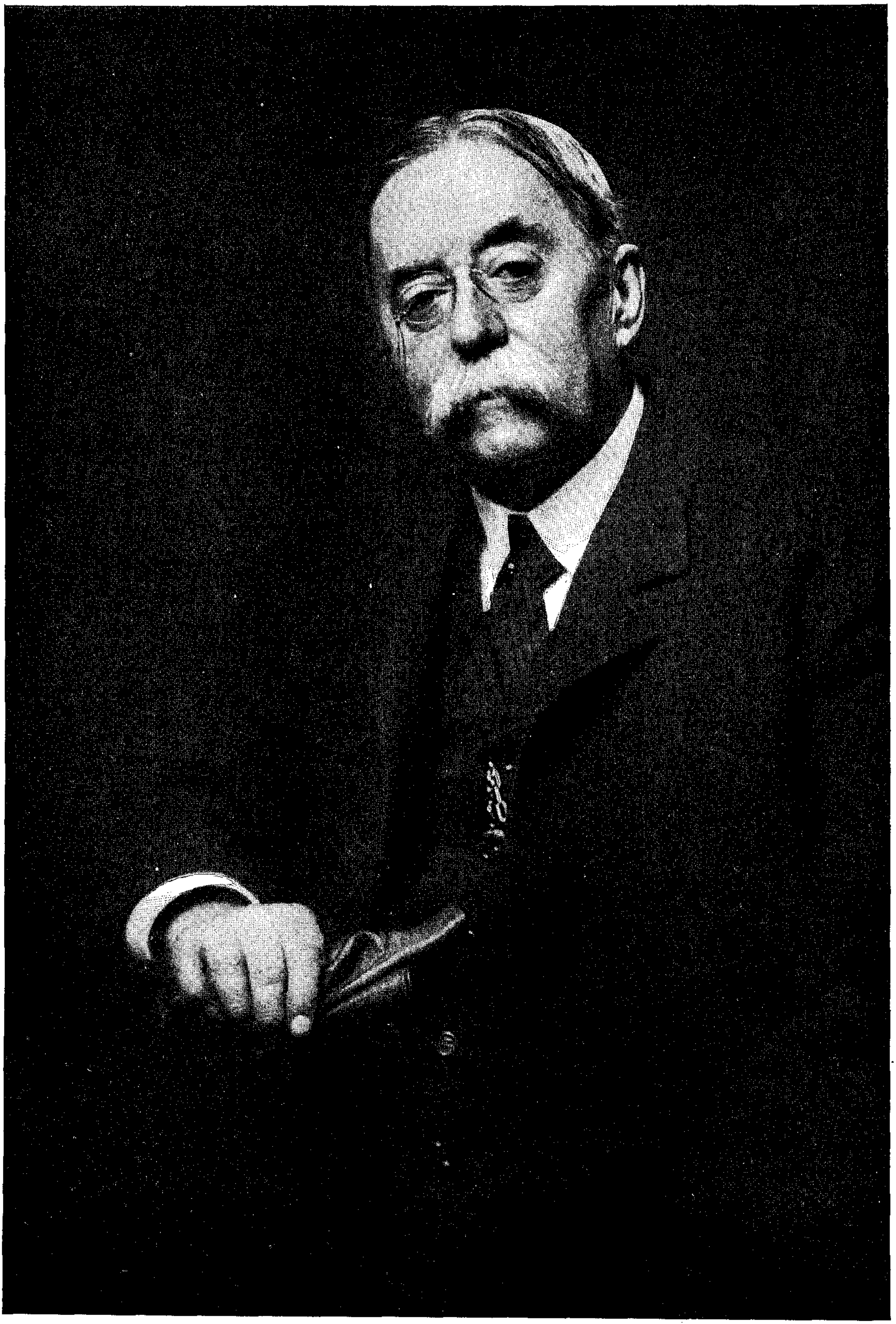
LUCAS MALET

Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison (Lucas Malet), a daughter of Charles Kingsley, is the author of "Sir Richard Calmady" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), one of the most popular of recent novels.

been regarded as an authority. It is not so much a history of painting and sculpture in France as an interpretation of these branches of art. The new edition of "French Art" is of larger size and is accompanied by nearly fifty illustrations which add materially to the interest of the text. We find that Mr. Brownell has augmented the text itself by a chapter on the sculptor Rodin. Many of M. Rodin's works have appeared since Mr. Brownell's first edition was published. With much acuteness the critic shows how the sculpture of the great modern master differs from that of the Institute school. Students may not agree in all of Mr. Brownell's enthusiastic judgments; but every one, whether a visitor to the Paris galleries and studios or not, will find much information and suggestion in this additional chapter, which deals with what to Mr. Brownell is the only pre-eminently new phase of French art developed during the past decade. We wish that the work had been further augmented and made complete by some chapters on classic and contemporary French architects. At all events, as a companion volume to this edition of "French Art," we hope some time to see Mr. Brownell's "French Traits" published in uniform style and equally well illustrated, although perforce quite differently. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The greater portion of Mr. Cram's work on "Church Building" appeared in the New York "Churchman." The book is now published by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. (Boston), who have accurately judged that the interest in such a work justifies its appearance in more permanent form. We note that Mr. Cram has revised and enlarged his chapters, and that he has added some illustration. The whole forms one of the best contributions to popular knowledge of architecture in general, and of ecclesiastical architecture in particular. Mr. Cram first considers the "Country Chapel," from which he advances to the Village Church and the City Church. He then treats of the interiors and adjuncts of churches, of chancels, altars, and sacristies, of stained glass and other decorations, of chapels and baptisteries. Finally, as a climax, he describes cathedrals. The value of the text is more than doubled by the capital illustration in half-tone; and the value of the illustration is again doubled because it is generally very cleverly arranged. For instance, St. Mary's, Herts, England, is contrasted with St. Andrew's, Detroit, Mich. The volume ought to develop, not only a greater taste in architecture, but a greater longing for its proper expression of the spiritual life. Most men would hardly regard any of the designs submitted for the New York Cathedral as typifying the simplicity and strength of the most profoundly rooted instinct in man. On the other hand, not a few of our little churches show, in line and construction, exactly the simple, strong expression desired in stone and mortar. Take, for instance, as illustrating this, the pictures in this book of the church at Chilham, Kent, or at Cohasset, Mass.

From Boston (Dana Estes & Co.) come two extremely interesting books in uniform binding, "Among the Great Masters of Oratory" and "Among the Great Masters of Painting." These volumes are notable, first of all, for illustration rather than for text. In the volume on orators we find a collection of pictures which have historic worth; for instance, Langenmantel's "Savonarola Preaching Against Luxury" and Vogel's "Luther Preaching at the Wartburg." Of equal interest are Dalou's wonderful relief of "Mirabeau and the Marquis of Dreux-Brézé" and Barrias's inspiring "Desmoulins at the Palais Royal." We might quote others of equal interest, but these will be enough to show that the illustrations alone give the volume notable value. There is no suspicion, either, that the illustrations are inserted merely to make the book more ornate; they exactly illustrate as well as beautify the text. The orators treated begin with Demosthenes and end with Gladstone. The quotations from the orators are frequent, but are, gratifyingly, never wearisomely long. The second volume on the "Great Masters of Painting" ought to rival the success achieved by its predecessors, "Great Masters of Music" and "Great Masters of Literature." As in the preceding volume, the illustrations call for even more comment than does the capital text. They are thirty-two in number, and are typical of the work of the thirty-two artists described. These begin with Pheidias and end with Puvis de Chavannes. Mr. Rowlands's text in this volume, as in the others above mentioned,



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK BY GERTRUDE KASEBIER.

WILLIAM MASON

Mr. Mason is one of the best known of American musicians. By his work as a pianist, and as composer for and teacher of the piano, he has exercised a very wide influence on American musical education. His volume, "Memories of a Musical Life," just published by the Century Company, is one of the most interesting volumes of reminiscence of the season.

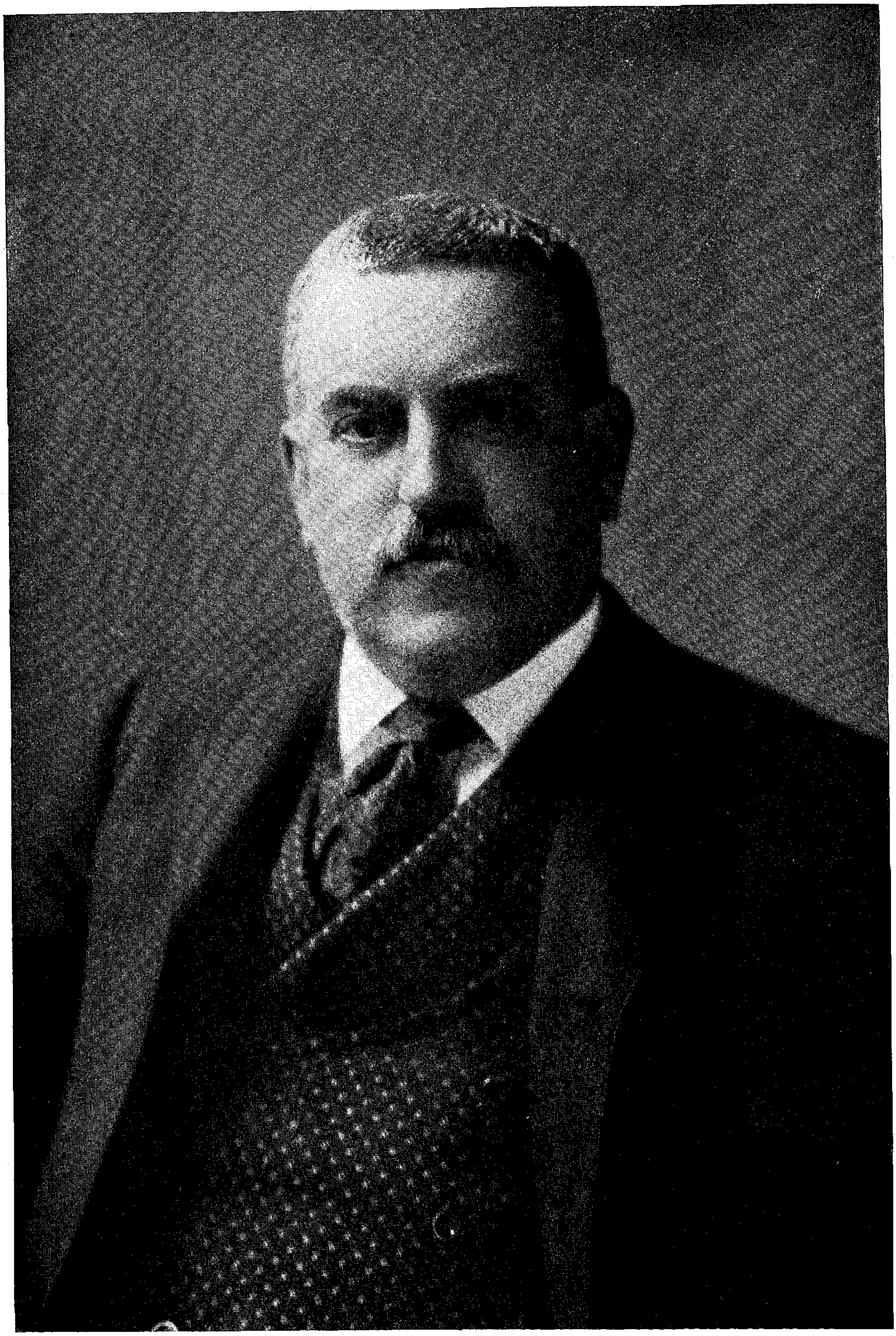
is both explicit and suggestive. He understands how to express much concisely. A special value of the illustrations is that, like those in the "Orators" volume, some reproduce paintings which are not as well known as they should be; for instance, Ingres's "Death of Leonardo da Vinci," Becker's "Charles V. Picking up Titian's Brush," and Seymour Lucas's "The King's Visit to Wren."

Those who own the two volumes of Sheppard's "Memorials of St. James's Palace" ought to be interested readers of a much more valuable work, also in two volumes—the new edition of the late Hepworth Dixon's "Tower of London." The same kind of illuminative information which marks the latter author's "Holy Land," and has made it, up to the present at least, an indispensable book for tourists and students, is found in these volumes. They comprise the result of twenty years' research; they relate the Tower's history from the earliest ages to the time of the last prisoner's confinement there. The worth of the picturesque text is now enhanced by this edition, which includes many reproductions from rare portraits and famous paintings. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

The gratefully light weight of the six volumes of the new edition of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," their full-face type, rubricated title-pages, hundred illustrations, and charming binding, will be appreciated by all lovers of the largest collection of stories ever made. Whether this story-book is also the most delightful is perhaps another question. Those hardy souls who prefer the original text, with all its Orientalisms, will find here a text consonant with latter-day notions of propriety and good taste. Mr. Stanley Wood's photogravure illustrations, however, without being gross, more nearly express the undiluted text. Regarded purely as pictures these illustrations have notable merit. We find that five volumes of the present edition comprise a revised version of Lane's translation made sixty years ago from the original Arabic. The sixth volume includes new tales introduced by Antoine Galland. It may not be known that before Lane's the English issues of the "Arabian Nights' Tales" are all translations from the French of Galland. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

From Cincinnati (George G. Shaw) comes an ideally printed and bound volume edited by Mr. John James Piatt, the author of "Idylls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley." The present volume is called "The Hesperian Tree," and consists of literary miscellany in prose and verse. All the contributors of the poems and essays, sketches and stories, in this volume come from the Ohio Valley. Their text is accompanied by sympathetic and remarkable illustration; and there are also reproductions of paintings, drawings, and works of sculpture by artists who are native to the Ohio Valley or identified with it. With few exceptions, each literary contribution presented in this volume was specially written for original publication in it. Among well-known Ohio Valley names, besides the honored one of the editor, we find those of Messrs. W. D. Howells, James Lane Allen, Maurice Thompson, John Hay, John Uri Lloyd, Murat Halstead, Madison Cawein, James Whitcomb Riley, and Robert Underwood Johnson.

In this year's illustrated books Miss Singleton is represented by two volumes (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), one very interesting, the other only passably interesting and of somewhat cloying sweetness. In the first she tells us about various "Castles and Palaces" as seen and described by famous writers. For instance, the late Grant Allen describes Conway Castle; Sir Walter Scott describes Linlithgow; Hawthorne, the Castle of Chillon, and John Richard Green, Lambeth Palace. Turning to the Continent, we find such notable masters of description as Théophile Gautier describing the Ducal Palace at Vienna, and Dumas *père* the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. Altogether there are about forty palaces and castles which receive notable treatment in this way; and the book is well worth the attention of any traveler or reader. Its editor's skill in the collection of masters of description has already been well shown in her other volumes.——The second book which Miss Singleton offers in this year's list is entitled "Love in Literature and Art." The various descriptions and treatments of the great passion possibly form an instructive study; it is certainly more noteworthy because of the chronological arrangement of the excerpts. Incidentally one com-


PHOTOGRAPH BY RICE

WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS

Author of "The True Thomas Jefferson" (The J. B. Lippincott Company), one of the most notable books of biography of the year.

prehends the varied notions of propriety at different periods. The illustrations depict many a famous lover—Ulysses, Rinaldo, Paolo, and the rest—and also several charming love-scenes in painting, from Botticelli to Burne-Jones.

Last year the Riverside Press, by which the art of fine printing has long been religiously conserved and practiced, put its imprint upon Michelangelo's "Sonnets and Madrigals," "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," and Thoreau's essay entitled "Of Friendship." This year Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added to this series Xavier de Maistre's "Voyage Autour de ma Chambre," Senancour's "Obermann: Letters to a Friend," and Thackeray's "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man About Town." The "Journey Around my Room" is a beautiful piece of book-making—a small octavo, printed on unbleached hand-made paper from a very choice type, bound in half-parchment with small but very effective tooling, with uncut leaves. The ornamentation of the volume is carried out in the spirit of one of the best periods of French book-decoration, and a photogravure portrait of the author is presented as a frontispiece, the title-page being not so much a reproduction as an adaptation of an eighteenth-century title-page. Senancour's "Obermann," with which Matthew Arnold made English readers acquainted long ago, is reprinted, not in its entirety, but in a selection made by Miss J. P. Frothingham, a very skillful translator, the two volumes following the French style of the period of the work in binding, paper, and printing. "Mr. Brown's Letters," in harmony with the general taste which has presided over the making of these books, are presented in a form harmonious with the conditions of the first publication, typography, paper, decorations, and binding being those of the early part of the last century. These books represent the most artistic American book-making.

The development of interest in Balzac in England and in this country has borne fruit in at least two extended pieces of translation. One of these, edited by Professor Saintsbury and bearing the imprint of the Macmillan Company (New York), has found its way to a very large circle of readers in this country; for Balzac is one of the great forces to be reckoned with in modern fiction, a master of the fiction-form, of the novel of manners and character, of knowledge of France of the middle of the last century, and at times a master of style; a writer who wrote many things which, both from an ethical and æsthetic point of view, his admirers may well wish he had left unwritten, but who also left a group of masterpieces behind him. The edition edited by Professor Saintsbury is the work of a number of different translators, and the quality of their work is sometimes uneven, not in scholarship, but in literary skill. As a whole, this group of translations must take very high rank. The forty volumes of the "Comédie Humaine" have now been brought out in the Temple Edition, and are therefore accessible in this admirably tasteful shape—books so small that they may be carried in the pocket, but printed from type so large that they may be read with the utmost comfort. Each volume is prefaced by some account of the story or stories which it contains, and by an etched frontispiece.

The two volumes in which Mr. Howells's "Heroines of Fiction" appear are pervaded by the charm of his delightful personality, and furnish abundant opportunity for the expression of his critical views on fiction. Those views are so clear-cut and pronounced that they enter into all his judgments of fiction; but he is a very intelligent reader, and his own practice of the art of novel-writing has quickened his instinct for sound form and for fine character-drawing. The chapters in these volumes are really studies in criticism, from which the reader will often dissent, but in which he will find abundant suggestion, very delicate characterization, and that charm of manner which Mr. Howells seems always to command. The books form an important contribution to an informal kind of history of English and American literature. The illustrations by Mr. Christy, Mr. Keller, and other artists vary greatly in originality and in power of interpreting the ideals of different novelists. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. George Wright has felicitously illustrated with color pictures and arabesque page-decoration Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's "Norse Stories," and the might and grimness of Thor and Loke and

Odin stand out pictorially and vigorously. The Norse myths are among the finest wonder-stories of the world's literature. Here they are retold for young people's reading with the aim of simplicity, clearness, and the bringing out of the inner meaning unobtrusively. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Mr. Johnson visits a country to learn how its common people live, what they do, why they are what they are. In description as well as in his photographic work he has an observant eye for the picturesque, and a strong sympathy for human effort, local color, native humor, and natural beauty. His new volume, "The Isle of the Shamrock," forms an attractive companion book to Mr. Johnson's "Among English Hedgerows" and "Along French Byways." Some of the many interesting photographs will be remembered by our readers as having first appeared in The Outlook. One continually wonders at Mr. Johnson's skill in photographing peasants and children and monks in unconstrained attitudes; a few of the pictures here have a decidedly Millet-like effect. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

That most delightful recent classic for children, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," has probably never received a more beautiful form than the new edition to which Mr. E. S. Martin contributes one of his delightful introductions, and which is furnished throughout with illustrations by Mr. Peter Newell. These illustrations are thoroughly characteristic of one of the most individualistic of our humorous illustrators. They are quaint, odd, and effective, touched with the genius of nonsense, and pervaded by that delicious logical disorder and confusion of things, persons, and happenings which give the story of Alice its charm alike for young and old readers. The text is printed from large type, set in the middle of a very handsome page, with decorated borders, and the volume is bound in white vellum with gilt stamping, the whole constituting a very beautiful piece of bookmaking. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

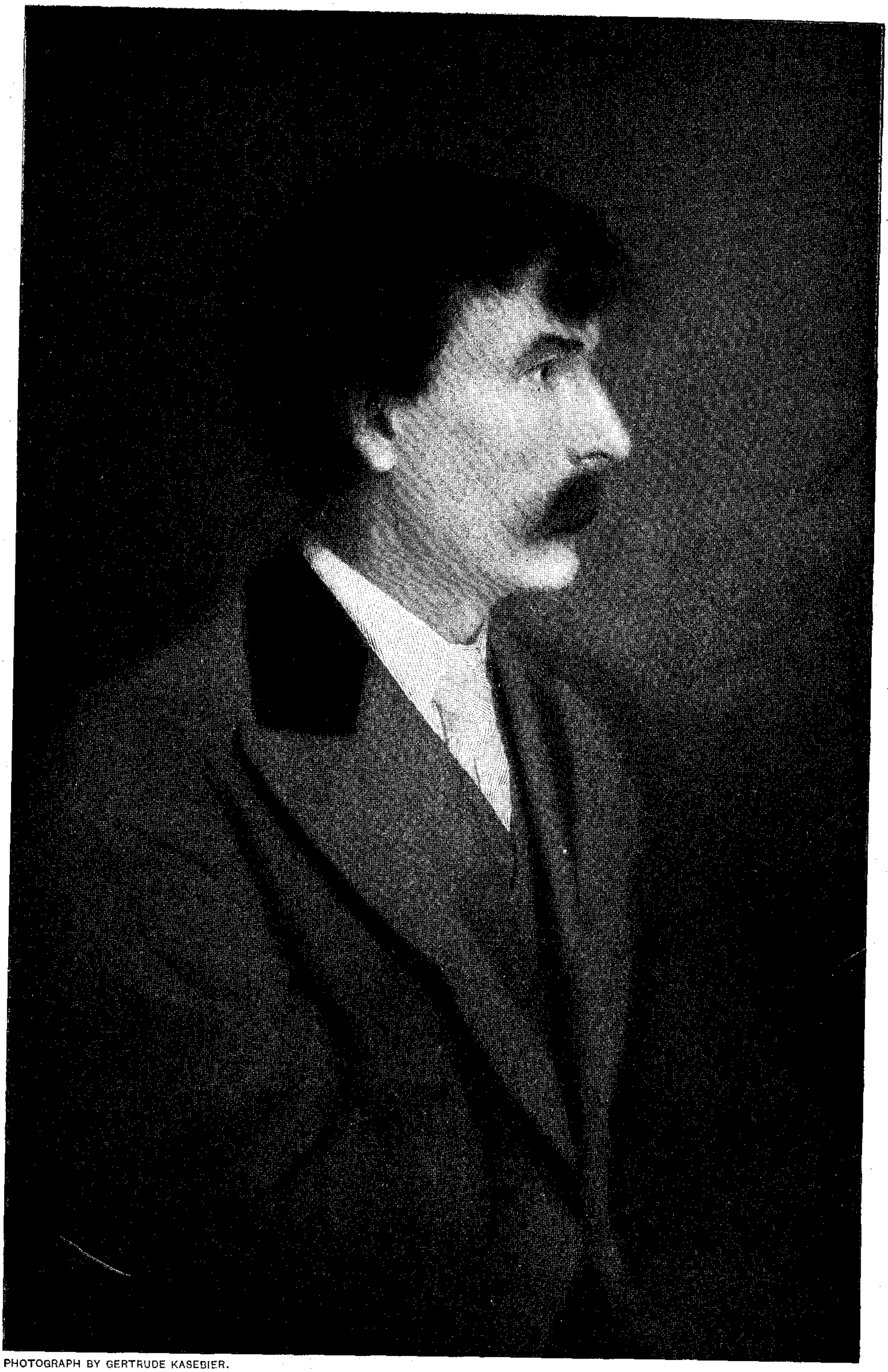
"Candle-Lightin' Time" includes nine bits of verse in true negro melody. When he limits himself to the proper scope of such lyricism, Mr. Dunbar is very successful in its art, but he does not always keep within bounds. When he does, his voice rings with true harmony. For instance:

Angels is a-mindin' you, my baby,
  Keepin' off de Bad Man all de night.
Whut de use o' bein' skeered o' nuffin'?
  You don' fink de da'kness gwine to bite?
Whut de crackin' soun' you hyeah erroun' you?—
  Lawsy, chile, you tickles me to def!—
Dat's de man what brings de fros', a-paintin'
  Picters on de winder wid his bref.

Despite the slender size of this volume, it contains much illustration, which is particularly interesting since half of it comes from photographs made by members of the Hampton Institute Camera Club. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's "A Child of Nature" is a descriptive sketch or study, somewhat in the vein of "Under the Trees and Elsewhere" and "The Forest of Arden." The central figure in the sketch is a boy who grows up on a farm in the mountainous part of New England, and, by the quiet unfolding of his own nature, develops imaginative gifts of a high order, passes through rich spiritual experiences, and attains clearness of vision and harmony of life. This sketch has been most sympathetically and poetically interpreted in a series of illustrations and decorations by Mr. Charles L. Hinton, who contributes to the volume four full-page ideal figures notable for grace, refinement, and poetic expressiveness. He has caught the imaginative quality in the work, and has made his hand the medium for interpreting that quality to the eye. The volume resembles in many of its details Mr. Will H. Low's illustrations of "The Forest of Arden." It is a small quarto, the text being set in large type in the center of the page, with decorated borders, symbolic decorations prefacing each subdivision. The whole is tastefully bound. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Special interest attaches to "The Japanese Nightingale" because it is the work of a Japanese writer, illustrated and decorated by a Japanese artist. It is a very pretty love story, told with a light touch and with a good deal of animation. The story is of a young American in Japan who falls in love with a young Japanese, and the plot turns on the devotion of the girl to her brother, who has been educated in this country, and who is greatly in need



PHOTOGRAPH BY GERTRUDE KASEBIER.

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON

"Lives of the Hunted," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, bids fair to equal "Wild Animals I Have Known" in popularity.

of money. It is picturesque, as everything must be picturesque which describes Japan even casually. Whether it is true in its portraiture of Japanese conditions is a matter of opinion which can be settled only by those who know Japan at first hand. It is full, however, of the Japanese grace and charm. The full-page illustrations, which are in colors, are many and very attractive, and the decorated borders reproducing figures and the drawings of flowers, ferns, birds, and other natural objects are extremely effective. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

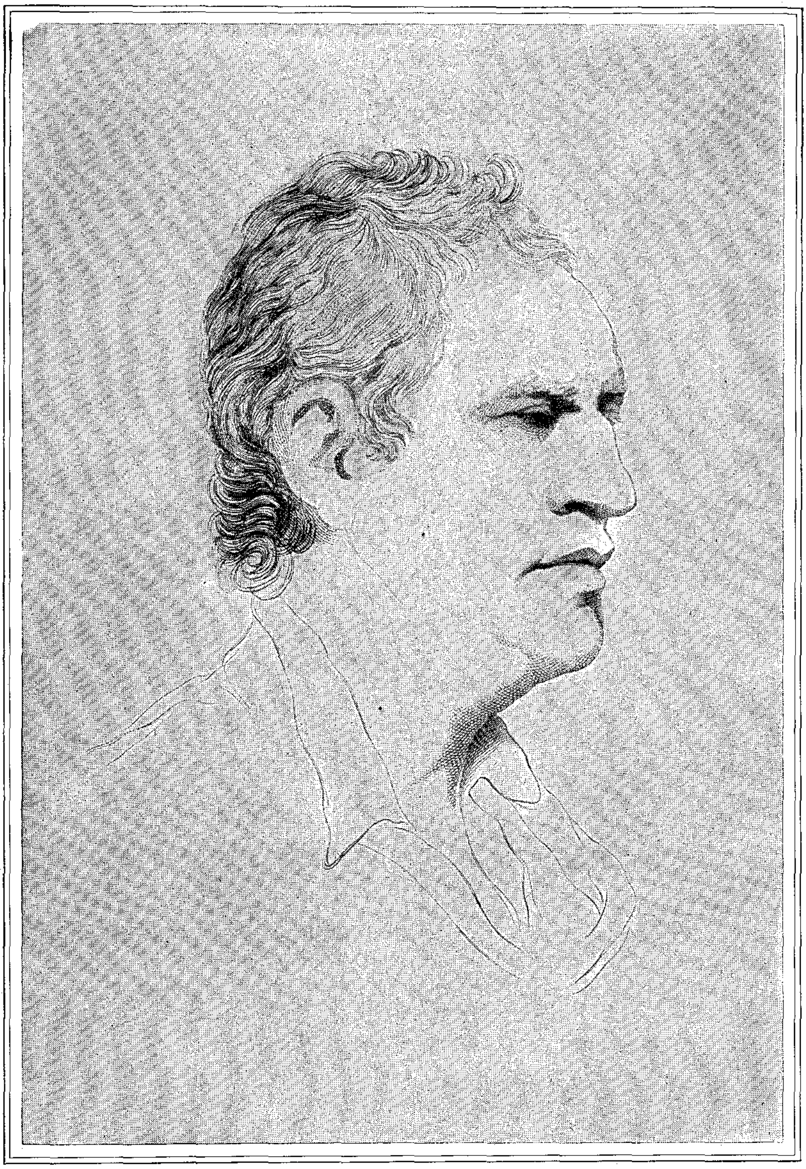
There is no danger of making a mistake in predicting that Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson's "Lives of the Hunted" will stand side by side with his "Wild Animals I Have Known" in popular approval. These stories, dedicated "to the preservation of our wild creatures," give individual life and personality to the mountain ram, the coyote, the young grizzly, and even the sparrow and the chickadee. The stories also dramatize the exciting and tragic events of the lives of the beasts in an inimitable way. Of followers in this new form of story-telling Mr. Seton-Thompson (hereafter Mr. Seton) has had not a few, and some of them have done good work; but it is true, we think, that Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Tales" and Mr. Seton-Thompson's books are still practically alone in their power of captivating the imagination and giving the reader, child or grown, just that interest in the animal characters that he feels in the human beings that move in an engaging novel. In illustration and decoration, all done by the author, the present volume is of the highest attractiveness and originality. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The test of time has shown that Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" do actually and strongly appeal to the imagination of children. The edition illustrated by Mr. W. Paget with half a dozen color plates, some seventy drawings, and an admirable cover design is incomparably the most attractive version of this children's classic. For slightly older readers the same publishers have an edition of Mrs. Jameson's "Shakespeare's Heroines" in pleasing green and gold dress, with decorative designs by Mr. R. A. Bell. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

While one at first feels that there is a good deal that is specious and ephemeral in the plan of the two volumes on "Beautiful Women in Art," with numerous process reproductions, it must be admitted that there is serious and careful criticism to be found in Armand Dayot's book, which is well translated by H. Twitchell. Many will be attracted by external prettiness to these books as suitable for gift purposes. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

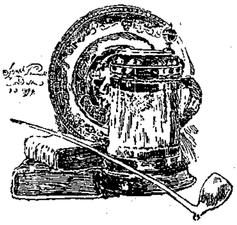
Under the title "Other Famous Homes of Great Britain and their Stories" we have the third series of collected articles on this general topic. The generous page and fine photographic reproduction make the large volume more than sightly, and the articles by A. H. Malan adequately support the illustrative beauty of the book. St. Michael's Mount, Stoneleigh, Wallaton Hall, Stowe, and eight other famous English houses are included. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Charles E. Brock has illustrated in his characteristic English manner Kate Douglas Wiggin's delightful "Cathedral Courtship," which first appeared in 1893, separating it from "Penelope's English Experiences," which filled a part of the original volume.

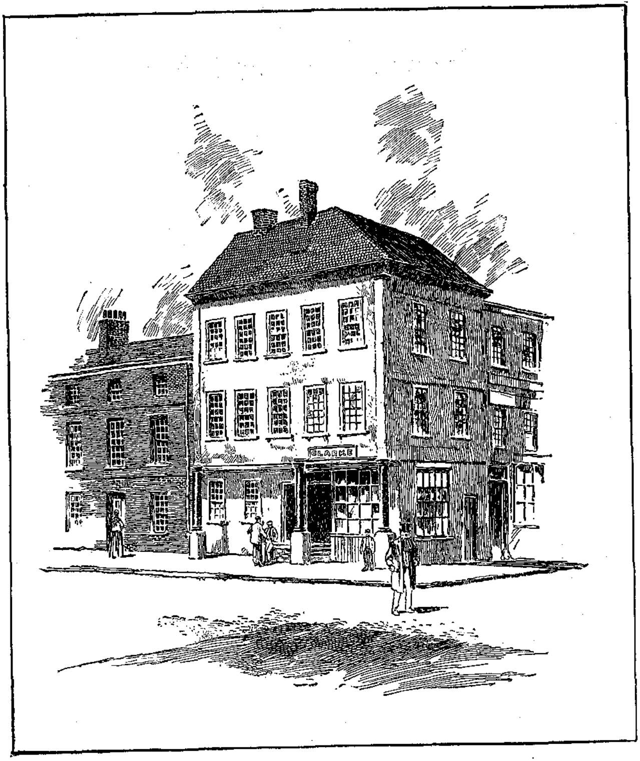


DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

From a rare engraving.



THE JOHNSON CLUB EMBLEM

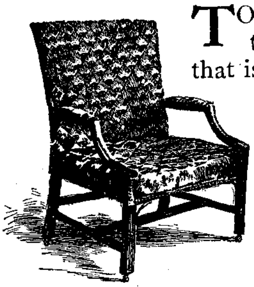


DR. JOHNSON'S BIRTHPLACE, LICHFIELD

Do We Really Know Dr. Johnson?

BY AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

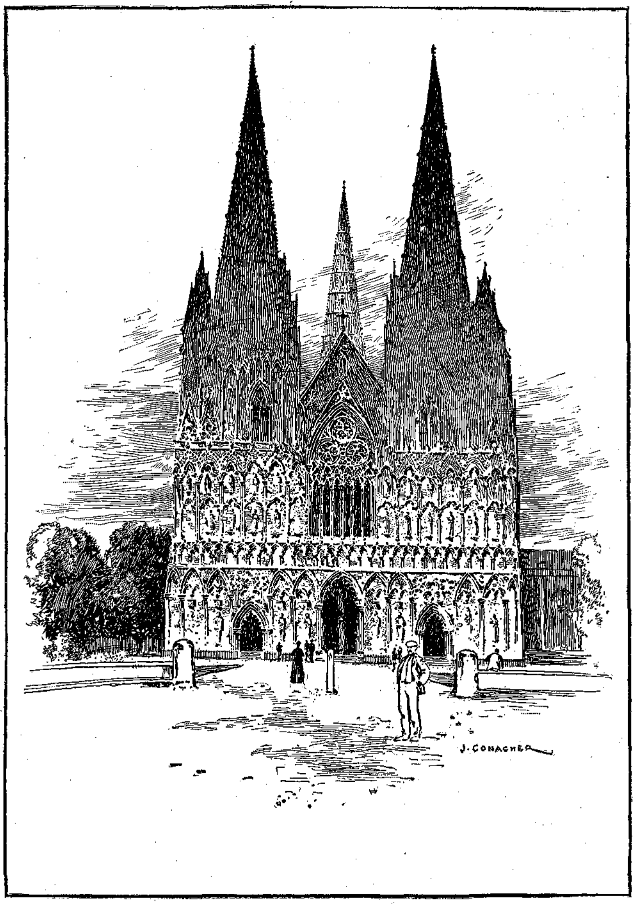
AN ADDRESS RECENTLY DELIVERED BEFORE THE JOHNSON CLUB AT LICHFIELD ON THE OPENING OF THE JOHNSON HOUSE AS A MUSEUM



DR. JOHNSON'S CHAIR

TO come to Lichfield in the year 1901 to talk about Dr. Johnson to a company who may fairly be credited with knowing all that is to be known on so well-worn a subject argues a courage that in happier circumstances might well have saved an empire.

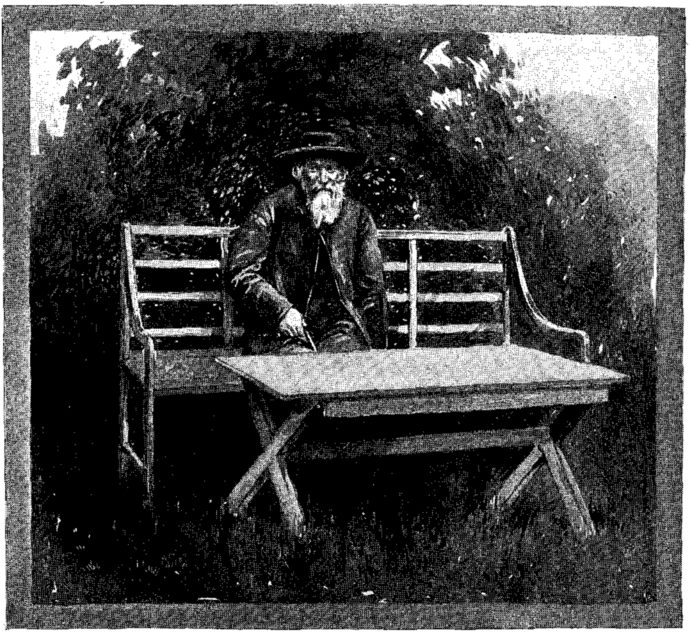
To be sure, it would be easy to turn up the word Lichfield in that only too excellent Index to be found at the end of the sixth volume of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell—an index which places all who can read on terms of an almost odious equality—and there to find quite enough references and cross-references to keep me occupied for the best part of an hour. There I should find how all the chief folk of this most famous city, in the time of her most illustrious son, got drunk every night, and yet how they were, notwithstanding this inebriety, the most civil and civilized people, talking the purest English, throughout Great Britain. You may read there how Lichfield was a City of Philosophers standing out in bold contrast to the neighboring town of Birmingham, whose boobies, said the Doctor, were content to work only with their hands; how in those days the Reverend Mr. Seward, father of the ineffable Anna, occupied this Palace, which might then have been rented for £20 a year; how in the porch of the Cathedral Johnson once met a gentleman who ventured to say to him what I am sure we shall all be saying to-morrow after sermon, "Dr. Johnson, we have had a most excellent discourse," and how civilly your townsman replied, "That may be so, sir, but it is impossible for *you* to know it;" how on another occasion Johnson, finding his chair in the side scenes of the Lichfield Theater filled by an outsider, I hope by a booby from Birmingham, who declined to give it up to its former proprietor, Johnson pitched both the chair and its occupant into the pit; how whilst still a boy he fell in love with an elderly actress who melted his always tender heart by the passion she displayed in the part of Flora, in a play of Colley Cibber's; and further of the respect paid to him in later life by the Corporation of Lichfield, whose successors to-day, in honoring Johnson, do but pursue the noble tradition of their predecessors in office. Happy Lichfield to have honored the living Johnson no less than the ghostly one!



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL

All these things and many others I might have culled from Dr. Hill's Index, but Dr. Hill is on the platform, and I propose to avoid this primrose path, and to content myself with but one Lichfield anecdote, which I account precious not because of its great merit, for, to tell the truth, it is somewhat deficient in merit, but because it has somehow managed to escape the microscopic eye of the most learned member of the Johnson Club, Dr. Hill himself.

A good many of you, I dare say, in your early days, when a book was indeed a book, and not merely so many dull printed pages stitched together by a sleepy apprentice, have read "The Fairchild Family." If you have, you have not forgotten it. Gloomy and frightful was its theology, but its characters were all alive. From another work proceeding from the same pen, "Stories of the Church Catechism," I derived, at the early age of nine, my first knowledge of what is called "Life;" for was not each one of the Ten Commandments illustrated, exemplified, and only too fully explained in the course of as many bloodcurdling narratives? Mrs. Sherwood came from Lichfield, where her paternal grandfather, Mr. Carey Butts, practiced as a surgeon, kept open house, and entertained the youthful Johnson. Mrs. Sherwood's mother also frequently visited Lichfield, and once, whilst under the trees in the Close, met Johnson, then on one of his numerous visits to his birthplace. The poor young lady doubtless congratulated herself on the occasion, for she held in her hand a volume of the "Rambler." She appears to have directed the attention of the author to the book, or perhaps she was too shy to do this, and it was he, animated by that restless curiosity of his wherever books were concerned, who took the volume out of her hand to discover what she was reading, and to remark upon her studies. No sooner did he find out what the book actually was than he threw it among the grass and stalked away! Mrs. Sherwood, after telling this story in her Autobiography, which, by the way, is not nearly so interesting a book as either "The Fairchild Family" or "Stories from the Church Catechism," moralizes as follows: "Oh! poor human nature, how exceedingly absurd we all are!"



DR. BIRKBECK HILL, THE LEADING JOHNSONIAN
Drawn by J. Conacher.

I now bid farewell to Lichfield anecdotes and topographical details, in order to ask myself a question and to return an answer. This is a much more dangerous pastime than verifying Dr. Hill's references. A foolish peer, whilst engaged in addressing the House of Lords, observed in pompous and self-satisfied tones, "My Lords, I now stop to ask myself a question;" whereupon an irreverent lord exclaimed, in a loud aside, "What a very foolish answer he will get!" I must risk the folly of my answer; the question is sensible enough. It is this: Are we justified in the belief we all so confidently entertain that we know Dr. Johnson? That we all think we know him I may take for granted. "No human being," wrote Macaulay about Johnson, "who has been more than seventy years in his grave is so well known to us." The seventy years have grown into one hundred and seventeen. It has made no difference. Millions of men and women since the death of Johnson have been born into and disappeared from the world—this busy, stirring world, so full of contending interests, of rival fames, of striking novelties, of changing fashions, of buried reputations; but Johnson remains unaffected. We still think we know him. Let us see if we are sure of it.

Yet nothing is more difficult than to feel sure we know a man about whom we can know nothing save what we learn from purely literary sources. It is easy to test this by reading the biographies and memoirs of men whom we have known in the flesh, in the sense, that is, of having at least seen and heard them talk. Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, Gladstone, Wilberforce, Jowett, Manning: is any one who knew these men satisfied with the substantial accuracy of their portraits as painted or composed by their respective biographers? What sort of estimate, I often wonder, is my son, now a boy of twelve, likely to have of Carlyle, the greatest purely literary figure of the last century, from the fourteen or more volumes which essay to describe him? If it is difficult in the case of those so near us, why should it be easy in the case of your wonderful Doctor?

Most people have their answer pat and ready. It is all due to Boswell, the Prince of Biographers—he has succeeded where well-nigh everybody else has failed. He has made his man live. In Boswell's pages the dead yet speaketh. Let me examine this thesis. Johnson was born in this city in 1709. Boswell first set eyes on him, a memorable meeting, in Tom Davies's back parlor in Russell Street, Covent Garden, on Monday afternoon (we cannot be too particular), the 16th of May, 1763. Johnson was then fifty-four; the stir and stress of his hard life was over, he had fought his wild beasts, he had subdued his passionate nature, he had played a man's part, by God's blessing he had prevailed. He was pensioned, his fame was settled, his character secure. Perhaps Dr. Hill could tell us if he chose, but there are some things even modern editors keep to themselves, on how many several days Boswell saw his illustrious friend between 1763 and 1784, when Johnson died. The figures would startle you, so few were the occasions when Boswell saw Johnson.

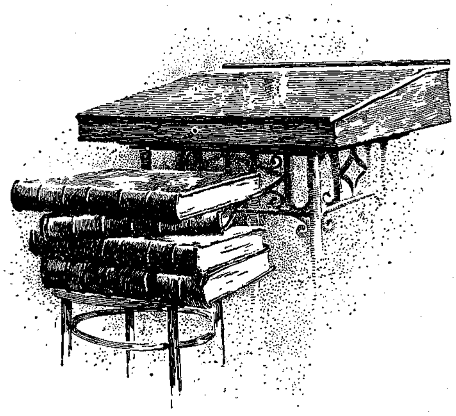
It will be said, and truthfully said, Boswell was a great artist. So indeed he was, a superb artist and a self-conscious one. Nobody knew better than he what a great subject good luck had put in his way. He loved Johnson with perfect sincerity, but he also loved that James Boswell who from his earliest days had been simply devoured with anxiety for literary fame. Boswell saw his way to write a book the world would not willingly let die. But these considerations fail altogether to reassure me; indeed, it is just these very considerations that fill me with alarm. I am dreadfully suspicious of great artists bent on immortality. Their one object, their fixed and almost fierce determination, is to make a great and lasting impression on the minds of men; and to do this they know, else were they no artists, that they must make great sacrifices—they must leave some things out—they must put other things in—the color must not be too bright in this place or too faint in that. Much has to be sacrificed ere you can produce either a great book or a great picture. What if it is the truth? Suppose, after all, the Johnson we know and love is, indeed, only Boswell's Johnson. Something of course must be allowed to the idiosyncrasies of the biographer. Nobody sees anybody in exactly the same light as another. Burke's Johnson, Langton's Johnson, Garrick's Johnson, Levett's Johnson, were doubtless all different, each from each other's, and from Boswell's Johnson. But the question nevertheless remains, Do we in substance and in fact know the actual Johnson? It would be terrible if we do not.

In the case of great national heroes, Alfreds, Nelsons, Gordons, and the like, it does not really matter very much whether the tradition is true or false. They stand for their country, and the country always remains. Critically to scan their lives, to sift anxiously the evidence as to their essential characteristics, would be impertinent. They are national emblems. So, too, with politicians—they are party emblems. We cry, "Jones for Mudforshire," but if we cannot get Jones, Brown will serve our turn as well. It is the party we care for, and probably good old Robinson would poll as many of our votes as either Brown or Jones. But Johnson stands for Human Nature; he represents a character in all its lights and shades. We gaze upon him as upon a variegated landscape, letting the eye rest lovingly on this aspect and upon that. If we do not really know Johnson, we have been humbugged.

I am satisfied we do know Johnson, not indeed perfectly, but in substance and in fact, and for the following reasons.

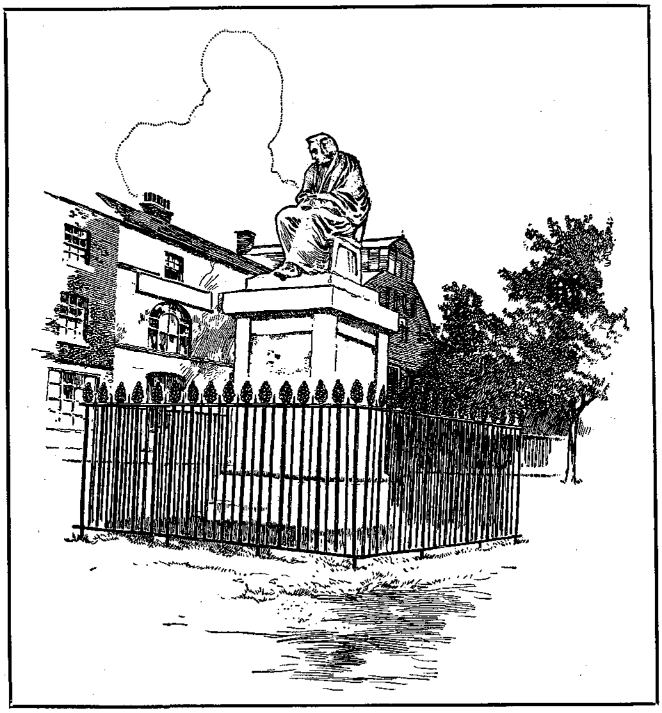
We have in Johnson's case a quite unusual number of first-hand and first-class sources of information, and they all combine wittingly and unwittingly to produce a deeply cut impression of essential unity. They all stand up to say, "That is the man."

First of all, we have the great Biography, which was not (the fact is worth mentioning) the authorized biography of the literary executor, but which nevertheless holds the field. Boswell, though a great artist and therefore open to suspicion, was



DR. JOHNSON'S DESK

unusually richly endowed with the rare faculty of human appreciation. He knew all the points of a man, and was afraid of none of them. The timidity of biographers has ruined, irretrievably ruined, many a biography. In their anxiety to avoid misconstruction, how many biographers have left out the manhood of their subject, and have thereby killed their own book! Some of the noblest men who have ever lived have been religious men, but from "religious biography" there is no need to pray to be delivered, for as a rule it drops still-born from the press. Social cowardice and the vulgarity of descendants have in like manner destroyed the vitality of many a Life. Fear of hostile criticism, of the petty sneers of contemporary critics, have toned down too many pages. Boswell, with a sublime conceit, a superb indifference, avoided all these rocks and steered his book right on into the haven of Fame. He had enough bad advice given him by Johnson's friends, male and female, to send his two quartos to the bottom of the ocean of oblivion, but he refused it all with a noble scorn. He kept a free hand. He collected his materials after an irritating fashion. In Holcroft's Life, which Hazlitt was so long in seeing through the press that Mary Lamb dubbed it "the Life Everlasting," you may read the following story, true or false:



STATUE OF DR. JOHNSON AT LICHFIELD

> Lowe [mentioned by Boswell in his life of Johnson] once gave me a humorous picture of him. Lowe had requested Johnson to write him a letter, which Johnson did, and Boswell came in while it was writing. His attention was immediately fixed; Lowe took the letter, retired, and was followed by Boswell. "Nothing," said Lowe, "could surprise me more. Till that moment he had so entirely overlooked me that I did not imagine he knew there was such a creature in existence; and he now accosted me with the most overstrained and insinuating compliments possible. 'How do you do, Mr. Lowe? I hope you are very well, Mr. Lowe. Pardon my freedom, Mr. Lowe, but I think I saw my dear friend, Dr. Johnson, writing a letter for you.' 'Yes, sir.' 'I hope you will not think me rude, but if it would not be too great a favor, you would infinitely oblige me if you would just let me have a sight of it. Everything from that hand, you know, is so inestimable.' 'Sir, it is on my own private affairs, but—' 'I would not pry into a person's affairs, my dear Mr. Lowe, by any means. I am sure you would not accuse me of such a thing; only, if it were no particular secret—' 'Sir, you are welcome to read the letter.' 'I thank you, my dear Mr. Lowe, you are very obliging; I take it exceedingly kind.' (Having read) 'It is nothing, I believe, Mr. Lowe, that you would be ashamed of.' 'Certainly not!' 'Why, then, my dear sir, if you would do me another favor, you would make the obligation eternal. If you would but step to Peele's Coffee-house with me and just suffer me to take a copy of it, I would do anything in my power to oblige you.'" "I was overcome," said Lowe, "by this sudden familiarity and condescension, accompanied with bows and grimaces. I had no power to refuse; we went to the Coffee-house, my letter was presently transcribed, and as soon as he had put his document in his pocket Mr. Boswell walked away, as erect and as proud as he was half an hour before, and I ever afterward was unnoticed. Nay, I am not certain," added he, sarcastically, "whether the Scotchman did not leave me, poor as he knew I was, to pay for my own dish of coffee."

Do not judge Boswell harshly. Great Biographers, like great Warriors and great

Cooks, must be judged by the effects they produce, not by the methods they employ. Boswell, having collected his materials after his own fashion, dealt with them as he thought fit, and undoubtedly produced the impression of a great character.

Next to Boswell comes Miss Burney, whose Memoirs are full of the Doctor whom she knew and loved. We must congratulate ourselves on this old friendship, for "little Miss Burney" no less than Boswell possessed the human touch. The authoress of "Evelina" knew a man when she saw one, and could describe what she saw, and in her pages we see, with joy and exaltation, essentially the same Johnson as the one to whom Boswell has already introduced us. The same with just the differences we should look for. Miss Burney's Johnson is fuller of a delightful nonsense than Boswell's, but he is the same man. *Alter et unus.*

I will allow myself one extract from Miss Burney, for I must hurry on; time is precious, and we live in an age when new facts are thought of more importance than old truths, and I have no new facts to disclose about Dr. Johnson:

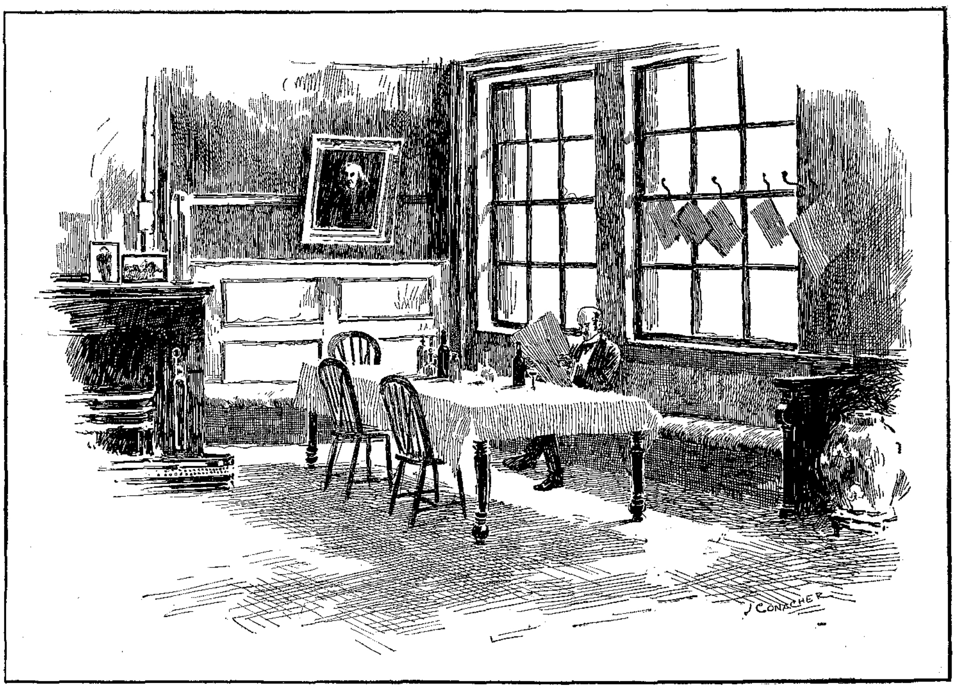
> The next day Sir Philip Jennings Clerk came. He is not at all a man of letters, but extremely well bred, nay, elegant in his manner, and sensible and agreeable in his conversation. He is a professed minority man, and very active and zealous in the opposition. He had, when I came, a bill in agitation concerning contractors—too long a matter to explain upon paper—but which was labeled Against Bribery and Corruption in the Ministry, and which he was to make a motion upon in the House of Commons the next week. Men of such different principles as Dr. Johnson and Sir Philip, you may imagine, cannot have much sympathy or cordiality in their political debates; however, the very superior abilities of the former, and the remarkable good breeding of the latter, have kept both on good terms; though they have had several arguments, in which each has exerted his utmost force for conquest. The heads of one of their debates I must try to remember, because I should be sorry to forget. Sir Philip explained his bill; Dr. Johnson at first scoffed it; Mr. Thrale betted a guinea the motion would not pass, and Sir Philip, that he should divide one hundred and fifty upon it.
>
> Sir Philip, addressing himself to Mrs. Thrale, hoped she would not suffer the Tories to warp her judgment, and told me he hoped my father had not tainted my principles; and then he further explained his bill, and indeed made it appear so equitable that Mrs. Thrale gave in to it, and wished her husband to vote for it. He still hung back; but, to our general surprise, Dr. Johnson, having made more particular inquiries into its merits, first softened towards it, and then declared it a very rational and fair bill, and joined with Mrs. Thrale in soliciting Mr. Thrale's vote.
>
> Sir Philip was, and with very good reason, quite delighted. He opened upon politics more amply, and freely expressed his opinions, which were so strongly against the Government, and so much bordering upon the republican principles, that Dr. Johnson suddenly took fire; he called back his recantation, begged Mr. Thrale not to vote for Sir Philip's bill, and grew very animated against his antagonist.
>
> "The bill," said he, "ought to be opposed by all honest men. In itself and considered simply, it is equitable, and I would forward it; but when we find what a faction it is to support and encourage, it ought not to be listened to. All men should oppose it who do not wish well to sedition!"
>
> These, and several other expressions yet more strong, he made use of; and had Sir Philip had less unalterable politeness, I believe they would have had a vehement quarrel. He maintained his ground, however, with calmness and steadiness, though he had neither argument nor wit at all equal to such an opponent.
>
> Dr. Johnson pursued him with unabating vigor and dexterity, and at length, though he could not convince, he so entirely baffled him that Sir Philip was self-impelled to be quiet, which, with a very good grace, he confessed.
>
> Dr. Johnson then, recollecting himself and thinking, as he owned afterwards, that the dispute grew too serious, with a skill all his own, suddenly and unexpectedly turned it to burlesque; and, taking Sir Philip by the hand at the moment we arose after supper and were separating for the night,
>
> "Sir Philip," he said, "you are too liberal a man for the party to which you belong; I shall have much pride in the honor of converting you; for I really believe, if you were not spoiled by bad company, the spirit of faction would not have possessed you. Go, then, Sir, to the House, but make not your motion! Give up your bill, and surprise the world by turning to the side of truth and reason. Rise, Sir, when they least expect you, and address your fellow-patriots to this purpose: Gentlemen, I have for many a weary day been deceived and seduced by you. I have now opened my eyes; I see that you are all scoundrels—the subversion of all government is your aim. Gentlemen, I will no longer herd among rascals in whose infamy my name and character must be included.
>
> "I therefore renounce you all, gentlemen, as you deserve to be renounced."
>
> Then, shaking his hand heartily, he added, "Go, Sir, go to bed; meditate upon this recantation, and rise in the morning a more honest man than you laid down."

Mrs. Thrale's "Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., during the Last Twenty Years of His Life," appeared in 1786, and here again we may account ourselves lucky, for "the Thalia" was no ordinary woman, and as the Doctor was in love with her, she becomes a highly interesting witness. I say positively Johnson was in love with her, because he wrote to her more than three hundred letters, there being no reason except mine for his writing her half a dozen. Did any man ever write a woman three hundred letters unless he was in love with her? I must not quote from so well known a volume which has played no inconsiderable a part in swelling the Johnsonian tradition. Mrs. Thrale's Johnson, no less than Miss Burney's, is also Boswell's Johnson.

I wonder how many of you Lichfieldians have Miss Seward's Letters by heart? The Swan of Lichfield surely still floats double, "swan and shadow," on the still lake of your memories. No less a man than Sir Walter Scott thought it no shame to see this correspondence through the press, and it fills six volumes. No less a man than Macaulay doted on it, though, if I may judge from the marginal notes on his copy, shown to me by Sir George Trevelyan, he was not a reverential reader. Indeed, as against a most impressive account of a Lichfield tea-party, a century ago, attended by quite a number of Lichfield ladies of the first families, he hastily scribbled, "What a company of old cats!"

The Seward letters contain many references, mostly spiteful, to Dr. Johnson. There was hardly room in Lichfield for two such luminaries at the same time. They also contain one inimitable bit of Johnsoniana. Croker chose to throw doubts upon its authenticity, and Dr. Hill has not given it full credence, but I entertain no doubt about its substantial accuracy. The tale is not so well told as Boswell tells the story about the Wilkes dinner at Mr. Dilly's, but it is the same Johnson. I must curtail it. Miss Jenny Harry (the name is not accurately given) was the daughter of a West Indian planter, sent over to England to be educated. She made Dr. Johnson's acquaintance, and also that of Mrs. Knowles, a well-known enthusiast and Quaker. Miss Harry became a Quaker, greatly to Dr. Johnson's indignation. At a party at Mr. Dilly's, Mrs. Knowles undertook to plead "Jenny's case," who had already seriously suffered in her prospects of a large fortune. She began thus:

"I am to ask thy indulgence, Doctor, towards a gentle female to whom thou usedst to be



THE ROOM IN THE CHESHIRE CHEESE WHERE THE JOHNSON CLUB USUALLY MEETS kind, and who is uneasy in the loss of that kindness. Jenny Harry weeps at the consciousness that thou wilt not speak to her."

"Madam, I hate the odious wench, and desire you will not talk to me about her."

"Yet what is her crime, Doctor?"

"Apostasy from the community in which she was educated."

"Surely the quitting one community for another cannot be a crime, if it is done from motives of conscience. Hadst thou been educated in the Romish Church, I must suppose thou wouldst have abjured its errors, and that there would have been merit in the abjuration."

"Madam, if I had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith, I believe I should have questioned my right to quit the religion of my fathers; therefore well may I hate the arrogance of a young wench who sets herself up for a judge on theological points, and deserts the religion in whose bosom she was nurtured."

"She has not done so; the name and the faith of Christians are not denied to the sectaries." . . .

"If the name is not, the common sense is."

"Consider, Doctor, she must be *sincere*. Consider what a noble fortune she has sacrificed."

"Madam, madam, I have never taught myself to consider that the association of folly can extenuate guilt."

"Ah! Doctor, we cannot rationally suppose that the Deity will not pardon a defect in judgment (supposing it should prove one) in that breast where the consideration of serving him, according to its idea, in spirit and truth, has been a preferable inducement to that of worldly interest."

"Madam, I pretend not to set bounds to the mercy of the Deity; but I hate the wench and shall ever hate her. I hate all impudence; but the impudence of a child's apostasy I *nauseate*."

"Jenny is a very gentle creature. She trembles to have offended her parent, though far removed from his presence; she grieves to have offended her guardian, and she is sorry to have offended Dr. Johnson, whom she loved, admired, and honored."

"Why, then, Madam, did she not consult the man whom she pretends to have loved, admired, and honored, upon her new-fangled scruples? If she had looked up to that man, with any degree of the respect she professes, she would have suffered his ability to judge of fit and right, at least equal to that of a raw wench just out of her primer."

"Ah! Doctor, remember it was not from amongst the witty and the learned that Christ selected his disciples and constituted the teachers of his precepts. Jenny thinks Dr. Johnson great and good; but she also thinks the Gospel demands and enjoins a simpler form of worship than that of the established church; and that it is not in wit and eloquence to supersede the force of what appears to her a plain and regular system, which cancels all typical and mysterious ceremonies as fruitless and even idolatrous, and asks only obedience to its injunctions, and the ingenuous homage of a devout heart."

"The homages of a fool's-head, Madam, you should say, if you will pester me about the ridiculous wench."

"If thou choosest to suppose her ridiculous, thou canst not deny that she has been religious, sincere, disinterested. Canst thou believe that the gate of Heaven will be shut to the tender and pious mind, whose *first* consideration has been that of apprehended duty?"

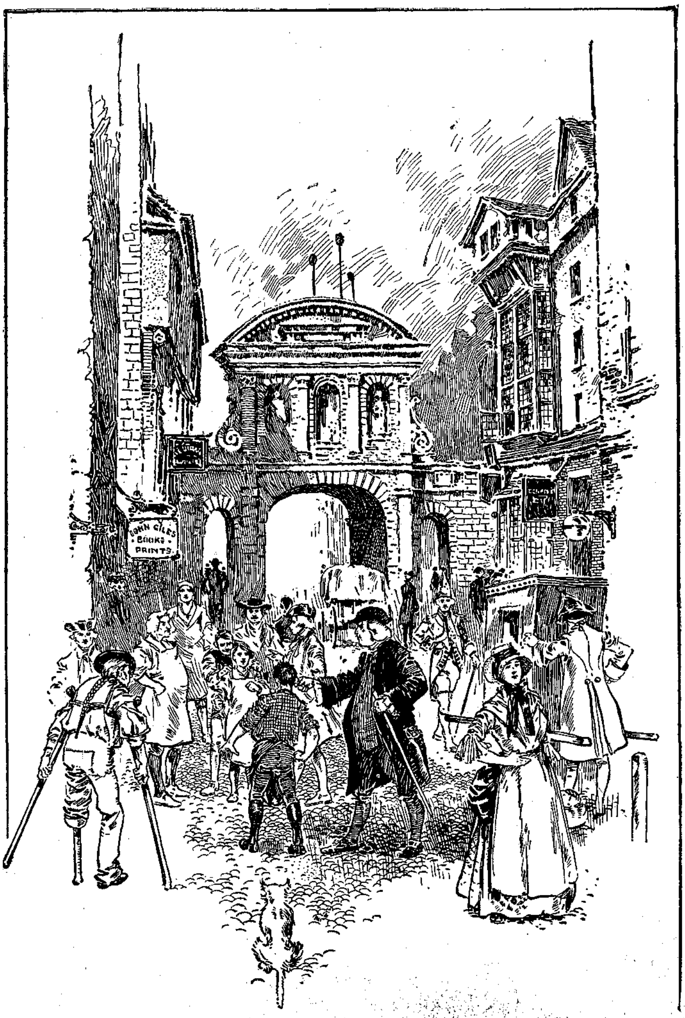
"Pho, pho, Madam, who says it will?"

"Then if Heaven shuts not its gate, shall man shut his heart? If the Deity accept the homage of such as sincerely serve him under every form of worship, Dr. Johnson and this humble girl will, it is to be hoped, meet in a blessed eternity, whither human animosity must *not* be carried."

"Madam, I am not fond of meeting fools anywhere; they are detestable company, and while it is in my power to avoid conversing with them, I shall certainly exert that power; and so you may tell the odious wench, whom you have persuaded to think herself a saint, and of whom you will, I suppose, make a preacher; but I shall take care she does not preach to *me*."

Here we have Johnson, the unmistakable Johnson. "Madam, I am not fond of meeting fools anywhere."

We possess, therefore, a clear, uniform impression of a well marked and defined character produced by a great variety of independent accounts compiled by persons of rare gifts of human appreciation. This impression is deepened and supported by Johnson's own writings. All true Johnsonians treat with an amused contempt the statement so freely circulated in newspapers that nobody nowadays reads Johnson's writings. People are, of course, free to read what they like, and (if they like) not to read at all. Some of us keep books, others poultry. One man drives a motor car, whilst his brother is perhaps an amateur photographer. All the tastes are respectable. But if it so happens that you are fond of English literature, you will be a reader of Johnson, and from his works, whether in prose or verse, you will be infected and become possessed with a perception of a strong character, and a constant habit of mind, identical with the character and habit of mind presented in the pages of Boswell and Burney and Thrale, and indeed all the other sources of our knowledge. I will give but one illustration. Johnson's first book was a translation of Father Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia." He got five guineas for it, and it appeared in 1735;



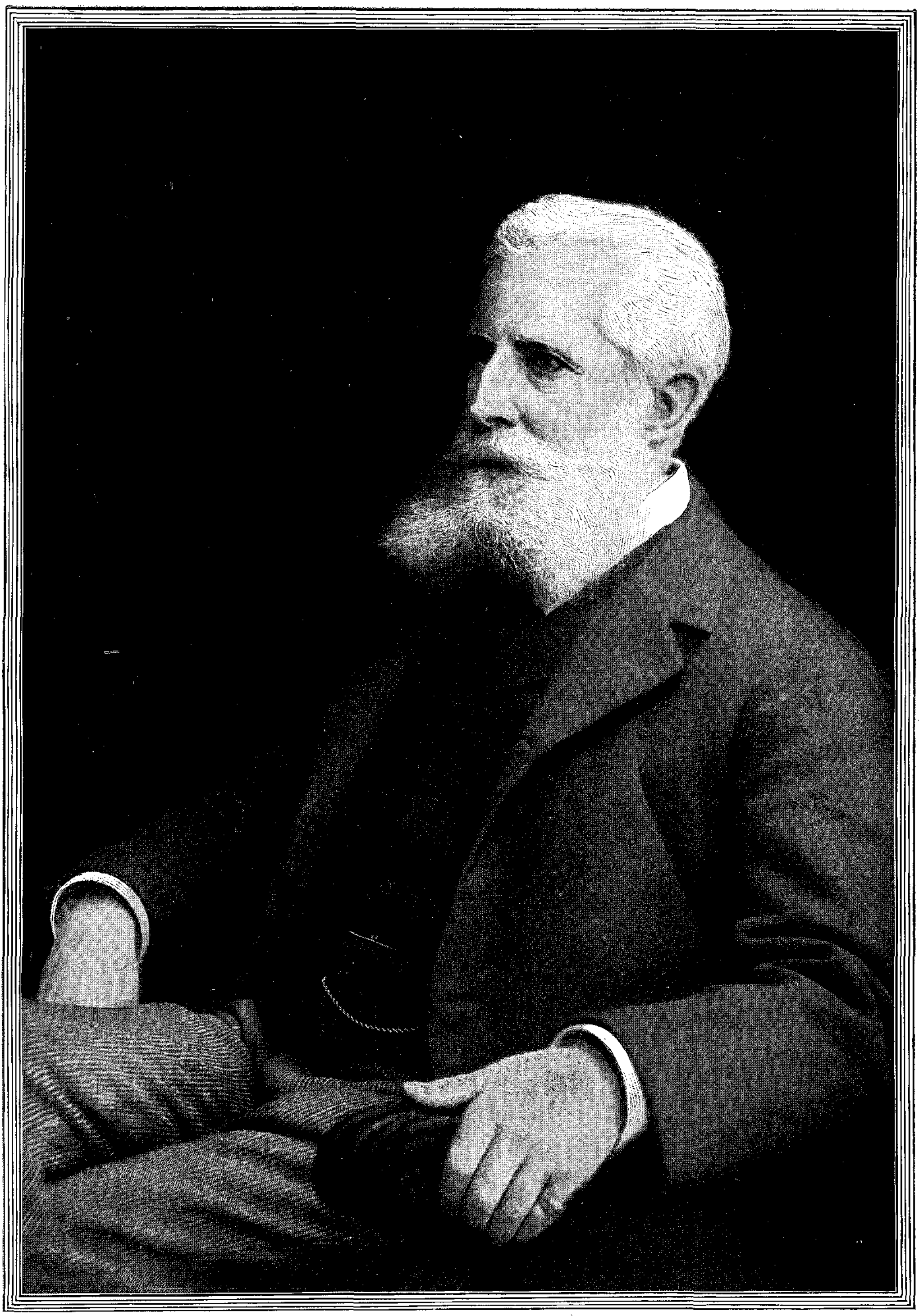
DR. JOHNSON IN FLEET STREET

Johnson was then twenty-six years of age. He contributed a preface, and from this preface alone, I have sometimes flattered myself, I could have constructed a Samuel Johnson, lacking indeed some of his most exquisite traits of character, but for all that, and so far as it went, a truthful and lively presentment of the character. His great Dictionary also is full of him; and, otiose and slumbrous as are many, though by no means all, of his "Ramblers," no one of them ever fails to evoke the great personality of the writer. His Poems throb with his being and are warm with his vitality.

Then we have his letters, and his Prayers and Meditations. If these do not touch your heart, there is something wrong in that organism; but, however that may be, they all confirm, support, strengthen, and maintain the great Johnsonian legend.

Nor must the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds be forgotten. How many thousands of men and women have gazed upon those pictures or upon their engravings, and have read in that countenance, as there depicted, the character they have already learnt to love!

My firm conviction, therefore, is that the sober judgment of all English-speaking mankind about this great man is substantially sure and accurate. We believe we know Johnson. We do know him; and he will be more widely known, and even better beloved, a hundred years hence than he is to-day.



PHOTOGRAPH BY L. ALMAN & CO.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Edmund Clarence Stedman

An alert figure, full of vitality; quick, energetic movements, indicative of a nervous temperament; rapid speech, clear cut and phrased with unusual definiteness and precision; a light but firm step; a face expressive of keen perception and rapid decision; a cordial manner suggestive of *camaraderie*—such is Mr. Stedman as he appears to-day, with recovered health and the promise of abundant work in the atmosphere which he brings with him. It is often said that most American writers of the day are affected by the consciousness that the reading public in this country is largely made up of women; Mr. Stedman is pre-eminently masculine in temper and interest. His physique is full of nervous vigor, his face of energy and will, his talk of virility, his companionship of frankness, directness, and force.

Born in Hartford, Mr. Stedman revives the tradition of the group of early writers who were associated with Hartford and with Yale—a college which has bred love of action and individual force in those who imbibe its spirit. On two great occasions in its history Mr. Stedman has spoken for his Alma Mater, and twice, in large measures and with sustained power, he has interpreted her spirit. A son of New England in the active integrity of his nature, the indefatigable industry of his career, and the alertness of his mind, Mr. Stedman's virile sympathies and tastes have made him a man of the world in the best sense. Like every man of force and imagination, he loves Bohemia and keeps within reach of its honest fellowships and free speech; but he has never confused the recreations of the spirit with the vocation of an artist; he has stuck to his task with heroic persistence. He can sing of Morgan's men while he holds himself obedient to the most exacting laws of his craft.

His vitality and energy penetrate his work, which is at its best when he touches real things most closely. His verse has the greatest freedom and spontaneity when it is inspired by incidents, experience, and happenings in the drama of life. This is especially true when these suggestive themes are full of active courage, service, audacity, or sacrifice. What he has had to say of John Brown and Lincoln the world will not forget; so bravely, freshly, sincerely is it said; with a certain ring and resonance. Mr. Stedman has written charming lyrics of sentiment, but he moves us most when he sings of the active, heroic virtues, and of large-minded, large-hearted men. He has in him the qualities which in earlier times would have made him a maker of the ballads which not only live in the memory but kindle the imagination.

Mr. Stedman's vitality of mind and imagination brings within the range of his interest and comprehension men of aspiration as well as of action. His interpretation of Shelley is not only a very beautiful piece of verse, but it is as subtle and searching a characterization of the poet as has yet appeared. Not less sympathetic and penetrating is his fine ode on Hawthorne.

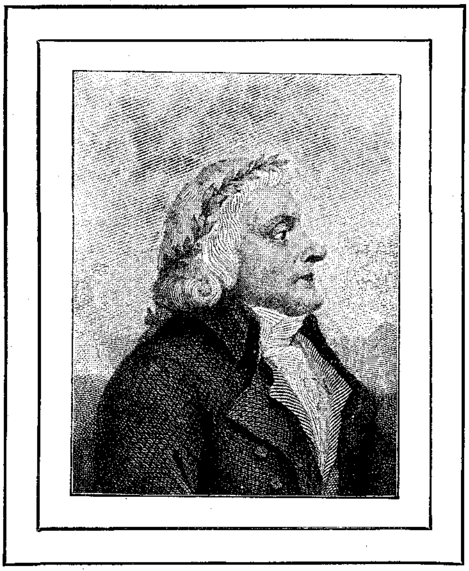
His criticism shows the same qualities in different forms; the vigor, tenacity, and force of his mind revealing themselves in thoroughness of method, closeness of characterization, and mastery of technique. Here Mr. Stedman is the literary scholar no less than the critic, with easy knowledge of the classics of literature, and the sense of perspective which comes from education on large lines. In a brilliant style he has traced the main lines of poetic development in England and America during the nineteenth century so clearly that the wayfaring reader cannot miss them. His emphasis on workmanship has expressed his own artistic sense and the clear integrity of his intellect, which detests slovenliness and clumsiness as forms of dishonesty. The ethical enthusiasm of the New England poets who preceded him has taken a new direction in his work, and shows its presence in his unsparing exaction of the best from himself and the best from others in loyalty to art.

Add to these qualities a passion for comradeship and quick recognition of good work from obscure or famous hands, and it is not difficult to understand why Mr. Stedman has so many stanch friends and has bound them so closely to his fortunes.

Memories of a Hundred Years

By Edward Everett Hale

II.—1801 to 1807



THOMAS JEFFERSON
After a French portrait of 1829.

FAILURES AND FOLLIES

WHOEVER studies the marvelous physical advance of the country in the first half of the century will find that those four lines of physical success which we have been tracing suggest directions in which the United States made the most important progress. These are chiefly Eli Whitney and his cotton-gin; Fulton and his steamboat; Livingston and the western half of the Valley of the Mississippi; and the immense development of the maritime commerce of the Nation.

Meanwhile crickets were chirping and politicians were intriguing and voting, and, among the rest, Jefferson and Madison were Presidents in the first sixteen years of the century. And Congresses met and talked and went to their own place. A war with England got itself proclaimed and dragged to an end. And so a good deal of what is called "history" got itself written; of which a good deal, especially when looked at under the microscope, is really entertaining, though perhaps not very edifying. Meanwhile the country did as it always does. It governed itself, and with a steady step marched forward and upward, as it has proved.

As I said last month, Jefferson seems to have known little and cared less about cotton-gin or steamboat, and was dragged against his will into the purchase of Louisiana. All the Virginian dynasty and its Southern followers did the best they could to destroy the commercial supremacy of New England. And the leaders of New England almost unanimously dreaded all emigration to the West. But God ruled. The people of America, on the whole, meant to serve Him; and without exception they meant that the children should be better off than their fathers. So, as I say, the People of America marched forward to victory.

Such memorials as I am bringing together must give some notice of failures as well as of victories. One must admit that the crickets chirped and the katydids discussed the biography of Catherine, although it never turned out that Catherine did anything, and that the crickets said anything that amounted to much.

But we will devote two or three pages here partly to smoke and dust, partly to chirping and chattering, partly to Burr's plots and partly to Jefferson's plans. Such pages are always necessary in history. Thus, Mr. David Hume devotes more space to the story of the Countess of Salisbury's garter than he does to the Black Death, which in the same year and the next swept away a quarter part of the people of England. And Dr. Lingard even manages, it is hard to tell how, to give a volume to the history of King James the Fool, without so much as referring to the received version of the English Bible, or to the settlement of Virginia

---

[1] Copyright, 1901, by the Outlook Company.

and Plymouth. James Town and James River have no place in his history of King James.

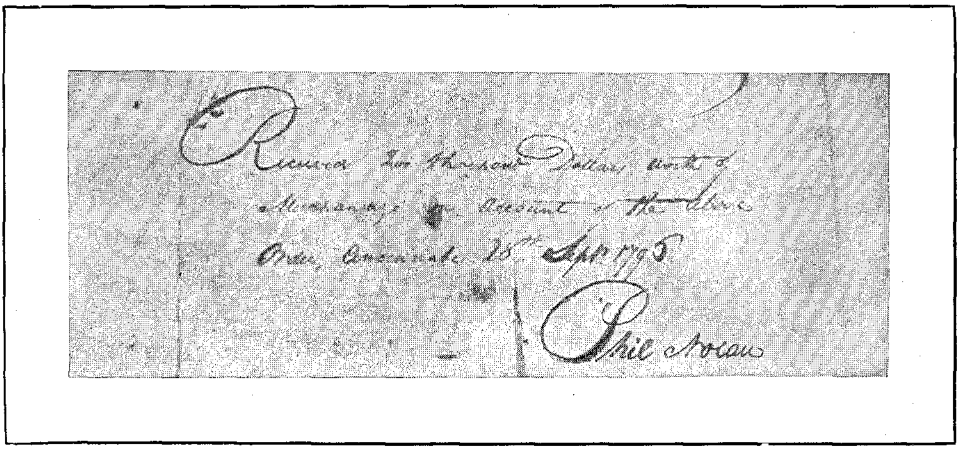
PHILIP NOLAN AND TEXAS

Jefferson was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1801. Eighteen days after, when as yet nobody west of the Mississippi knew whether he were President or were not President, Philip Nolan, an adventurer from Kentucky, was killed in the neighborhood of what is now the town of Waco in Texas. He was murdered, I think; for, while he was in Texas under the orders of the Spanish Governor of Orleans, he was killed by the soldiers of Spain, acting under the orders of the Spanish Governor of Texas. He was an American citizen who had been the partner in trade with James Wilkinson, the Major-General who commanded the army of the United States in the Mississippi Valley. We now know that at that time Wilkinson was secretly in the pay of the King of Spain. But there is no reason for saying that Nolan ever knew of this bribery and treason.

I became interested in this Captain Nolan, as he was generally called by the writers of his time, by mere accident, or, if you please, by inexcusable carelessness of mine. In the Civil War I was writing a story which I called "The Man Without a Country," in the hope of quickening the National sentiment of the time. In studying for this story I read what I suppose no man living except myself has read, this General Wilkinson's "Memoirs." When I had to choose the name for my hero, recollecting Wilkinson's partner, Nolan, I called my man "Nolan." But I had taken no notes about the real Nolan; I thought I had no occasion to; I thought his name was Stephen, and he is so spoken of in my story. I named my hero Philip, because Philip and Stephen come together among the evangelists in the Bible. And it was many months after my story was published when I found that Wilkinson's partner was also Philip, and that, without meaning to, I had stolen his name.

This accident, or, if you please, carelessness, has brought to me many friends. In the charming home of Mr. Miner, in southern Louisiana, I saw an old negro who, as a little boy, saw Captain Philip Nolan as he started on his last journey. And when my friend Mr. William Howell Reed found the fresh epitaph at City Point, on the James River, of Philip Nolan, a negro soldier from Louisiana who had died in the service of the United States in 1864 and was buried far from home, I knew where he came from. I felt that that poor fellow had redeemed the name.

I have never thought that full justice has been done to Captain Philip Nolan. For I believe that that expedition of his, which was not a filibustering expedition, really revealed Texas to the Southwest. I also believe that God got the better of the devil when Texas became a part of the United States. I think the United States was disgraced when President Jefferson let the murder of Nolan, and the long



Received Ten Thousand Dollars worth of
Merchandize on Account of the above
Order, Cincinnati 28th Sept 1795

Phil Nolan

PHILIP NOLAN'S SIGNATURE

Affixed to a receipt of merchandise, Sept. 28, 1795

From the original in the possession of the author.

captivity of his comrades and the murder of one of them in 1806, pass without remonstrance. Any President of the United States to-day who should make such an omission would be impeached and dropped from office, and would deserve to be. I have seriously asked Texan Senators why they do not place Nolan's statue in the Rotunda, as a statue fit to stand by the side of David Crockett or of Samuel Houston. I wish that these words may suggest to the people of Waco the propriety of erecting a monument now at the spot where Nolan's party were captured and where he was killed.

With this feeling I wrote my novel called "Philip Nolan's Friends" in 1876. In this book I tried to do justice to a man who seemed to me forgotten. I think he is not mentioned in any of the leading histories, excepting that I have told the story myself in Scribner's History. His name does not appear in the State Department documents of Mr. Jefferson's administration, although Jefferson had written to him and he to Jefferson at an earlier time. Philip Nolan's autograph is shown on the previous page.

I have been told by a valued critic that my story "Philip Nolan's Friends" spoils the history and that the history spoils the story. Perhaps this is so. But this is as good a place as any to say that the history in that novel and in its preface is good history and can be relied upon.

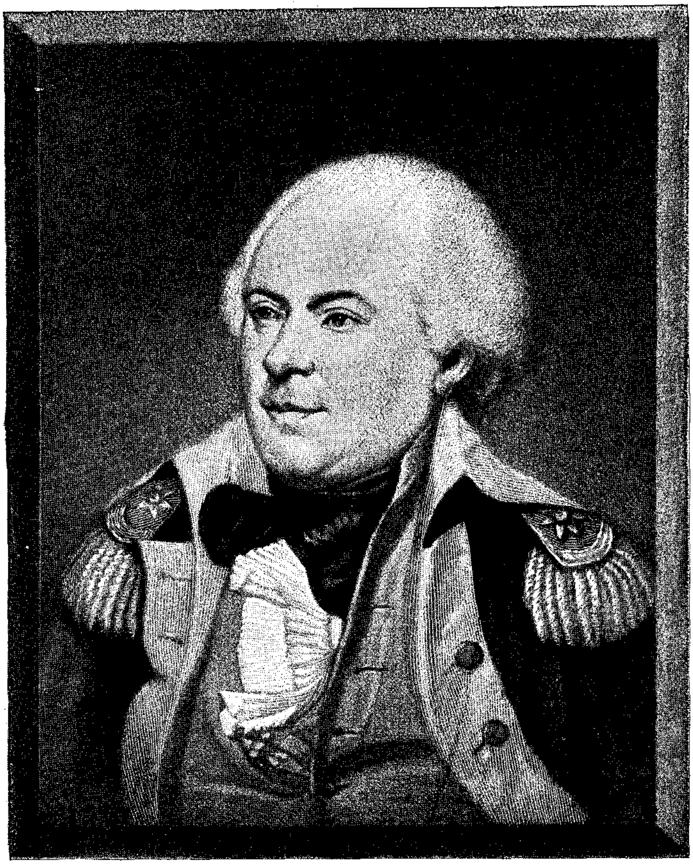
GENERAL EATON AND DERNE

The humor, if one may call it so, of Jefferson's administration comes in where he is constantly obliged to take exactly the part which he and his had always condemned before he came to the throne. This comes almost to burlesque when we find an American army really crossing northern Africa for the capture of the city of Derne—which American army supposed itself to be moving by Jefferson's orders. The whole transaction has in it an element of absurdity which makes the politicians drop it from memory as something which it is better to say nothing about.

But it left one funny remembrancer of itself which still exists in Egypt. In the year 1803 our navy was engaged in that war with Tripoli in which the infant navy was baptized. It proved that there was a certain Hamet Caramelli who thought he was the lawful heir to the crown of Tripoli. Our young readers will think that members of this family burnt sugarcane for their young friends. Look in the dictionary and you will find canamella or cana-mellis. He made interest with our diplomatic agents in the Mediterranean, and proposed to them a military expedition by which he should oust the reigning Pasha of Tripoli, with whose vessels our vessels were fighting. This proposal of his came to Jefferson and his Cabinet at a time when they thought themselves sufficiently annoyed by the complications of this naval war.

One of those wild geese who are born to bring trouble to governments, "a Connecticut Yankee," Mr. Adams calls him, a man named William Eaton, had taken this matter in charge. He was our consul at Tunis, about four hundred miles from Tripoli. He fell in with Hamet Caramelli and came to America to tell the President that it would be a good plan for us to restore him to his place as rightful Pasha, and that then grateful Hamet and his party would make any treaty he liked with us. I had the opportunity thirty years ago to read all Eaton's papers. He was a daring fellow, angry with people who did not take his views of things.

It is clear enough that at Washington he had received that sort of attention which timid Governments are apt to bestow on spirited soldiers and sailors. Virtually he was told that if he succeeded in any plans of his in the Mediterranean, the Government would take all the credit, and if he failed he would have to pay all the penalty. Many an officer before Eaton has found himself in the same condition, and some officers since. But that Jefferson did not throw him over, or mean to throw him over, is clear enough, because he appointed Eaton our naval agent in the Mediterranean and sent him back. He came to Cairo the 8th of December, 1804, and hunted up Hamet. He brought him to Alexandria, where Hamet and he collected an army of five hundred men, of whom one hundred, who were called Christians, were recruited in Alexandria. "At about the time when President Jefferson was deliverlng his second inaugural address, the naval agent



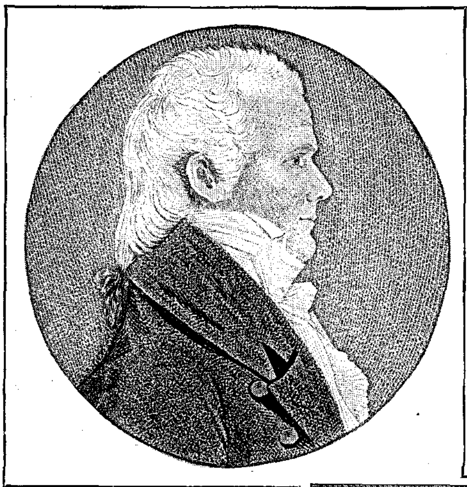
GENERAL JAMES WILKINSON
Philip Nolan's Partner
From an etching by Max Rosenthal after the portrait by C. W. Peale.

led his little army into the desert with the courage of Alexander the Great to conquer an African kingdom." These are Mr. Adams's words.

Briefly told, Eaton and Hamet marched their army five hundred miles across the desert up to the city of Derne. They frightened the reigning Pasha very badly, and the fleet under Commodore Barron was also frightening him. He made a treaty, gave up the prisoners whom he had, and we had the satisfaction of teaching Europe how these barbarians were to be handled. But poor Hamet Caramelli was left out in the cold, and poor Eaton was left with a claim upon the Government which he found it hard to collect. I am sorry to say that he died a drunkard in 1811.

All Eaton's papers are, I suppose, at this moment in the large trunk from which I took them when I read them in the year 1864. It is a pity that the War Department should not have them, but I have always found it rather hard to make the War Department pick up papers which bear on our old history. At the time I knew of them they were the property of the great autograph collector, Dr. Sprague, of Albany.

A memorial of Eaton which still survives is the relic in " the American colony at Cairo " of his little army. All these hundred " Christians," so called, who marched with the four hundred Arabs to conquer Derne, obtained in that march the rights of American citizens for themselves, for their children and their children's children—rights which, in a country which has been governed as Egypt has been until within a few years, have been of the first importance and value. When my brother Charles became resident agent of the United States in Egypt in 1864, he found that he had quite a number of



GENERAL EATON
Engraving by Hamlin.

these queer "Americans" on his hands, none of whom had ever seen America and none of whom could speak a word of English.[1] If they got into trouble, they came to our consuls to protect them, and they could not be tried in any but a consular court. My brother asked me to look up Eaton's history for him. I found that all the papers which Eaton considered important had been preserved, and from them I was able to read the very curious history of the episode which it was convenient for Jefferson to have forgotten, and which has won for itself so little place in the history of the century. People who negotiated the treaty with the Pasha of Tripoli say definitely that the attack on the eastern side of the province was an efficient agency in bringing the autocratic Pasha to terms.

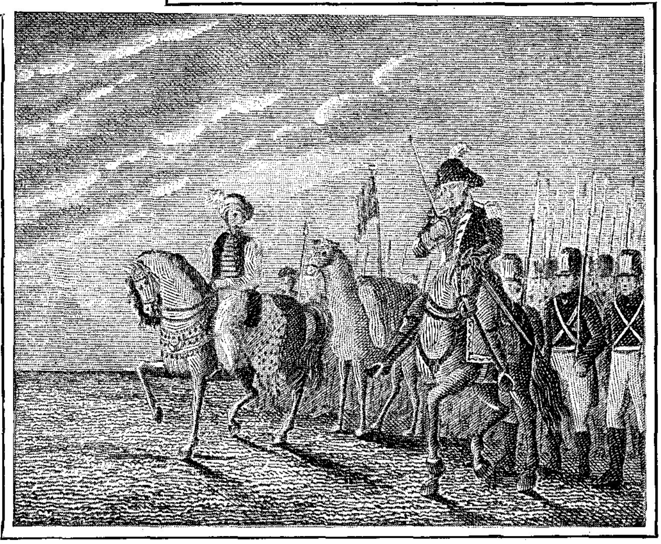
I wonder how many of the thousands of people who pass through Derne Street in Boston every day, now that it makes one side of the beautiful State House Park, know that it celebrates the only conquest of their country on either of the three old continents!

AARON BURR

When I was preparing myself to write the story of "The Man Without a Country," which has been alluded to, I went as carefully as I could into the history of Aaron Burr, and what is called his Plot, winding up with the great Treason Trial at Richmond.

I satisfied myself that there is more to be learned about it than any one now knows; and I still think that here is a good unexplored field of work for any wide-awake young man or woman who really cares for the history of the country. I also think that more important material than has yet been used by historians is to be found, not in this country, but in the archives of Mexico; and probably at Madrid also. I should not attempt any careful history of that business till I had been in Mexico and Spain, with permission to use their papers of the time.

Burr probably had agents, if you may call them so, in all our seaports, pressing men to join him somewhere, somehow. Of such agencies of his the Spanish Minister at Washington was well informed, and he sent to Mexico, and I suppose to Madrid,



GEN. WILLIAM EATON AND HAMET CARAMELLI
On the Desert of Barca, approaching Derne.

---

[1] Charles wrote me while he resided in Egypt that he had the day before sat as judge in a trial of an "American," who had been stealing in the Egyptian post-office. "The man spoke Arabic; the witnesses testified in Arabic, Turkish, and Coptic; the lawyers on both sides conducted their pleas in Italian, and I decided the case in French." The only language of which by no accident not one word was spoken was the language of the country to which the judge and the case belonged.

My brother redeemed all this system of trials from this absurdity. He drew up the plan by which special court authorized by the Egyptian Government now tries all such prisoners.

despatches quite as highly colored as the truth demanded.

I began to wonder, very soon in my researches, why Burr was so carefully let alone by Jefferson in 1805 and 1806, and was then pursued with such intense hatred in 1807. Was there not, perhaps, at bottom in Mr. Jefferson's heart, a suspicion that Burr would be well out of the way, either if he succeeded in establishing his principality, or if he were killed in battle, or if he were halved and quartered by the Spaniards?

Recollect that Jefferson knew what they had done to Nolan and his men, and that Nolan's men were slaving in the mines of New Mexico. With this suspicion I went over the correspondence now at Washington as well as I could, only to find that, yes or no, whatever Mr. Jefferson knew or did not know, he covered his own tracks very carefully. There is nothing in the Jefferson papers or the papers from our Minister in Madrid—nothing at all. You may read the correspondence and hardly know that there was any Aaron Burr.

The reader will thank me if I copy Jefferson's very curious letter to Burr as early as 1800, December 15, in which he flatters him to the top of his bent. Yet, after this, there is, however, a long memorandum, which has been printed, which is Jefferson's account of a conversation between him and Burr in January, 1802, not quite a year after their inauguration. Burr is profuse in his protestations of loyalty to Jefferson. Jefferson is cold, scornful almost in his account of his replies. It is clear enough that from that time there could have been nothing approaching intimacy between them.

In this conversation Burr said that New York was in the hands of two great families, the Clintons and the Livingstons; and that his loyalty to Jefferson had lost to him the confidence of both. This is an interesting suggestion to any one who cares to study the "unaccountable" in New York politics. It goes deep in the history of National politics for sixty years.[1]

If I were twenty years younger than I am, and if by good fortune there were eight days in the week for some half-year, I think I would write the life of Aaron Burr from 1795 perhaps to 1810. No one else will do it. I observe, however, that in the flood of historical novels there are one or two which deal with him. But, historically, now that Mr. Parton is dead, nobody cares anything about him. Sooner or later, principally in writing "The Man Without a Country," I have had to look up some details of Aaron Burr's life in the years of which I have spoken.

It is a most picturesque, dramatic, and mysterious life. Sometimes one wonders whether, in his own mind, after it was all over, there remained any very distinct plan of what he was about or what he was trying for. It seems to me very queer that, living until the year 1836, he did not himself prepare a monograph which should tell at least what he pretended it was.

From 1795 to 1800 he was a prominent New York politician. He went and came with no fundamental theory of government, I think, and perfectly indifferent as to the questions of the day so only Aaron Burr was at the top and other people were not at the top. Certainly one or two analyses made by Burr himself of the political quarrels of that day in New York add very little to our light on the subject. I do not believe that there now lingers in the State of New York any "silver-gray politician," or anybody else, who knows or cares why faction was divided against faction as it was.

As the reader knows, the Federalist party in Congress had determined to take its chances and elect Aaron Burr to the Presidency. It had failed, and Jefferson became President. With that election it was determined that the Southern influence should, on the whole, prevail in the government of America until the year 1861. The administration of John Quincy Adams, a month of William Henry Harrison, and two or three years of Millard Fillmore are exceptions, so far as the names of the Presidents may be taken as indications of the National policy. But practically the National administration was in Southern hands throughout those sixty years. For Martin Van Buren, Franklin Pierce, and James Buchanan were all chosen as "Northern men with Southern principles," as what John Randolph called "doughfaces," and what bitter partisans called "putty men." That is to say, they were Northern men who were acting under the orders of the Southern party to the very last.

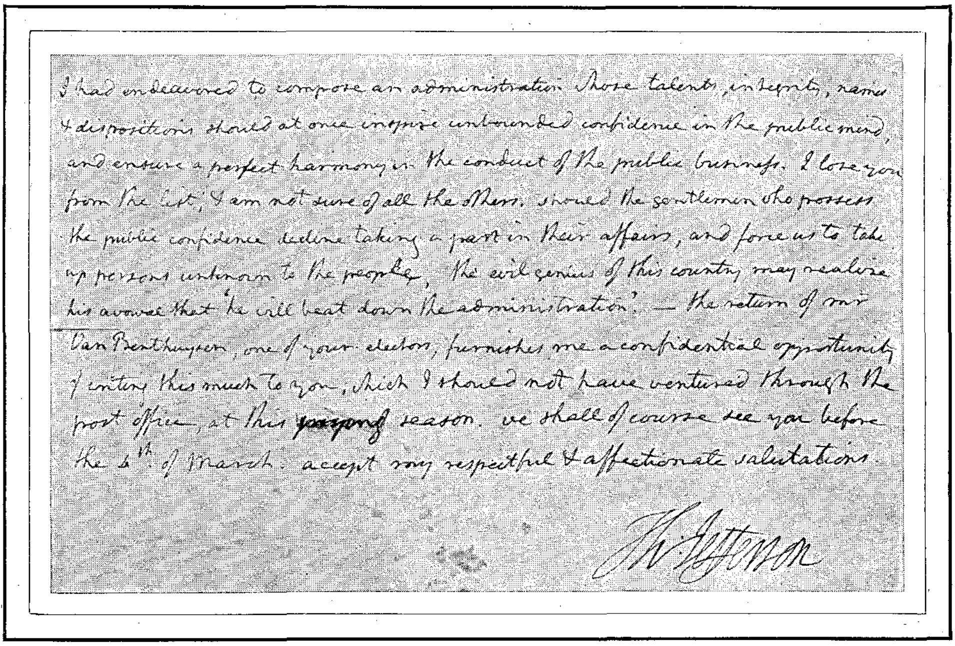
---

[1] In the canvass of 1828–29 John Quincy Adams made the remark, which I believe I first put in print, that in political matters "New York always was one of the devil's own unaccountables."

I do not myself think that in 1801 anybody in the country saw that the real cleavage line was the line between the States which were virtually free States and those States which were really handicapped by the slave system. In truth, slavery was not fairly abolished in all the Northern States at that time, though all the tendencies were against it. On the other hand, there was a very strong antislavery sentiment south of that line, particularly in the State of Virginia. This appears very distinctly in Jefferson's correspondence, in Madison's, and in Washington's.

All the same, however, the two parties of this country were the party of the North and the party of the South. One was a party of commerce and the other was a party of agriculture; one was the party of free labor and the other was the party of slave labor. When Josiah Quincy, one of the fine old Federal war-horses, was ninety-one years old, I took my oldest child over to the town of Quincy to see him in his country home, especially that she might remember that she had seen a man who was born before the American Revolution began. He was as well and strong as is the youngest man who reads this paper. He was in capital spirits that day, and freely went over the history of America for a hundred years. Now, if you please, that day was just a century after the halcyon moment of which Washington wrote to a friend in London that America would never be heard of in the world's counsels again.

It was in the heart of the Civil War, and I asked the old gentleman what was the first battle between the North and South. With rage only half suppressed, he said it was on the question between the Northern States and Southern States as to the position of the Federal capital—Should it be in Northern territory or Southern? And very indignant he was with Langdon, the New Hampshire Senator who turned the scale. He spoke of Jefferson in terms as severe as I should use in speaking of Satan. And, by the way, I may say that he intimated that Jefferson's hold of the Democratic party, which was of course always the Southern party, did not virtually cease until the strong and young hand of John Caldwell Calhoun took the reins from Jefferson. In this conversation he cited a phrase of Gouverneur Morris (I do not know whether he had it in a letter from Morris or whether



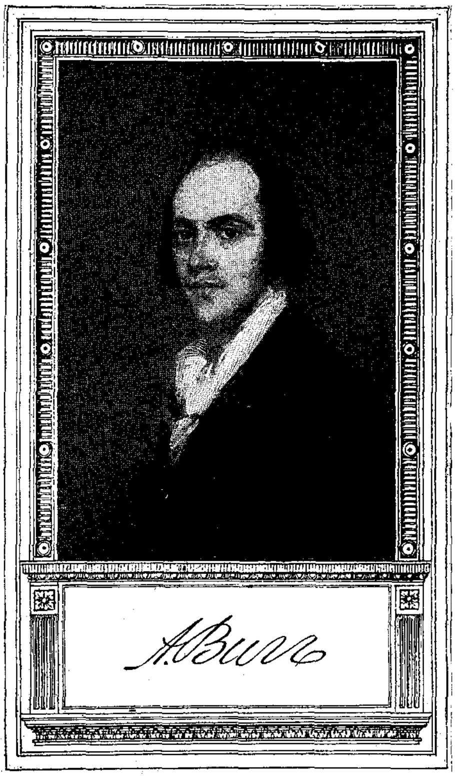
I had endeavored to compose an administration whose talents, integrity, names
& dispositions should at once inspire unbounded confidence in the public mind,
and ensure a perfect harmony in the conduct of the public business. I lose you
from the list, & am not sure of all the others. should the gentlemen who possess
the public confidence decline taking a part in their affairs, and force us to take
up persons unknown to the people, the evil genius of this country may realize
his avowal that 'he will beat down the administration.' — the return of mr
Van Benthuysen, one of your electors, furnishes me a confidential opportunity
of writing this much to you, which I should not have ventured through the
post office, at this prying season. we shall of course see you before
the 4th. of March. accept my respectful & affectionate salutations.

Th: Jefferson

THE LETTER FROM JEFFERSON TO AARON BURR

From the original, owned by the author.

it is in print), that the mistake was a mistake "made at the beginning, when we united eight republics with five oligarchies." In that phrase of Morris's is hidden the political history of the country.

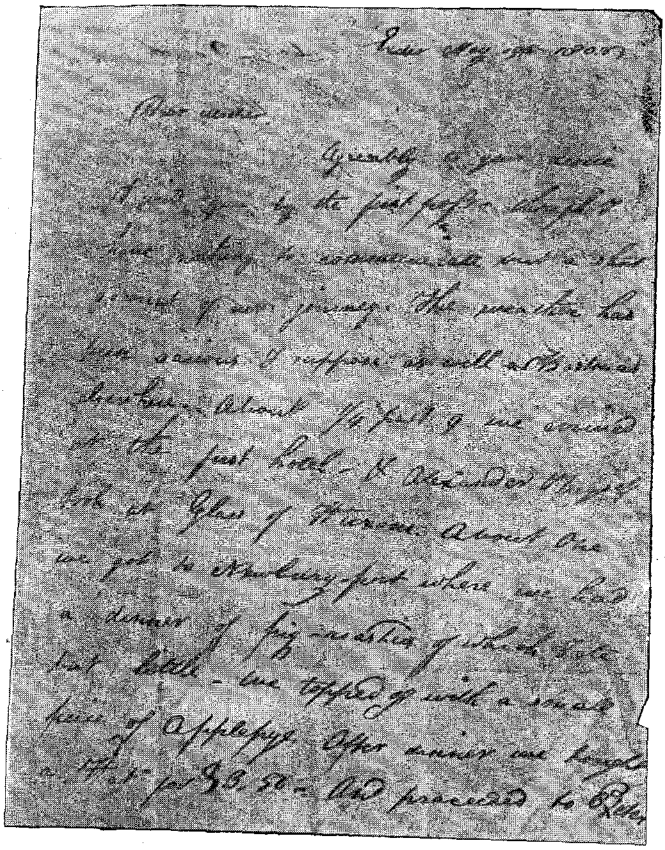


AARON BURR
From the Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

It seems to have been almost an accident that Aaron Burr, an aspiring and successful working machine politician in the State of New York, should have been named with Jefferson as one of the two candidates for President under the old Constitutional arrangement. But, as it happened, he was the Northern Democrat of that decade. At bottom I suppose that that was the reason why the Federal leaders in Congress in 1800 and 1801 determined to vote for him in the House of Representatives instead of Jefferson. Burr's position was, of course, one of the utmost difficulty. As late as the 16th of December, 1800, Jefferson had, or said he had, absolute confidence in Burr. The letter which he wrote to Burr that day is still preserved, both in the original and in the press copy, which I have myself read in Washington. We copy it on the preceding page from the original.

The critical election in the House of Representatives came on the eleventh day of February, 1801. Before that day Jefferson had lost the confidence which he had expressed in Burr, never to resume it after. Burr had been chosen Vice-President by the Senate under the Constitutional form. One would say that naturally between the President and the Vice-President, between the years 1801 and 1805, there would be a good deal of intimacy, seeing that they were both representatives of the same great party. In point of fact, however, Jefferson wrote Burr only two letters in that time; one to apologize for cutting open a letter by mistake, and the other of similar superficial character. Burr, however, would not tolerate this condition of things, and sought to obtain the interview with Jefferson which took place as I have said. Jefferson's account is in his journal, which has been printed. It indicates, all the way through, his distrust of Burr and his certainty that Burr had played him false in private negotiations with the Federal leaders. But I do not believe that Jefferson was right in this opinion, doubtless sincere. In Matthew Davis's Life of Burr, which I will say, by the way, is one of the stupidest and worst books that ever was written, he gives a mass of testimony which seems to me to prove that through the whole critical period of the election in the House of Representatives Burr was loyal to his chief and to the Democratic party. But, all the same, men doubted him, and after the duel with Hamilton men hated him. Burr was never anything but an adventurer, and at the suggestion, as it would seem, of Matthew Lyon, he determined to throw himself on the West, in a region which was then just come into importance. He made his first journey—a journey highly dramatic—down to New Orleans as soon as his term as Vice-President ended in 1805.

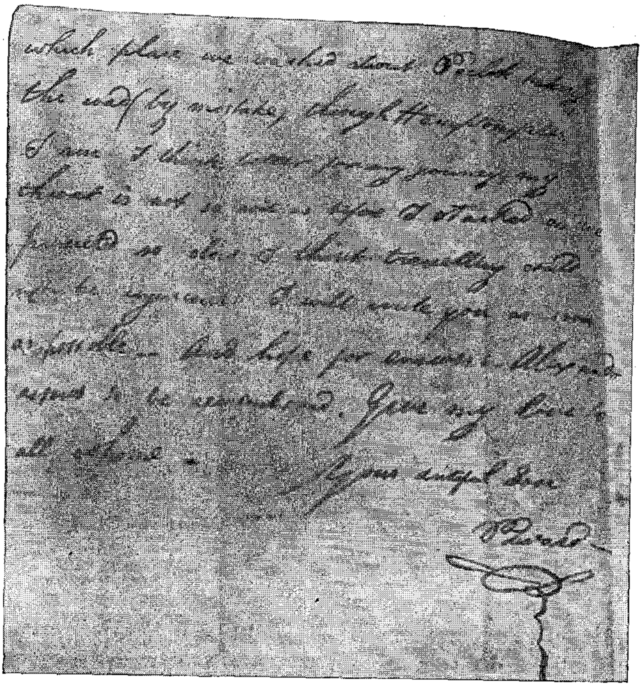
As I have said, it was my business to study this voyage of Burr down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers in every detail which was accessible to me. And very interesting study it was. I do not myself believe that at that time Burr had the slightest idea of any invasion of Texas or other enterprise aimed against the



Spanish rule of Mexico; but he met on that journey plenty of people who hated Spain and knew what a paradise Texas is. It was not unnatural that, being a Vice-President out of business, he conceived the plan for the filibustering expedition on that journey.

On that first journey he met James Wilkinson, who was the General in command of what it was the fashion to call the "Legion of the West," and I think that was its official title. It was suspected even then that Wilkinson was in the pay of the King of Spain, and we now know from Mr. Gayarré's researches in the Spanish archives that Wilkinson was receiving every year from the King of Spain a subsidy of three or four thousand dollars.[1]

Wilkinson's own account of his dealings with Burr is so evidently the falsehood of a traitor and an intriguer that one can only make guesses about what really happened; but what we know is that, after going down to Orleans, as New Orleans was then called, and meeting with Daniel Clark and with others of the leading people there, Burr came back to the East with the determination to try a filibustering expedition, even if he had no definite plans for it. This determination occupied him when he arrived in Washington on the 29th of November, 1805, and until August, 1806, when he went



EDWARD EVERETT'S LETTER

---

[1] The story of the discovery of this treason is a curious one, which I had from the lips of Mr. Gayarré in New Orleans in 1876, and which I will tell in another place.

to the West and sailed down the Ohio. Let the careful reader observe that we had taken possession of Louisiana nearly three years before. Let him also observe that the whole Southwest hated Spain with a hatred which has lasted until this time, of which the murder of Philip Nolan and the wicked imprisonment of his companions made an important element. Burr had undoubtedly had four confidential and important interviews with Wilkinson in 1805.

NATHAN HALE

I have said that in these papers I am surveying the century as I have seen it myself through various keyholes.

We began on that day in October when at my grandfather's they killed a pig in the morning, when, as the day went on, the boy Nathan Hale was called in from his work in the garden and was examined for Williams College. He joined his class after its first term, as the new-born century began.

So for me and mine the nineteenth century begins—when the boy Nathan Hale begins on his course in college. His father's diary for the 9th of February, 1801, reads, "Have several scholars." On the 10th of February the little diary reads: "10. Have two hogs killed. Dr. Woodbridge of Southampton, his son Lyman Strong, and Taylor of Westfield, dine here. Nathan goes with them and Levi Parsons for Williams College."

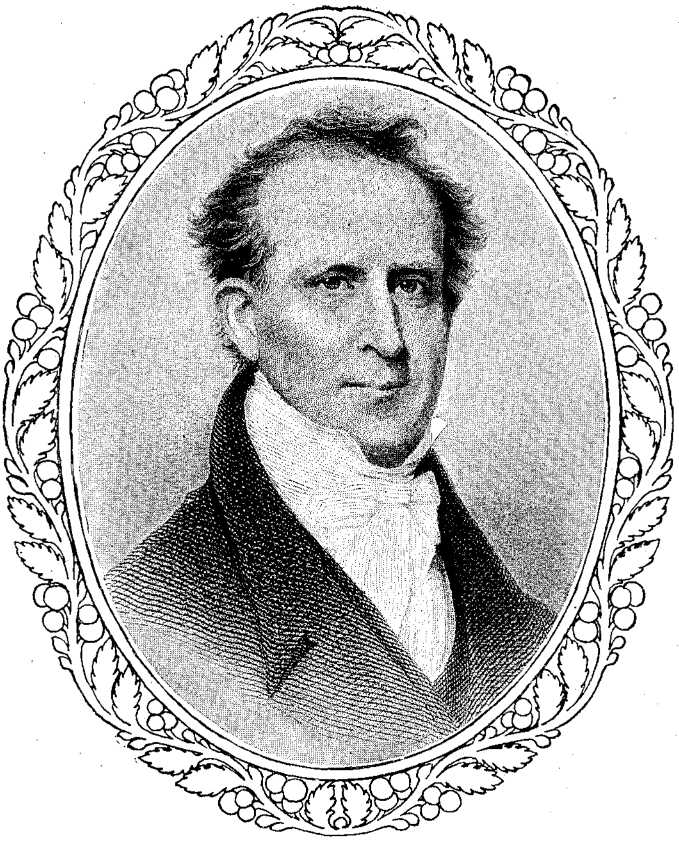
This means that so many boys went with Dr. Woodbridge on horseback across the Green Mountain range, that the boys might begin on their college course. On the 3d of March the father wrote a letter to the boy, and this entry in his diary may connect the beginning of the century with the new era in the history of their country. For the next day, the 4th of March, was the day on which Thomas Jefferson walked from his lodgings across to the half-finished halls of Congress and took the oath as President of the United States. The reign of Washington and Adams was over, and the reign of the Virginian dynasty began.

I have already spoken of the discussion among the Philotechnian students at Williamstown as to the purchase of Louisiana. Dr. Tyler, the historian of the College, speaks of the four years after 1801 as if they were unsatisfactory. But my father enjoyed them, and always spoke of his work at the College with pleasure. We are so grand now, and so apt to speak as if the Dark Ages really lasted to our own time, that it is edifying to me to observe the subject which was given to him for discussion at his Commencement, September 5, 1804: "Has Society for the last fifty years been in a state of progressive improvement?"

This twenty-year-old boy, "without embracing either extreme of opinion," proved to himself and to his fond hearers, I think, that things had gone wonderfully well. He could speak of science with fresh recollections of Lavoisier, Priestley, and the destruction of alchemy; and he had Dr. Herschel, who had doubled the size of the solar system, and Franklin, who had tamed the lightning. To these he gave four of his precious minutes on Commencement Day.

"But the progress of the sciences has been surpassed by the improvement of taste in the fine arts." Stuart Mill was yet two generations in the future, but in 1804 "we may claim for our own time the merit of the discovery that syllogistical reasoning can conduct no further into the secrets of science than the naked eye of common sense could penetrate. This illiberal attachment to system and method has yielded to a taste founded in nature, correct and unadulterated."

And so, after five minutes more, we come to the useful arts, commerce in particular. There he is able to congratulate his hearers on the state of the political world. The year 1763 had crippled the house of Bourbon and extinguished all fear of universal empire, and then the American Revolution added an "extensive and powerful republic to the number of independent nations." We drop a tear over poor Poland, but "sovereigns acknowledge their subjection to the restraints of moral obligation, and national honor becomes the strong guardian of national justice." The modern reader is a little surprised to read that in 1804 "war no longer carries havoc and ruin to the heart of an inoffensive country, but sports itself in the uncultivated fields or vents its



JOSIAH QUINCY
After the Portrait by Stuart.

thunders on the deep." Such had been the "pleasing picture till unexpectedly crimsoned by an event as unnatural as it was momentous." This was the French Revolution. From its paths of blood the young optimist turns aside to study the improvements time has brought in in the science of government. "The practice of torture has been abolished from the German courts of justice." The state of the European peasantry is improved. The Ottoman power is on the decline. But, best of all, "freedom of enquiry and liberty of conscience are now universally enjoyed." We lament that so many young men "reject the cheering doctrines of the Gospel;" but how can we "wonder that on the liberation of the mind from the restraints of the Catholic faith, human reason should overleap the first weak barriers of truth. Infidelity is the offspring of popery; but popery is fallen, and the fate of religion is left to the decision of reason."

All this shows a brave forelook based on the abandonment of the various fetishisms of the century before. For our present purpose, for a contemporary view of the nineteenth century as it marched along, it is interesting to see that this boy, in a newly founded college in the wilderness, says of the Nation that "its unrivalled growth in riches, in power, and in respectability, the increase of its humane and literary institutions, with the unprecedented excellence of its government and laws, are so well known to you that you cannot but acknowledge their importance. Such has been our unparalleled prosperity that if a man were called upon to point out a model of national happiness he would without hesitation name the last fifteen years in the history of the United States."

Such was what college boys dared to say of their own country in those happy times when there were no pessimistic New York weeklies.

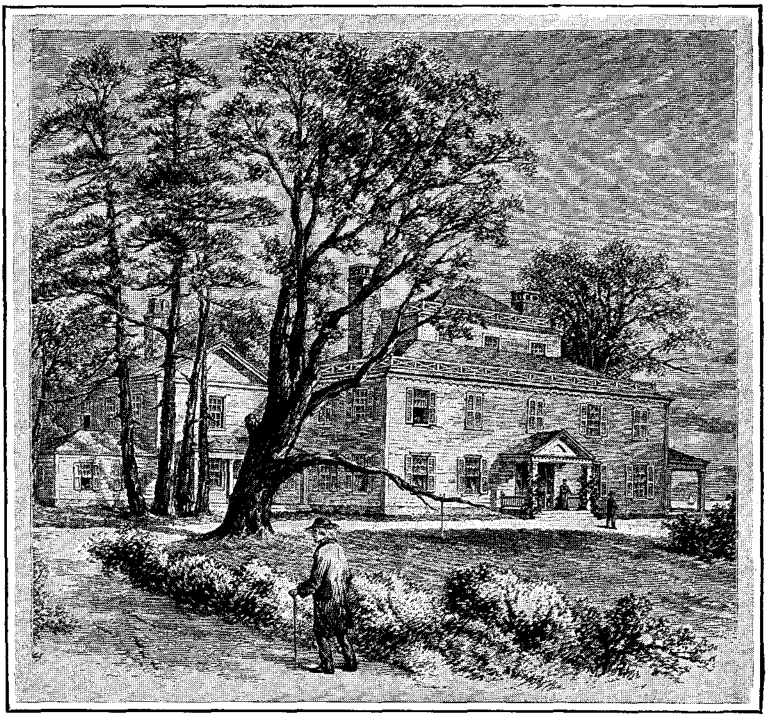
TROY, EXETER, BOSTON

Williamstown, where young Hale graduated, is but a few miles from Troy. At his Commencement, or at that time, Mr. John D. Dickinson, of Troy, engaged him to be the tutor of his son and daughter for the next year. In that time he was to fit the boy for college and to give the girl such training as he could with the brother. But this course of training was not to begin immediately, so that my father returned to Westhampton, and from Westhampton went to Troy. I suppose he wanted to see the city of New York, which was already the largest city in the new Nation. I never heard how he got there, and I do not remember how long he stayed there, but, as I have said, from New York to Troy he went in a sloop or schooner—one of the packets of the time. The reader must remember that he was twelve days going from New York to Troy, and that in that time he read, from the beginning to the end, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Mr. Dickinson was for a dozen or twenty years the leading citizen of Troy. My father always spoke with regard and respect of him and of his own two pupils.

He was, as I said, to complete the preparation of the boy for college. This meant that they were to read together most of the Latin and all of the Greek then required at Williams' College or at Union College. The boy wanted to do this. His father wanted him to do it, and my father wanted him to do it. He did it, and he entered college with entire success.

The experiment satisfied my father that the fuss now made about the preparatory study for Latin and Greek is what Mr. Adams would call a fetish and what I should call a bugaboo. When I was an overseer at Harvard College, the eternal question about Greek in college came up, and I said, in a speech I made, that I would teach the Greek necessary to enter Harvard College to any intelligent boy or girl of sixteen who wanted to do it, if both of us had three months' time for the study. I looked across the room to Mr. Seaver, the accomplished superintendent of the Boston schools, and I said, "Mr. Seaver will say the same thing," and he at once assented.



THE QUINCY MANSION AT QUINCY

From an early woodcut.

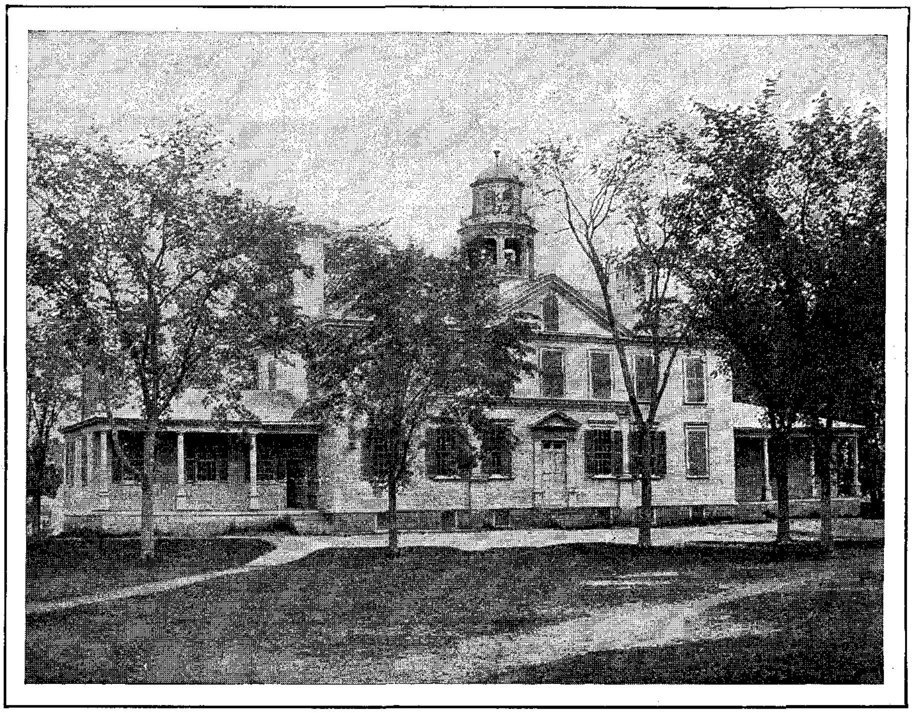
In September, 1898, I saw at the Hancock Cushman School in Boston three hundred and six girls who had just entered that school, who could not, all told, speak fifty words of English. In the next June, after nine months of training, they could speak English intelligibly, read it intelligibly, and write it intelligibly. The majority of them were Russians, more than half of the rest were Germans, and the remaining fraction were Bohemians, Bulgarians, Italians, and Heaven knows what—even Arabs. I may say in passing that not one French, English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, or American girl had entered this Boston school with them.

In 1873 I had the same thing taught me from the pupils' side. I was at Buda-Pesth and was talking in Latin with my friend Baron Orban, the same who has distinguished himself since in the Austro-Hungarian Ministry. I said to him, "How do you all learn to speak Latin when you are boys?" He said that he was sent to a boarding-school when he was ten years old. He was given one month and was told that if after one month he was heard speaking anything but Latin, he would be flogged. The poor child had to say, "Da mihi panem et butyrum, si placeat," or starve. And he preferred the new language.

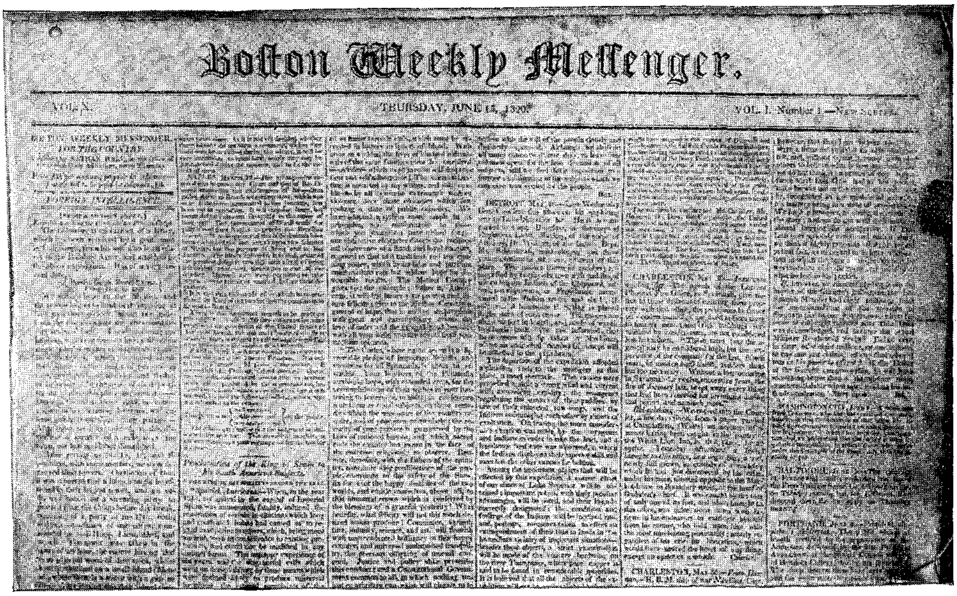
All of which is hardly an excursion; for, as these memories go on, this reader, if he holds by us, will have to contrast more than once the tomfoolery of the mechanical processes of mere Instruction against the efficiency of the eternal principles which govern real Education.

My father's own tastes, however, led him definitely into the study of mathematics, and he liked to teach the mathematics. He never lost his fondness for the classics. In speaking to his own pupils in 1807, he says definitely, "To those of you who are destined to the walks of a learned life, I would earnestly recommend a diligent cultivation of classical literature." But, as I have said, his tastes ran in the mathematical and practical lines; and so in 1805 he accepted the proposal made to him by Dr. Abbott, the head of Exeter Academy, who invited him to undertake the mathematical instruction in that school.

Phillips Exeter Academy is still among the most eminent of our institutions of secondary instruction. It had won its



PHILLIPS-EXETER ACADEMY, WHERE NATHAN HALE TAUGHT
Built in 1794. The wings were added in 1822.



Boſton Weekly Meſſenger.

VOL. X. THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1820. VOL. I. Number 1.—New Series.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY MESSENGER

Published by Nathan Hale in 1820.

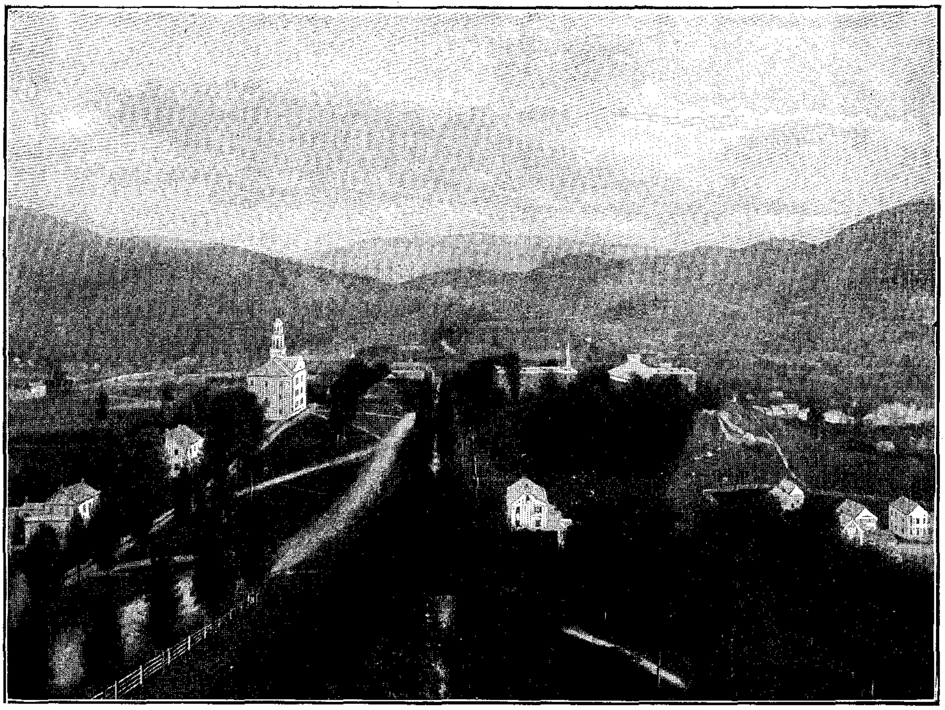
place already in the respect of New England. And I am proud to say that I think one of the steps forward and upward in its progress was taken when Dr. Abbott selected this young mathematician, Nathan Hale, to direct its studies in the line of which he was so fond. For me and mine, the selection has proved important. For it was at Exeter that my father made the acquaintance and won the friendship of Alexander Hill Everett, afterwards for most of his life in the diplomatic service of the country. From this friendship grew my father's attachment to Sarah Preston Everett, the sister of his friend, whom he married in September, 1816, and who is my mother. Where I, who write these lines, should be if Nathan Hale had not gone to Exeter the year he became of age, I will not undertake to say.

Exeter was really a home of the muses at that time. Leading in its social order was Judge Oliver Peabody, of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and his accomplished family. Two twin brothers, William Bourne Oliver and Oliver William Bourne Peabody, both of Harvard College in the class of 1816, who, as men, afterwards filled an important place in the best literary circles of New England, were little boys in 1805. I do not know what Williamstown had had to offer in the way of literature or art, or the social joys which are connected with literature and art, but I do know that at Exeter my father found a social circle as much alive to the delights and to the duties which belong to the highest education of one's time as any social center of the American world in which he could have lived.

In 1806 Mr. Alexander Everett brought with him to Exeter his younger brother Edward, who spent his last year there before entering Harvard College. The following note from him, written when he was eleven years old, is perhaps the earliest of his writings extant:

I think my father doubted for a little whether he would study law in Boston or in Troy. I think his father had wished that he should be a minister. I know that he had studied Hebrew in college. But he once said to me that he studied Hebrew because there was nothing else there he could study; and certainly by the time the year 1807 came, he had determined on the training of a lawyer. He went back to Westhampton and Troy, after two years' service at Exeter, but he returned this time to Boston, in the spring of 1808. When he arrived in Boston, he entered himself in the office of Oxenbridge Thacher, and he was admitted to the bar in 1810.

Meanwhile the leaders of Massachusetts politics, in especial John Lowell, of Rox-



WILLIAMS COLLEGE AS IT APPEARED WHEN NATHAN HALE WAS A STUDENT THERE

From a painting in the possession of Williams College.

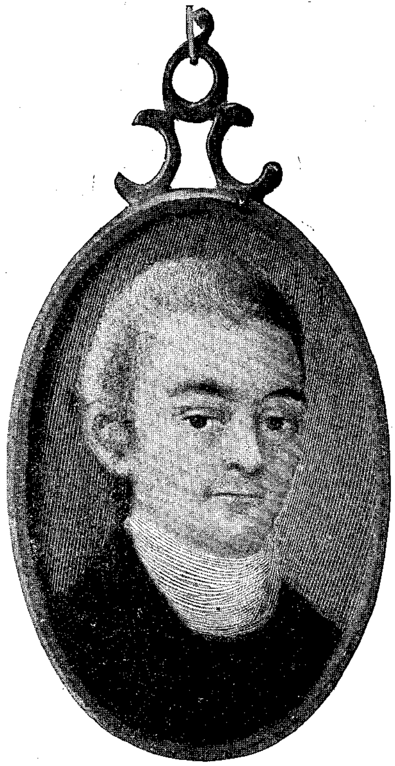
bury, who was proud to call himself "a Massachusetts farmer," and the other younger Federal leaders of their time, found that the "Columbian Centinel," which had been the organ of the Federal party, did not meet their wishes as a newspaper, and established the "Weekly Messenger." It would be fair to say that it was an organ of young Federalism in Massachusetts. It was the first paper in the country which declined to receive any advertisements, and threw itself upon its worth as a journal of literature and politics for its reason to be.

The coterie of leaders naturally wanted some young men to take the oversight, to look after the proof-sheets and the rest, and in this service Nathan Hale and Henry D. Sedgwick were employed from the very beginning. It naturally happens in all such cases that the mayors of the palace become the kings. More and more definitely did my father show that he was, by his early and his later training, fitted for the position of an editor. More and more did his tastes lead him this way; and after a practice at the bar, successful as young men's experience goes, for four years, in 1814 he bought the Boston "Daily Advertiser," which had been established a short time before, and for fifty years afterwards he edited that journal.

The young lawyers of to-day would be amused if it were proposed to them to carry out the details of professional life in such ways as were required in the life of young attorneys ninety years ago. My father used to say that he was the first person who drove a wagon from Augusta across to Bangor. It was his duty, I suppose, to attach some property in Bangor. At all events, he conducted in person some transaction there for one of his clients. He went from Boston to Augusta in the stage, and there took a wagon or chaise by which he went across the roads which before had been used only by riders on horseback or by teams with freight.

As early as 1809 Alexander Everett, who was afterwards to be his brother-in-law, sailed with Mr. John Quincy Adams for Europe, having engaged to be Mr. Adams's private secretary. In one or another diplomatic capacity Mr. Everett spent most of his time in Europe until 1829, when General Jackson recalled him from Spain. My father was thus in close correspondence with one of his most intimate friends, who was, on his part, from 1809 to 1812, in the center of that diplomacy which has proved so important in the history of the century. I do not know when Mr. Hale learned German, but he always, since I can recollect, read French and German with ease; and the "Weekly Messenger" and the "Daily Advertiser" became exponents for America of the European news in a position which no American newspaper had taken before. In those days news did not come from hour to hour, but sometimes lucky vessels ran into Boston with intelligence six weeks later than any which had been received before. In the office of the "Weekly Messenger," in my boyhood, there were traditions of extras which covered more than a month of the history of the world.

Mr. Webster's career in Boston had begun a little earlier than my father's. His brother Ezekiel had established a school there in which I have heard that Daniel Webster sometimes served as an assistant. I think Edward Everett was once a pupil in this school, but Mr. Webster established his law office at Boscawen, in New Hampshire, and then at Portsmouth. He represented Portsmouth in the War Congress of 1813. In the great fire of Portsmouth in December, 1813, his house and library were destroyed, and this disaster tempted him to remove from that place. He had some hesitation, in the choice of a new home, between Albany and Boston. But finally, in the year 1816, he determined upon Boston, where at once he took the place in his profession due to him. My father and he were very intimate. Edward Everett had been for a short time, as I have said, a pupil in the Webster school of 1806, and an attachment grew up between the two which bound Everett and Webster in the closest relations through their lives. Mr. Webster's second son was named Edward in consequence of this personal attachment.


DR. OLIVER PEABODY, OF EXETER
From an early miniature.

The "Messenger" and the "Advertiser" may be considered as representing in Massachusetts the new light of those leaders of Massachusetts who took the place which in the death of the old Federal party had been left vacant. I go into these details, of little interest to any but my children and myself, because my house is filled with the correspondence between Europe and America, between Washington and Boston, between Boston and half the world indeed, which grew out of these relations; and when I speak in these papers of the history of the United States from 1810 to 1901, I am speaking as one who illustrates what he says from such materials.

Counter-Currents

By E. S. Chamberlayne

MRS. STANHOPE-MORRISON had found the alumni reception disappointing. She was beginning to regret that she had come. It seemed a helplessly disjointed gathering, resolving itself into stagnant knots and groups, without unity or cohesion. Little companies of hilarious classmates remained fixed and unchanging throughout the evening, oblivious of their nearest neighbors. The luminaries of the occasion were surrounded by small crowds of admirers. The old professors and the latest graduates formed self-isolated circles, and the wives of the faculty members sat in a corner by themselves. Floating about among these stationary elements was a sprinkling of society people from the little university town. And here and there roamed solitary graduates, members of forgotten classes, who had an uncertain, vaguely troubled air, as though looking for something, they knew not what.

The lady confessed that she was bored. Her friend, Senator Baldwell, had asked her to come out from the city and hear his address to the graduating class that afternoon. And it was due to his urging that she was here, although she had not said she would come and did not acknowledge to herself, now that she had heard him speak, that her presence was necessarily an acceptance of his invitation. There were other motives for her coming. As a girl she had lived in the village, and Commencement week had never entirely lost its attraction for her. And with the added liberty which her husband's death had given her, she had found the contrast between present and former conditions pleasantly emphasized by a return to the place. Moreover, at this season of the year there was always the chance of meeting old-time friends among the visiting graduates. She wished to consider these reasons sufficient, for, to her own mind, some such justification of her presence seemed necessary.

She had, indeed, felt a reluctance in attending the Senator's address quite out of proportion to the importance of the act. She knew that he wished her to see him at his best, to witness an exhibition of his powers. And she had divined that he would wish this success to mean more to her, perhaps, than she desired. But she had been curious to know what manner of man he would seem when before an audience. And there had been, too, an unconfessed desire to note the effect upon herself of the triumph which she knew was assured him.

And the afternoon had not left her unmoved. At first it was merely the reception accorded him and the influence she could see his words exert over others that had impressed her. But later she herself had felt the man's power. Her impersonal, half-critical attitude had been lost in an admiring surrender to the influence of his speech. And when he had finished, and applause had dissipated the dominance of his personality, the fact was suddenly brought home to her that she had been as completely enthralled as any of those who heard him. She remembered little of what he had said, but there remained to her a vivid appreciation of something new, something unresistible, in the man she had supposed was so well known to her.

At the reception, earlier in the evening, she had forced her way through the group surrounding him, and had joined in the little chorus of congratulations on his success of the afternoon. But this had been a mere formality. She was aware that he expected her to say more. And she knew equally well that he would join her later in the evening to hear her say it and to learn just the impression he had made upon her. She did not acknowledge that she was waiting for him to come to her. But she knew that he would come, and the evening dragged slowly in the interval.

Seeing Professor Goodell, at whose home she was a guest, making toward her with Dr. Sykes, she beat a dignified retreat to the shelter of one of the large, palm-screened windows where she was safe from the professor's near-sighted gaze. The form of Senator Baldwell, towering above the little crowd about him, could be seen from her window. And, while she rested undisturbed, she looked at him with a critical interest which she could not convince herself was entirely impersonal. His large yellow mustache was certainly not becoming, but she reflected that in his college days his lips had sadly lacked even such a covering. Her glance rested upon his high forehead, bridged by a few carefully arranged hairs, and she saw that it had more than a suggestion of baldness. A bald head seemed somehow incongruous on such a tall, broad-shouldered man. But she was quite content with the size of his group of admirers and with the deference which was paid him. He was easily first among the many distinguished guests of the evening.

A man of slight figure, in the well-worn black of a clergyman, separated himself from the others and strolled slowly toward her. He paused with a start when he discovered that the little retreat was already occupied. And his unexpected presence made her suddenly aware that she had been looking rather fixedly at Senator Baldwell. She withdrew her gaze, and instinctively they glanced at each other. As they did so a look of surprised recognition flashed into each face. The lady was the first to give it expression.

"Why, you are James Bentley," she cried, rising and offering her hand with a smile.

The man's face lighted up as he took her hand. "And you"—he hesitated an instant for her married name—"you are Mrs.—Morrison, is it? You were Grace Stanhope when I saw you last."

"Yes. Mrs. Morrison. I am very glad to meet you. I had no idea you were here."

They sat down together, and while he gazed at her with a frank, admiring curiosity, she absorbed his appearance with a single comprehensive glance. He was a smooth-faced man with black hair, save for a touch of gray about the temples. The careless dress (she recognized his pulpit coat), the loose button, the disarranged tie, indicated the lack of a woman's care. But she knew that he was unmarried without this evidence. For she herself had declined his offer of marriage in her girlhood, and consequently had never quite lost interest in his later career. And, though she had heard little of him, this one fact in his life she knew. She recognized him now as a man who had ceased to expect anything from fortune, who had learned by hard experience his own limitations, and had resigned the ambition she knew he once held. He had a face of purpose, but she felt that its strength was of a kind to endure, not to achieve. But there was a certain tender curve of the lip and a light in the worn eyes that proved that his failure had not spoiled or hardened him. And a dawning sense of pity stirred her as she read his face.

The clergyman saw a woman with a figure still suggestive of youth and with a face of heightened beauty, though less ingenuous than the one he remembered. Her widowed condition was indicated by her gown, the quiet elegance of which created in his masculine mind a vague appreciation of her taste and the wealth now at her command.

"This is a great pleasure," said Bentley, becoming aware of his rather open curiosity.

"It is a great pleasure for me, too, I assure you. I had about given up hope of finding any one I knew. I hardly deserve my good fortune, though, after hiding away here by myself. Did you see me?"

"No," he admitted, won out of a momentary hesitation by her smile. "I can't say I expected to find you at all. I didn't know that you ever came back for Commencement. I am not familiar with these gatherings. It's the first time I've been here. But I should have thought of you before the evening was over, I know. And I'm not sure but it was the latent thought that brought me in just this direction instead of another. Such things happen, you know."

His frankness pleased her, and she acknowledged his intended compliment with a smile.

"And what have you been doing all these years?" she demanded. "I have heard of you now and then, but nothing at all definite or satisfactory. Why, it must be ten or twelve years since you were here."

"Fifteen years this June," he assured her.

"Dear me! is it so long? I can't make it seem so."

"They don't seem so many, now that you are here and I can look at you. They've not left their mark upon you." The emphasis on the last word seemed to imply a comparison.

"You're very kind. But this isn't what I expected to find you," she added, glancing at his clerical dress with an air of disapproval.

"I can't say it's what I expected you would find me, fifteen years ago," he confessed, with a little smile. "But prophesying a career, one's own or another's, is a difficult matter. Nothing is more uncertain."

"Tell me about your own," said the lady. "You are in the city, are you not? I thought so."

"Only a mission," he explained. "Very small, and not wealthy—except in the chance for work."

"And you were going to be a lawyer and do such things! Oh, you see I haven't forgotten. How ever did you happen to go into this?"

"The work seemed to need me," he answered, with evident evasion. "You have no idea what opportunities it offers." He glanced at the diamonds on her hand, and seemed to realize that these opportunities might not appeal to her.

"And what have you been doing?" he inquired.

"Doing?" she smiled. "Does such a woman as I am ever really do anything? I have been in society a little, and traveled, and looked into hospital work, and have joined some clubs. Just the little petty round we all are doomed to. You knew of my husband's death?"

"The rumor I heard was not confirmed. I was not sure."

She was grave for a moment, wondering if he had heard other rumors about her husband. "It is nearly five years now," she said.

"The worst of the sorrow is passed?" he suggested, almost diffidently. "I hope that only the good of it remains to you. A grief may leave us the stronger, I think."

"Oh, yes," she replied, with conscious duplicity. "I am sure I am the better for it."

"We may be the better for almost any experience, it seems to me, even the most bitter."

"Have you met any old friends?" she inquired, nodding toward the throng beyond the palms.

"Only you," he answered. "I had hoped to find some members of my class. It has been rather a disappointment," he admitted. "It made the place seem only the more lonely for the crowd."

"Why, Senator Baldwell was of your class, was he not?"

"Oh, yes. I did meet him. I had forgotten. But he is the only one, and I had but a word with him. And I hardly knew him in college. He did not finish his course."

"Yes, I remember. He was expelled—or—he dropped out, anyway. In his junior year, I think it was. And now they're giving him a doctor's degree. It's odd, isn't it?"

"I went over to the chapter-house this morning," he continued. "The young fellows were all very friendly, but I felt, somehow, rather like an intruder."

"It must give you a variety of feelings to come back here for the first time after so many years. Do you find it altogether enjoyable?"

"I hardly know," said the clergyman, thoughtfully. "I have always cherished a regard for the old place, rather a sentimental regard, perhaps. And I'm not sure that it's always an advantage to come back to a place under such conditions. The place that it is and the place that it was—or the place you now seem to think it was—are so different when you come to compare them. You must lose one, and you can't very well lose the present reality. No, it's not altogether a pleasant experience to have one's dreams dispelled, whatever they may be. Still, I'm glad I came. I think it's as well to come back now and then to the place that we started from."

"There must be much about it that is pleasant for you," she suggested. "I enjoy the Commencements myself, though of course I can't claim any fondness for the institution here. But it's always pleasant to meet the old graduates, to see the changes that a few years sometimes make in them. It's as good as a story. And it's like a story, too—you turn a page and five or ten years have elapsed and everything is changed."

"Yes. It doesn't take long. College generations are short-lived. And college life, after all, is but an epitome of the larger life."

"Yes?" she observed, with polite uncertainty.

"Do you know," he continued, "it seems to me a good deal like coming back to the world after death, to visit this old place. For I am quite dead, you know."

"You mean—"

He smiled. "The boy I was when I lived in this little world is quite dead. You understand? Fully as dead, I'm sure, as I myself shall ever be."

"Yes," she assented, slowly. "I hadn't thought of it in just that way."

"The world is here in miniature," he added, thoughtfully.

She encouraged him with an expectant look, and he overcame a momentary hesitation and continued: "Everything is here—ambitions and struggles, love—or imaginary love—folly and wisdom; a great deal of fame, and then—a few years, and the prize debater asks, Who was this fellow, anyway? and then himself goes on to forgetfulness. Yes, it's all here. Men rise and fall, win prizes and honors and are adored—or are suddenly sent hence and mourned for a day, and their very names speedily forgotten. Isn't it so?"

"It is a good deal like that, I'm afraid."

"And I have fancied sometimes," he went on half-musingly, his gaze wandering off over the crowd before them—"I have fancied that the parallel might be carried out in the greater world."

She did not understand him. "Just how do you mean?"

"Why, in life, you know, the first are very often at the bottom and the last on top, after graduation. It isn't always prize Greek students or record pole-vaulters that are called upon to guide a nation or accept the honors that the world bestows. And the thought has come to me at times that when we are graduated from this larger school it may not be the ones that have carried off the prizes here who will be given the largest tasks in the greater life; that perhaps some of the famous men of earth, whose memory still lingers here, may have to stand aside before a greater greatness than their own, may give place to humble, unknown men who had no talents but their purity or faith. It would hardly be surprising. There must be a place somewhere for these unmarketable qualities."

"Yes," she answered, with an effort to appear interested. "That is quite a thought. How did you like the Senator's address this afternoon?"

"I was disappointed in it," he said, promptly. And then, noticing her changed expression, he added: "It was very able. He has great ability."

She gave her assent to this.

"He is really a remarkable man in many ways. He will be heard from in the future, I am sure."

"Then you think," she inquired, "that he is to prove one of our future statesmen, as some of the newspapers seem to imply?"

"I haven't seen what the papers say. Very much that is exaggerated, I've no doubt, whether they support or oppose him. He is a politician, you know. And yet," he added thoughtfully, "statesmen are made from politicians. It seems to be the only way. And the transformation, if it is one, isn't—well, it isn't always convincing to their contemporaries. But he is not of the worst class of politicians, anyway. That is distinctly to his credit, I am sure. We all know what the worst class is like. And it is charitable, I suppose, to think that the others differ in kind, and not merely in degree."

"You did not tell me why you disapproved of his address," she observed.

"Oh, its lack was merely that it failed to harmonize with my own ideas."

"I am not prepared to defend it," she said, as he paused. "You may criticise it freely."

"There was little to criticise," he assured her. "Baldwell is a public man, and he voiced the idea of the average public man."

"It was that you objected to?"

"No, that is all very well. But he was too brutally true in his way of putting it. He spoke as a practical politician, as he said himself. What I didn't like in his address to the boys was his making light of their ideals. Such things wouldn't keep in modern life, he told them. They must give up hope of revolutionizing the government or transforming society, and go at affairs in a hard-headed, practical way."

"Yes, I remember."

"Why, about all of value that these young fellows bring to the world is their ideals. Those and their untried ambition. They'll begin to lose them soon enough, we all know that. But there's always the chance—and it's what makes the world worth living in—that some of these young fellows will never lose them entirely. And it seemed to me that it would have been a finer thing for a successful man like Baldwell to have urged them not to abandon their ideals than to have implied, as he did, that those were the first things they would have to get rid of in the game of life."

"But it's true," she reminded him. "And might they not as well know it!"

"Oh, they'll learn it soon enough. Let them believe in them while they can. They'll find nothing better to replace them."

"Do you think so? Their ideals are sure to be impracticable. They may be very foolish. I know mine were. And when we are rid of such youthful fancies, aren't we the better for it?"

"We're the better for having had them," he persisted, with a smile.

"Why, you seem hardly consistent. You abandoned your own ideal."

"Oh, no, I didn't," he answered, laughing a little.

"Yes, indeed. You were to be a lawyer. I remember it very well. I don't know if it was to be an ideal lawyer, but it's very likely. Your valedictory contained some very fine sentiments. I always supposed them applicable to lawyers."

"It must have impressed you." He gave her a bantering smile. "But you may perhaps recall that I had another ideal about that time."

She looked grave for a moment, but his smile was contagious, and she joined in it. "But you abandoned that idea, anyway," she declared in self-defense.

"No, I didn't. It abandoned me," he answered. And then, more seriously: "Have you forgotten your own plans in those days? How eager you were to devote yourself to the service of others? How you even planned to go as a missionary to the tenements? And it wasn't such a popular thing at that time. And how you tried to enlist your friends in the same work?"

The recollection, somehow, embarrassed her. "It was—oh, that was a mere whim," she said, as though called upon to defend herself.

"Perhaps it was," he assented. "But it served me for an ideal."

The smile left her face. "And it was because I wished you to?" She spoke hurriedly, as though dreading her own silence. "Because you thought it was what I would wish, that you have been doing this work?"

"No. It needs a higher motive than that. But it was that which turned me toward it. And—yes, it was that which sustained me at first."

She was silent, absorbed with a new thought. "I am sure I feel—I must feel complimented," she said, humbly. "That a wish of mine should be held in such—"

"Pardon me," he interrupted. "It is hardly a wish of yours, I'm afraid." He smiled a little. "You see, it was the wish of that girl who, for ought I know, may be as dead, quite as dead, as that college boy is—the one who was so ardently in love with her in those days."

"Oh, yes, of course," she hastened to reply. "I am not the same. I am quite another person. It is much better so, I think."

"Oh, we can't remain the same," he observed. "There would be no growth. But we can, I think, keep a little of our youthful selves. Not much, but a little. For all that is best in our nature goes into it when we are young. We gain little but knowledge afterward. I find, even with my own people, that their youthful ideals can still be appealed to."

There was a pause which the lady forgot to interrupt. She was wondering if her estimate of this man's abilities had been wrong. And the thought flitted past, How much might a clever woman have made of him, how much might such a woman make of him even now? She recalled his youthful brilliancy and promise, and unwittingly her mind traveled to her own youth and the purposes which had dominated it. She had changed, but had she really lost so much of what had once made up her life? She was not what people thought her, that she knew. They, of necessity, judged her superficially.

"I do not think I have changed so

completely," she remarked, looking away from him thoughtfully. "I—I haven't the enthusiasm, perhaps. And my position in life is very different. I have less freedom. We all have less freedom as we grow older, I suppose. And I have seemed at times, even to myself, to be rather helpless—rather too much in the grasp of circumstances. It would be hard for you to realize it. Our experiences have been so different. But at heart I don't think I am greatly changed."

She paused expectantly, but he did not assent to her opinion.

"I am glad I have had this opportunity to speak with you," she went on, bravely. "I could hardly say as much to another. My own pastor is not—I have never come to know him well. And there are always questions—problems that come to me—in which I feel the need of another's experience—and help. There are times when I feel the need of some one better able than I am—" She hesitated, fearing she had ventured too far.

"If I can help you," he said, kindly. "What are some of the problems?"

"My wealth is the greatest of them. It seems a burden to me at times. This may seem strange to you," she added, as if anticipating his doubts. "But it is true. I—I really feel it so at times."

"I think I can understand it," he answered, gravely.

"My husband's death has left me in a—a rather difficult position. You probably knew something of him. No? Well, it isn't necessary. But I was not altogether—my marriage did not bring me all that it might. And when he had gone, I felt that the money, perhaps, was left me as a sort of atonement for what I had endured. But I have felt since, and especially just now, since meeting you, that I ought rather to consider it as a—sort of trust. You understand? I can't very well get rid of it. And yet I want to do good with it. And I can't clearly see my way."

"My experience hardly qualifies me for that problem," he remarked, after a moment's thought. "But there must be ways you can find of using your money wisely. At least you may avoid doing harm with it. And that is no slight thing in itself."

"I have been interested in mission work, in a way," she continued, after a silence which he gave no indication of ending. "I have many appeals, and I have given, at odd times, to that sort of work. But I feel that I ought to do more. I feel that my money and—and my life ought to count for something, ought to be of real value, somehow. There seems always to be a need of money. Is it a real need? Perhaps your own work"—She paused.

The clergyman grew more thoughtful. He sat for a moment in silence. Then he raised his eyes and looked into hers. "No, we do not need your money. There is always barely enough, sometimes plenty. We need little. The great need in our work is devoted men and women. We want people who will give their lives, not merely their money. I think that is the great need everywhere." His voice grew more serious. "I have never really lacked for funds. I have often lacked for helpers."

The lady dropped her eyes before his steady gaze. A faint color crept to her cheeks. "I had not thought of that," she said. "My money, I'm afraid, is all I have that is of—that could be of value."

"You wrong yourself." He spoke with feeling. "Your wealth may give you opportunity, but it is you yourself, your personality, that is of value. There is money enough in the world. The great lack is men and women. So many give their money, but withhold their lives."

"If I thought that I was of any value," she commenced, "I am sure I—I have a desire to do. I really have."

"Yes," he said, looking at her with something of compassion. "I understand." Then, after a pause, "I think you haven't changed so much, perhaps, as I thought. You must have been much as you are. Perhaps I misunderstood you then."

"Your own work," she went on, encouraged by what she mistook for commendation. "I should like nothing better than to help you, if I could. I feel—you know I must feel a—rather a personal interest in it. I feel as though I was—somehow, responsible for it, and—for your success. You have given your life to it, you know. And I would be very indifferent to your—devotion to it, if

I did not feel as I do. You can understand my position, I think."

He bowed his head gravely. "Yes," he replied, "I—I thoroughly appreciate your position."

"Then I may give myself to—to your work?" she said, with growing animation. "And you, perhaps—I am sure—you will be able to do much for me. I so need some one who can understand my better nature, who can appreciate my real feelings."

The clergyman made a hasty movement of dissent. "I should, of course, be glad of your assistance." He spoke with embarrassment. "I thank you sincerely. But—I am afraid you could not help me. It was in your own sphere that I thought your influence was needed. It—it was that I referred to. My work is very different. It requires a greater—" He paused. "No, you could not help me. I am afraid you do not quite realize—our lives have moved so far apart." He stopped, fearful of wounding her.

There was a movement near by, and, looking around, he saw Senator Baldwell approaching. Mrs. Morrison was about to speak, when the palms swayed violently and a strong voice exclaimed: "Oh, here you are at last." She started and looked up. The Senator towered above them.

"Well, I have had a search," remarked the newcomer, breezily, addressing the lady without noticing her companion. "I saw you come over this way, you know, and I followed as soon as I could. But you had vanished. And then I went outside, but you weren't there. I went clear across to the old oak—the glee club's over there singing—and then I came back again. I've had a regular search." He rubbed a handkerchief over his face.

"You have met Mr. Bentley, I think." Mrs. Morrison glanced toward the clergyman.

"Bentley? Happy to meet you, sir." The Senator held out his hand, and the other rose and took it gravely.

Mrs. Morrison indicated seats. Bentley sat down again, but the Senator remained standing.

"A graduate, Mr. Bentley? Ah, yes. I was here for a time myself. Fine old place, sir, fine old place."

The lady could not quite conceal her annoyance at this intrusion. The newcomer noticed it, but mistook the cause.

He glanced at the clergyman suggestively. "Would you like to go over to the old oak now and hear the singing?" he inquired, turning to Mrs. Morrison.

"Thank you. I hardly care for it, I think. The night air seems a little damp. And Mr. Bentley, I believe—" She hesitated.

The Senator, suddenly aware of an influence stronger than his own, leaned forward, staring at the other man with surprised effrontery. Bentley did not notice him. His eyes were fixed on the woman before him. A look, half of pity, half of regret, was on his face.

"Better come," urged the Senator, bluffly.

Her gaze sought the face of the clergyman and rested there. "You were saying—" There was a shade of entreaty in her voice. "Was there—something else?"

The clergyman rose to his feet. "No, there was nothing else. I am very glad to have met you. Don't"—he addressed them both—"don't let me interfere with your plans." He moved back a step and bowed low.

Mrs. Morrison rose and stood for a moment gazing at him, then quietly took the Senator's arm.

"Good-night," she said.

Fulfillment

By Priscilla Leonard

When God shall leave unfinished, incomplete,
A single flake within the whirl of snow,
A single feather in the airy wing
On which the butterfly floats to and fro,
A single vein within the summer leaf,
A single drop of water in the sea,
Then—not before—doubt that his perfect plan
Within the humblest life fulfilled can be.

Ex-Secretary Alger on the Spanish-American War[1]

THIS is not history; it is hardly material out of which history can be made. It is less a history of the Spanish-American War than a defense of the author against the criticisms which were leveled against him. It is a curious fact that, at the close of a war extraordinarily successful, one which gave the Administration that conducted it a remarkable political success in the election which followed, and gave to the head of that Administration an international reputation, and made one of the lieutenant-colonels who fought in it first the Governor of a great State and afterwards President of the United States, the Secretary of War emerged with a reputation seriously damaged, and was forced to retire from office by a popular demand which proved irresistible. The undisguised object of this volume is to show the injustice of the complaints made against this officer; it is Secretary Alger's Apologia.

It does not come within the province of a book review to say whether the defense is successful or not; indeed, the book reviewer has not in the book itself the necessary material to form an adequate judgment on that question. Such a judgment can be formed only by the future historian, who has before him not only the book, but the charges and the evidence *pro* and *con* furnished by official documents, newspaper correspondents, and unofficial witnesses. It is not possible within the compass of so brief a notice even to give at all adequately the defense; it is possible only by a few references to indicate its nature. The author condemns, either by direct statement or by necessary implication, both Schley and Sampson, the former for disobedience of orders, the latter for failure to co-operate with Shafter in his attack on Santiago. He eulogizes Shafter, although in our judgment the narrative which follows fails to justify the eulogy, and, indeed, at some points rather calls for some explanation, if not excuse. He does not, we think, even mention either the Rough Riders or Colonel Roosevelt by name; certainly he lays little emphasis on their part in the campaign. He severely condemns the publication of the famous "Round Robin," and affirms that it was severely condemned by the President. He makes very clear the difficulties under which the Department labored, and shows, we think conclusively, that Congress must at least share with the Department the responsibility for the apparent failures in the conduct of the preparations for the war. He explains the fact that the Secretary made no use of the fifty millions appropriated by Congress in equipping troops before the war broke out, by the statement that the President held that, under the act making that appropriation, no money could be used except for purposes strictly defensive; but he gives no documentary evidence in support of his understanding of the President's position, and, as money seems to have been freely used by the navy in preparations for offensive warfare, the reader cannot well avoid the impression that this supposed ruling was primarily that of the Secretary himself, and was acquiesced in by the President, rather than forced upon a reluctant Secretary by the President. He affirms that the orders for the recall of the troops from Santiago on account of their health were issued before the "Round Robin" reached the Department, and the dates which are attached to the official documents appear to bear out this contention. This is one of the points on which the dispassionate critic desires further evidence; but it looks, on the surface of the papers presented by the Secretary, as though the sluggishness for which the country at the time held the Secretary of War responsible was rather that of the General in the field. Such a critic will also wish to hear from General Miles before passing on some other important statements of the Secretary, such as that General Miles might have commanded at Santiago if he had desired to do so. The plans of campaign submitted by General Miles, and now given by the Secretary to the public, do not look to the lay mind very practicable. Mr. Alger vigorously defends the appointments for which the Administration was so severely criticised: "Not a volunteer officer commissioned by the President was court-martialed during the war. Of the eighty-seven paymasters commissioned eighty-six were appointed from civil life. Not a dollar was defaulted, and all accounts have been closed." But we do not find any adequate defense of or excuse for the confusion worse confounded in the matter of transportation of both troops and supplies, which Mr. Kennan has so graphically described; nor do we think he makes it by any means clear that the best was done that could be done to secure sanitary conditions in the management or even in the location of certain of the camps. He makes probably the best defense that can be made for the camp at Montauk Point; and it is one we are glad to read. This is one of the points on which the impartial student will ask for further evidence. We do not question the truth of General Alger's statements; but we question whether they contain the whole truth. The maps are good and the descriptions of battles are clear.

---

[1] *The Spanish-American War.* By General Russell A. Alger. Harper & Brothers, New York.

To sum all up in a sentence: this volume is argument, not history; it is valuable but not conclusive; it will take its place on the shelves by the side of "McClellan's Own Story," not by the side of "The Personal Memoirs of General Grant."

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

American Traits from the Point of View of a German. By Hugo Münsterberg. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8¼ in. 235 pages. $1.60, net.

The book is emphatically written from the German point of view, and any number of its criticisms of America seem to us ill-judged, but they are never ill-tempered, and American readers can learn more from Professor Münsterberg when he is wrong than they can learn from one of our home-grown critics when he is right. Incidentally the reader learns a good deal about Germany, Professor Münsterberg often revealing the German trait when he is quite unconscious of it. This does not mean, however, that Professor Münsterberg is lacking in humor. This he has in a degree for which we rarely give his countrymen credit. There are but five essays in the book, and all of them agreeable reading. The one on "Education" will interest all teachers—most of whom, we hope, will disagree with it—and the one on "Women" will not only interest all women, but all persons interested in women. This chapter is not so distinctively German as the other. As to the higher education of girls, the author has been pretty thoroughly Americanized by his six years at Cambridge, and he is even able to say a good word or two for co-education. His judgment of this American innovation is that "it strengthens the girls; it refines the boys; it creates a comradeship which decreases sexual tension in the years of development," and over against these advantages he sets chiefly the tendency of co-education to disillusionize "young men and women about each other before marriage."

Amos Dunkel, Oarsman. By James Otis. A. L. Burt, New York. (The Continental Series.) 5×7¾ in. 370 pages. $1.50.

In this story Mr. Otis pictures the services rendered by the "whale-boat navy"—the crews of the whale-boats plying between New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut—in the early days of the Revolution. Several of the characters are historic and are taken from Onderdonk's "Revolutionary Incidents of Long Island." The story is interesting, and will make young readers acquainted with the services rendered by some of the humbler instruments and individuals who contributed towards the making of a nation.

An Animal A B C. Illustrated by Harry B. Neilson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8½×11 in. 96 pages. $1.

Anna Karenina. By Lyof N. Tolstoï. Translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 397 pages. $1.50.

Anna Karenina. By Lyof N. Tolstoï. Translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. In 3 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. $3.

Two editions of Tolstoï's great novel are put out simultaneously by one publishing house. That in one volume is perhaps more satisfactory for mere reading, that in three volumes is well suited for a present. Tolstoï's literary reputation, apart from his political philosophy and humanism, will rest more and more on this finished and subtle piece of realism.

Apostles of the Southeast (The). By Frank T. Bullen. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 354 pages. $1.50.

This book essays a true presentation of life among the self-respecting, hard-working poor of England, as seen by workers for the betterment of the London slums. Under fictitious names real incidents and experiences are given without any attempt at imaginary coloring. These sketches of real life are of intense though often painful interest. The homely poetry of the life is also touchingly depicted, and the diversity of type is varied. Anything like sensation is avoided, and the work is of real value.

As the Twig is Bent: A Story for Mothers and Teachers. By Susan Chenery. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 164 pages. $1, net.

This is a book that aims to instruct and interest parents and teachers even more than children. Written in narrative form, it presents the experience of an exceptionally wise and resourceful mother with her own children of different characters and temperaments. There are chapters portraying practical examples of truth and honor, love, parental sympathy, obedience, thrift, temper, work and play, practical religion, etc. All are presented in a manner both engaging and convincing.

Atonement and Intercession of Christ (The). By David Charles Davies, M.A. Edited by D. E. Jenkins, Portmadoc. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 237 pages. $1.25, net.

Principal Davies, of Wales, who passed away in 1891, was a beloved minister and teacher of brilliant merits and self-effacing modesty, as a memorial of whom the articles comprised under the above title are published as translated from the Welsh. Aside from their personal interest, they are cast too much in forms of thought now obsolescent to be of much value theologically.

Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×8¼ in. 480 pages. $3.50, net.

Bath Robes and Bachelors and Other Good Things. By Arthur Gray. H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 4½×6½ in. 136 pages. 75c.

Benediction and Other Verses. By Leila R. Ramsdell. Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 3½×6 in. 96 pages.

Bible Lessons for Little Beginners. By Mrs. Margaret J. Cushman Haven. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 223 pages. 75c., net.

Bishop Butler. By W. A. Spooner, M.A. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 262 pages. $1, net.

Joseph Butler and John Wesley were the religious leaders of England in the eighteenth century. Butler, who died about thirteen years after Wesley began his field preaching, undertook for the cultured what Wesley undertook for the uncultured in a period of religious decline and moral decay. By the intellectual and moral power of his sermons and his "Analogy," the latter of which has been used as a text-book in our schools till recently, Butler retrieved the respect which Christianity had lost among the higher classes, and which since his work was done has steadily advanced among them. To say of a book on a great subject, such as this, that it is equal to its subject is sufficient commendation, and this may be said of Mr. Spooner's work.

Bitter Fruit. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. Brentano's, New York. 5×7¾ in. 320 pages.

Burgess Nonsense Book (The): A Complete Collection of the Humorous Masterpieces of Gelett Burgess, Esq. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 6×8 in. 239 pages. $2.15.

People who are interested in goops, and purple cows, and oval moons, and streets of glue will here find Mr. Burgess at his best and worst, and a great deal of him. Grotesqueness runs riot and rhymed nonsense rules triumphant.

Calendar of Famous Actresses (A). 13½×16½ in. **The Horse Show Calendar.** 13×16½ in. **The Dog Show Calendar.** 9×12 in. **The Little Holiday-Makers Calendar.** 9×11 in. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

Calendar of Old New York. Arranged by Charles Hemstreet. 9½×12¼ in.

It is not often that an illustrated calendar has as much character and interest as has this. Each picture of some locality in the New York City of ancient times is accompanied by a picture of the same or some near-by locality in the present day. The calendar is artistically printed.

Cavalier Poets. By Clarence M. Lindsay. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 138 pages. 75c.

China in Convulsion. By Arthur H. Smith. Illustrated. In 2 vols. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. $5, net.

Dr. Smith's book, a large part of which first appeared in the columns of The Outlook, has already been reviewed in connection with Dr. Martin's "Cycle of Cathay."

Christmas Cards. Three Beautiful Cards for Christmas: "Here Come I, Olde Father Chrystmasse." Illuminated. "The Annunciation," Del Sarto. "Gladde Thynges." Designed in gold and colors. Vickery, Atkins & Torrey, San Francisco, Cal. $1 each.

Common People. By Frank Oliver Hall. The James H. West Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 217 pages. $1.

Control of Trusts (The): An Argument in Favor of Curbing the Power of Monopoly by a Natural Method. By John Bates Clark. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 88 pages.

An optimistic view of trusts ably presented. The author believes that if the public requires publicity for trust accounts, prevents railway discrimination in favor of large shippers, and makes the local cutting of prices to injure rivals illegal, then the possibility of competition will protect the public from extortion.

Cornerstones: Four Sermons Delivered under the Auspices of the Berkeley Association of Yale University, 1900–01. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7¼ in. 72 pages. 50c.

These four discourses were given at Yale by the Rev. Drs. Huntington, Greer, Briggs, and Rainsford, severally, on these fundamental topics of religion: "The True Source of Authority in Religion," "Is God Knowable?" "The Inspiration of the Bible," and "Immortality."

Cost of Food (The): A Study on Dietaries. By Ellen H. Richards. John Wiley & Sons, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 161 pages. $1.

An uncommonly good book for studious women. It contains chapters on food for infants, food for school-children, food for older persons in various forms of activity, food for the sick, food for persons in almshouses and prisons, and, finally, five chapters upon the work-sustaining value of assorted bills of fare costing from ten to sixty cents a day per person. Mrs. Richards maintains that the fifteen-cent-a-day dietary need not lack either in variety or in power to nourish, if judgment is used in the selection of materials and skill in their preparation.

Crown of Thorns (The): A Story of the Time of Christ. By Paul Carus. Illustrated. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7 in. 74 pages. 75c., net.

Cry of the Two-Thirds (The). By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark. James H. Earle & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 678 pages. $1.50.

Destiny of Doris (The). By Julius Chambers. Illustrated. The Continental Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 336 pages. $1.50.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Supplement, Vol. III. How—Woodward. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 522 pages. $5.

The first volume of this monumental work appeared in 1885. Now we have the last volume of the supplement, to be followed by another containing the Index. The present volume contains an unusually large proportion of important biographies, among them Victoria, Huxley, Jowett, Martineau, Müller, Millais, Ruskin, Leighton, and Sidgwick.

Economy: The Self-Denying Depositor and Prudent Paymaster at the Bank of Thrift. By Orison Swett Marden. With the Assistance of Arthur W. Brown. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 66 pages. 50c.

Elegy and Other Poems. By Thomas Gray. The H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 4×5½ in. 70 pages. 75c.

Essay on Burns. By Thomas Carlyle. Edited by Cornelius Beach Bradley, A.M. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 4½×6 in. 128 pages.

Faith as Related to Health.—Consolation: A Little Book of Comfort for Aching Hearts. By William E. Barton, D.D. (The Day's Work Series.) L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 35c. per vol.

Jesus' "miracles" of healing, and those wrought in our times by healers variously named, are discussed in the first of these books in a brief, candid, and sensible way. Dr. Barton concedes the reality of many of the cures alleged to be wrought nowadays, while thinking that there is a great amount of "pious lying" on the subject. His treatment of the various systems of faith cure is as sane and incisive as it is brief. In "Consolation" the paragraphs, short chapters, and poetical selections breathe a tender sympathy and offer strengthening comfort to the brotherhood of the bereaved and sorrowing.

Fearsome Riddle (A). By Max Ehrmann. Illustrated. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 192 pages.

The mystery of one who lived and died in the effort to solve through mathematics the riddle of time is dealt with in this book. One Professor William Whitmore, of the University of Virginia, later settled at Terre Haute, and his negro servant Blanchard, are the principal personages in a story told by interested observers of the tragedy of the Professor's death. The incidents are too many and complicated to be even outlined in a brief notice, but in gruesome interest they stand out in vivid light, while the human interest attending the professor's efforts to solve the mystery of life and time stands out in thrilling relief.

Feast of Thalarchus (The). By Condé Benoist Pallen. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 73 pages. $1.

Fickle Wheel (The). By Henry Thew Stephenson. Illustrated. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 380 pages.

This tale of old London life opens with the death of Elizabeth and the entrance into England of King James I. The story is of the complicated kind, full of plot, incident, attempted abduction, women masquerading in men's clothes to escape domestic tyranny and fulfill lovers' vows.

First Lesson Book (Beginner's) on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1902, and The Young People's Lesson Book (Intermediate) on the Sunday-School Lessons for 1902. (Berean Series.) By the Rev. Thomas B. Neely, D.D., LL.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 3½×6 in. By mail, 20c. each.

Flowers from Persian Poets. Edited by Nathan Haskell Dole and Belle M. Walker. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. In 2 vols.

Reserved for later notice.

Foreign Missions. By the Rt. Rev. E. T. Churton, D.D. (The Oxford Library of Practical Theology.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 246 pages. $1.50.

Bishop Churton's object in this volume is not to supply facts or suggest comparisons, but to bring out the theological aspects of mission work. One would infer from his statement, "The clergy and their poorer parishioners for most practical purposes are the Church of England in this connection," that that Church is lagging in the rear of missionary enterprise. The Bishop writes from the high Anglican point of view, and does not hesitate to disparage the missionary work of the non-Anglican "sects." One is less inclined to credit him in this when reading on the same page that "Methodism is the religion of the majority of the white population across the Atlantic."

Foundations of American Foreign Policy (The). By Albert Bushnell Hart. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 307 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Four on a Farm. By Mary P. Wells Smith. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 309 pages. $1.20, net.

A merry and entertaining story of the experiences of a group of city-bred children during a summer among the White Hills. Their doings at Hilltop cannot fail to delight the readers of this popular writer for young people.

First Two Centuries of Florentine History (The): The Republic and Parties at the Time of Dante. By Professor Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 576 pages. $2.50.

Reserved for later notice.

George Washington. By Norman Hapgood. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 419 pages. $1.75.

A brilliant effort to paint Washington as he was, and not as a false hero-worship has pictured. Nothing could be more discriminating than the estimate of Washington's character and power with which Mr. Hapgood's volume opens, and no story of his life could be written in briefer compass that would tell so much that is new to the ordinary student of history. The work only falls short of greatness because the author's uncompromising struggle to destroy flattering illusions respecting Washington and his time has led him to put ungrateful facts too much into the foreground. The interest in the volume never flags, but it is not one of the biographies which readers will love to ponder over.

Goody Two Shoes Picture Book. By Walter Crane. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 9×11 in. 23 pages.

Government in State and Nation. By J. A. James, Ph.D., and A. H. Sanford, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 383 pages.

Fine in plan, in style, in scholarship, and in spirit. In a natural way—natural to the historian as well as to the teacher who wants to build on the knowledge every child has—our local governments are discussed first, then our State governments, and last our National government. In treating every subject there is not only information as to how affairs are now being managed, but as to how progressive men think they should be managed, and there is also a bibliography referring to the best things to be read about it both in books and magazines. An admirable piece of work.

Guess. By L. J. Bridgman. Illustrated. The H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 8½×11 in. 106 pages. $1.25.

Heart of David the Psalmist King (The). By Augustus George Heaton. Illustrated. The Neale Co., Washington, D.C. 5½×8¼ in. 389 pages. $2.

This book was reviewed in the issue of January 12, 1901.

Henrik Ibsen. By Henrik Jaeger. Translated by William Morton Payne. (Second Edition.) A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 320 pages. $1.50, net.

This study of Ibsen has already been reviewed in The Outlook.

Historic Towns of the Western States. Edited by Lyman P. Powell. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×8½ in. 702 pages. $3.

In the American Historic Towns Series we have already had volumes on the towns of New England, of the Middle, and of the Southern States. The series is now brought to a close by a description of Western towns, and the book is of peculiar interest. The towns described represent a very kaleidoscope of divergent beginnings instead of the common origin characteristic of New England settlements. While historic material for Western towns is not overwhelmingly ready to hand, the reading of but a few pages in this volume will show that Western history is fuller both of color and of complexity than is dreamt of even by those fully acquainted with the works of Parkman and Roosevelt. The towns treated are Cleveland, Cincinnati, Marietta, Detroit, Mackinac, Indianapolis, Vincennes, Chicago, Madison, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Des Moines, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, Santa Fé, Salt Lake City, Spokane, Portland, San Francisco, Monterey, and Los Angeles. The illustrations are many and interesting; some of them have artistic merit.

History of English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century. By Henry A. Beers. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. 424 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

Hochzeit auf Capri. By Paul Heyse. Edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 128 pages. 30c.

Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln. By Charles L. Marson. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 159 pages. $1.25.

Hugh, surnamed Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln in the thirteenth century, was one of England's greatest Churchmen, of lasting service to both Church and State, great in learning, in righteousness, and in fearless courage. His present biography is in a more sprightly style than is common with such subjects, and this adds to its interest.

Hymns Historically Famous. By Colonel Nicholas Smith. Advance Publishing Co., Chicago. 5¼×7½ in. 275 pages. $1.25.

This collection ranges from the "Te Deum" to the Moody and Sankey songs. It has been made with good judgment. The histories of the included hymns consist largely in personal memoranda of the sort that enchain attention and touch the heart. Of equal interest to any other chapters are those on "Five Lay Hymn Writers" and "Woman's Songs in Evangelism." This book is one of a class much sought after, and may be commended as among the best of its kind. Twenty-four portraits of hymn-writers accompany the text.

Ideal (The): Its Realization. By Lucy C. McGee. James H. West Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 78 pages. 75c.

Illustrated Hints for Health and Strength for Busy People. By Adrian Peter Schmidt. Published by the Author, 167 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York. 7×11 in. 32 pages. $1.50.

Immortality of the Soul (The): A Protest. By Joseph Agar Beet, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 115 pages. 75c.

The "protest" here made by the ablest expositor of the Bible among British Wesleyans is against taking over into Christian theology, as has been generally done till recent times, the Platonic doctrine of the essential and endless permanence of all human souls. Dr. Beet also protests against the view that the souls of the "lost" will be extinguished. On the other hand, he holds that the idea of an endless suffering of the "lost" must be rejected. In lieu of these rejected theories no other is explicitly stated; but the suggestion is made that one may be regarded as under punishment so long as he does not regain the condition in which he would be if he had not sinned. The inference from this points to a condition of privation rather than of suffering, but Dr. Beet leaves the ultimate question in mystery. It should be added that his discussion proceeds almost wholly in the line of textual exegesis.

Imp and the Angel (The). By Josephine Dodge Daskam. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×8 in. 168 pages. $1.10.

A series of light, humorous studies of a mischievous good boy who departs from the traditional "goody-goody" standards, but without malice or calculated disobedience. The humor of these stories is sometimes obvious, but the book, as a whole, is fresh and entertaining.

Ink Flings. By Flora Carleton Fagnani. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×7 in. 127 pages. $1, net.

In St. Jürgen. By Theodore Storm. Edited by Arthur S. Wright. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 129 pages. 30c.

In the Realms of Gold: A Book of Verse, 1891-1901. By Lorenzo Sosso. D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. 5½×7½ in. 171 pages. $1, net.

Italian Journeys. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 380 pages. $3.

Perhaps "Italian Journeys" is less familiar to recent readers than "Venetian Days," although certainly it has not less play of humor and pleasing flavor of personal incident and of character-sketching. The book, now nearly forty years old, was decidedly worth reproducing in its new form, for it is gracefully written and breathes an air of delicate taste and nice appreciation. Mr. Howells has revised and pruned here and there, but wisely refrains from trying to bring the sketches "up to date." The Italy of the Austrian occupation was the Italy he saw, and its differences from the Italy of to-day are precisely what makes the book most interesting. Mr. Pennell's illustrations are precisely fit to accompany this text.

John Hall, Pastor and Preacher. A Biography by his Son, Thomas C. Hall. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 341 pages. $1.50, net.

Dr. Hall put his life into men, not into books. The more important is it that a life of such strong influence in its time should be put into such a book as this. The biographer has fulfilled his filial duty in a work whose character befits the genuine simplicity of the great life it commemorates. The fruitful ministry of earlier years in Dublin, and the wider and more fruitful as well as longer pastorate in New York that followed it, exhibit, as here sketched, the characteristics that distinguished Dr. Hall as a man and a minister of Jesus Christ—a true man of God, consciously charged with a divine message to utter, a message verified in the depths of his own experience and attesting itself in his deeds; a man of high courage, but a peacemaker; averse to innovation, but no extremist in opposing it; a man of true modesty, cautious judgment, and large heart.

Kingship of Self-Control (The). The Majesty of Calmness. By William George Jordan. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 50c. each.

Kopje Garrison (The). By George Manville Fenn. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 420 pages. $1.50.

The liveliest story of the Boer war of several we have read. It is meant for boys, but will hold the attention of the average grown-up novel-reader.

Lamarck: The Founder of Evolution. His Life and Work. By Alpheus S. Packard, M.D., LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 451 pages. $2.40.

This is a timely and worthy memorial of a great mind that has come late to due renown. Had Lamarck had but one *fidus Achates* to reinforce him, as Darwin had several, it would have been his "Philosophie Zoölogique" in 1809, rather than Darwin's "Descent of Man" half a century later, that would have proved the epoch-making book. As it turned out, Darwin's bones rest in Westminster Abbey, and Lamarck's with those of strangers and paupers in the catacombs of Paris. It was Lamarck who projected the doctrine of evolution; it was Darwin who gave it currency; but biologists are now returning to the Lamarckian statement of it as preferable to the Darwinian in exhibiting the factors of the evolutionary process. In the account of Lamarck and his work Professor Packard combines the personal and the scientific interest with unusual attractiveness.

Leaves from a Life-Book of To-Day. By Jane Dearborn Mills. Swedenborg Publishing Association, Germantown, Pa. 4½×7 in. 317 pages. 50c.

Lesson Handbook of the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1902 (The). (Berean Series.) Rev. Thomas B. Neely, D.D., LL.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 3×5¾ in. 168 pages. 25c.

McKinley Memorial Calendar (The). The R. H. Woodward Co., Baltimore, Md. 8×10½ in.

Magic Key (The). By Elizabeth S. Tucker. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 258 pages. $1, net.

This story falls within the circle of what might be called the new-fashioned fairy tale—where the magic is brought to bear upon every-day affairs and modern inventions. A magic wand is found which gives motion and play to what we call inanimate things, and the boy obtains the power to make himself invisible at will. The story is cleverly written and thoroughly entertaining.

Marble Faun (The). By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. (Riverside Literature Series.) 4¾×7¾ in. 545 pages. 60c., net.

An admirable low-priced edition for students, with introduction and notes by Miss Annie R. Marble, and with a chronological summary of Hawthorne's life and writings.

Margate Mystery (The). By Burford Delannoy. Brentano's, New York. 5×7¾ in. 309 pages.

Mark Everard. By Knox Magee. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 421 pages. $1.50.

Masques of Cupid. By Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6½×9½ in. 265 pages. $3.50, net.

A handsome typographical and artistic form has been accorded to these pleasantly written plays which in subject and era range from the lively society of our day back to Athens four hundred years before our era.

Merchant of Venice (The). By William Shakespeare. (Standard Literature Series.) University Publishing Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 89 pages. 12½c.

Mexico as I Saw It. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6½×9¼ in. 472 pages. $5.

This has the same merits that were recognized in this author's "Through Finland in a Cart;" that is, it is colloquial, animated, with many incidents and much pleasant dialogue. Mrs. Tweedie talks of the picturesque and the social aspects of Mexico chiefly, with some historic retrospect, and but little about commercial, financial, or economic questions. The book is handsomely printed in a large volume with excellent paper and many half-tones.

Merry Jingles: A Book for the Little Ones. By Sarah L. Moore. Illustrated. Zimmermans, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. 9×12 in. 61 pages.

Mon Oncle et Mon Curé. By Jean de la Brète. Edited by T. F. Colin, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½×6½ in. 160 pages. 30c.

Monsieur Vincent: A Sketch of a Christian Social Reformer of the 17th Century. By James Adderley. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 169 pages. $1.25.

The life of this noble saint of the Roman Catholic Church, the Grand Almoner of France in a time of social disorder and distress, truly termed the father of his country, should be better known to many who know something of the charitable societies called by his name. The present memoir is but a simple sketch in comparison with the larger works, but it is an adequate outline of a wonderful life of divine helpfulness.

Nanna: A Story of Danish Love. From the Danish of Holger Drachmann. Rewritten in English by Francis F. Browne. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4×6½ in. 208 pages. $1.

Nature and Character at Granite Bay. By Daniel A. Goodsell. Illustrated. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5½×8 in. 219 pages. $1.50.

Granite Bay is less than a hundred miles from New York; it is not quite a mile wide, and it is not a mile from its beach southward to the waters of Long Island Sound. On fairest days the gravel cliffs of Long Island are seen from it; they are not unlike one's occasional glimpses of the Dover cliffs from Calais. Granite Bay is Bishop Goodsell's summer home. Granite Bay is a place typical of others on the Connecticut shore, with their sea life, inlets, rocks, vines, shrubs, wild flowers, winding roads, and racy air, to Connecticut boys, old or young, more likable than the sea life, rocks, shrubs, and flowers anywhere else. The Methodist Bishop is one of these devotees, too, as we see from his dedication: "To my Wife and Children, . . . who have learned with me to love Granite Bay better than any other spot on earth." Bishop Goodsell's book may induce city folk to go to the country more, and it may also induce country folk better to appreciate the vegetable and animal life about them. Chief of all, however, in our opinion, is the restful sense, evident on every page, of this author's affiliation with all the people who live or chance to be about him—and that means the plainest people, too.

Old and New Lights on Columbus. By Richard H. Clarke, LL.D. Published by Richard H. Clarke, 51 Chambers Street, New York. 6×9½ in. 600 pages.

The derogatory criticism of Columbus by the late Justin Winsor and others has moved Mr. Clarke to a fresh study of the great discoverer, the results of which are spread on the pages of this carefully written work. Nearly sixty pages are devoted to a convincing refutation of the widely accepted charge that Beatrix Enriquez, the mother of his second son Fernando, was not his lawful wife. Mr. Clarke is no undiscriminating panegyrist, but his portrait of Columbus is such as one would desire to correspond to the reality. Incidentally, the character of Las Casas also, the first apostle of Christianity to America, receives vindication from the charge of being the promoter of human slavery, whose sturdy antagonist he really was. The evidence in the disputed question where the mortal relics of Columbus now rest seems to Mr. Clarke to point to the Cathedral of San Domingo.

Old Testament and the New Scholarship (The). By John P. Peters, Ph.D., Sc.D., D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 328 pages. $1.50.

The fifteen papers included under this general title are distributed into four sections: The Fundamental Doctrine of the Bible, Evolution and the Bible, The Book of Psalms, and Archæology and the Bible. Dr. Peters is a thorough, fearless, and progressive scholar, not without the element of mysticism that draws the line where logic halts and feeling soars. Of this something appears in the chapter on "The Incarnation and the Newer Criticism." The appendix on the Virgin Birth is a cogent linguistic argument to show that the "virgin" in Isaiah's famous text (vii., 14) is really the Jewish nation personified—"the daughter of Zion." In agreement with Canon Cheyne, though not in terms so strong, Dr. Peters pleads for a revision of the Psalter as liturgically used in the Church. He utterly repudiates the dictum of "the Presbyterian Talmud" on the inerrancy of Scripture, and regards the ascription of infallibility to it as belittling the divinity of Christ. Altogether this is a book of widely diversified and continuous interest.

One of My Sons. By Anna Katharine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs). G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 366 pages. $1.50.

A sensational detective story, clever in its concealment of the murder mystery.

Origen and Greek Patristic Theology. By Rev. William Fairweather, M.A. (The World's Epoch Makers.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 268 pages. $1.25.

In some quarters Origen is hailed as the real author of much so-called modern thought in the present-day religious world. He has even been called the greatest of the Fathers and the finest genius of Christian theology. We can better understand these judgments after reading this instructive volume—a book of exposition rather than a biography; indeed, only one chapter is devoted to the life of Origen. A more scientific method might have been the mention of biographical details in chronological sequence with other matter. The author's method has, however, one patent advantage: we gain in compact form a clear view of the life of the great Doctor before we are informed just how he proceeded to make Christianity a part of the world's civilization. We could wish that the biographer had written in more popular style, because few know much about Origen or his writings. Hence we are grateful for the many expository pages, knowing that the learned author's temptation must have been to make them critical. The book is one to be read as supplementary matter after digesting an authoritative general work like Dr. Allen's "Continuity of Christian Thought." It is of special moment in connection with Dr. Allen's book, since it is known that, in case of revision, Dr. Allen will enforce more than he has yet done the importance of Origen's labors. The present volume may also have value in our reaction from outgrown dogmas, as a corrective against any tendency to underrate dogma.

Orloff and His Wife: Tales of the Barefoot Brigade. By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 485 pages. $1.

Many critics think that Gorky is at the best in short stories rather than in the novel. This collection of tales shows grim power and painful realism as distinctly as did "Foma Gordyeef," and there is a distinct gain to the reader in the brevity of the tales in that his feelings are not kept on the rack for a painfully long time. No one can doubt the sincerity of the author or the earnestness of his implied protest against injustice, brutality, and needless suffering.

Other Worlds: Their Nature, Possibilities, and Habitability in the Light of the Latest Discoveries. By Garrett P. Serviss. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 282 pages. $1.20, net.

These studies in astronomy are all pitched to the keynote of the very latest discoveries connected with the observation of all the celestial worlds nearest our own. To read them is to learn how like fairy lore are some of the verities of modern science. The style is simple and clean-cut, and the anecdotes of modern astronomers are given in popular vein. Youthful readers in quest of knowledge will find it a fascinating book to read.

Our First School Book. By Carrie Sivyer Ferris. Illustrated. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 6¼×8 in. 112 pages. 30c.

Parfit Gentil Knight (A). By Charlton Andrews. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 414 pages. $1.50.

The quaint title is derived from Chaucer. The knight is one Count de Chabanes, and the action of the story takes place during the reign of Charles IX. of France, when strife between Huguenot and Catholic was at its height, and intrigue and assassination filled the air. The motive is the love of Chabanes for a high-born girl whom politics forces into a marriage with a son of the Duc de Montpensier. The nobility of Chabanes's love is the theme. He stands between her and the baser love of one of the Guise princes, saves her from court scandal, retains the friendship of the lady's husband, and finally dies in her defense. The plot is rapid and complicated, and the story has both power and atmosphere.

Paths to Power. By Floyd B. Wilson. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 229 pages. $1.

Paul Jones. By Hutchins Hapgood. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4×6¾ in. 126 pages. 65c., net.

Practice of Typography (The): Correct Composition. By Theodore Low De Vinne, A.M. The Century Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 476 pages. $2, net.

This is the most complete and practical treatise on the technology of book-making, from the standpoint of the composing-room, that has yet been published. It is a book that should be owned by every proof-reader and every ambitious compositor, and a perusal of its sensible suggestions about the practical side of book-making would be of lasting benefit to most authors.

Quiet Hints to Growing Preachers in My Study. By Charles Edward Jefferson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 214 pages. $1.

This is a well-stocked medicine-chest out of which not only growing preachers but some who have stopped growing can doctor themselves with such cordials or purgatives as they require. Strong as well as quiet hints are here. Says Dr. Jefferson: "The man who uses the pulpit simply as a source of supplies, while engaged in a work other than that which he has promised to perform, is a shirk and a scamp, even though he is a Doctor of Divinity, and pursues his rascality for the avowed glory of God." There is no little of pointed reproof in these pages, too well needed, and it is impartially given all around.

Round Rabbitt and Other Child Verse (The). By Agnes Lee. Illustrated. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 6×8 in. 102 pages. $1.20.

A group of charming little verses culled from the pages of "St. Nicholas," "The Youth's Companion," "Little Folks," "Little Women and Little Men," "The Chapbook," etc.

Royal Rogues. By Alberta Bancroft. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 339 pages. $1.35, net.

Fairy tales, mainly German in tone and character, make up this volume. The tales have much charm because of their very imaginative insight into life and symbolic fairy lore. Scenes and conversations flow on as smoothly as a rippling stream, and the illusory atmosphere is sustained unbrokenly to the end.

Ruling Ideas of Our Lord. By Charles E. D'Arcy, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 4½×7 in. 139 pages. 60c.

School, College, and Character. By LeBaron Russell Briggs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 148 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Sherbro and Its Hinterland (The). By T. J. Alldridge, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 356 pages. $6.

Fine maps and many graphic illustrations double the value of this account of that part of the British colony of Sierra Leone known as the Sherbro. It lies about ninety miles southeast of Freetown, the colony's capital. Sherbro Island is the largest of a number of little islands forming a small archipelago. The mainland district, taking its name from the large island, extends to the Liberian boundary. The author of this volume is British District Commissioner for Sherbro. By acute observation and by long experience he knows intimately whereof he speaks. The most interesting part of his volume describes the Hinterland, its rich indigenous products, its transportation facilities, and its population. Native ideas of discipline and native secret societies here receive abundant treatment. The reason why so little has been known about this part of the world is because it has been thought to be "a white man's grave." Sierra Leone is the oldest of the British West African colonies, and was originally the seat of government for all of British West Africa. At the time of the emancipation of the West Indian slaves, Sierra Leone became a refuge for freed slaves, and in 1787 was ceded to Great Britain.

Short History of the Mississippi Valley (A). By James K. Hosmer, Ph.D., LL.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 230 pages. $1.20, net.

The author of biographies of Sir Henry Vane, Thomas Hutchinson, and Samuel Adams now publishes a book which may meet with a more popular reception since it will directly interest the twenty-five million people who live in the Mississippi Valley. The work is based on materials obtained in the Minneapolis Public Library. Mr. Hosmer is now the custodian of that institution, occupying the former position of Mr. Herbert Putnam. As the centenary of the Louisiana Purchase is close at hand, special note may well be taken of a work which sketches the vastness and fitness of a great region for a great history. Mr. Hosmer tells us how the Spaniards, the French, and the English came into the Mississippi Valley, and describes the various changes of control until the Americans finally became masters of the country. Certain figures stand out sharply defined—Coronado, La Salle, Daniel Boone (a name spelled by Mr. Hosmer without the final "e"), Jackson, Farragut, Grant. Mr. Hosmer shows that nowhere has the Mississippi Valley a rival for serviceability; hardly a square mile of it but welcomes habitation, and immense industrial and commercial activities have followed hard upon the realization of this serviceability. The Valley is thus now more interesting than ever, even if romantic days are gone and prosaic days are come.

Sinner and the Problem (The). By Eric Parker. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 282 pages. $1.50.

Not a theological treatise, but a lightly humorous study of boy character. There is a little over-consciousness and mannerism about the style, and one tires a little of hearing the characters called the Sinner, the Problem, the Lady of the Lake, the Other Man, and so on, but in its essence the book is sane and sweet.

Sunday School Outlook (The): The Crypt Conference held under the auspices of the Sunday School Commission, Diocese of New York, May, 1901. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 104 pages. 60c.

Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd. Companions of My Solitude. By Sir Arthur Helps. Edited by A. R. Waller. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 271 pages. $1.

Tobacco in Song and Story. By John Bain, Jr. H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 4½×6½ in. 144 pages. 75c.

Unto Heights Heroic (A Biblical Interpretation). By Gardner S. Eldridge. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×7½ in. 186 pages. 75c.

Vanity Fair. (Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.) Edited by Walter Jerrold. In 3 vols. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7 in. $3.

These volumes fitly introduce the new edition of the works of the great English novelist, which are to be completed in thirty volumes. The edition promises everything which a lover of Thackeray demands. It is a very convenient size, light in the hand, printed from a clear, attractive type on an ample page, with illustrations by Mr. Charles E. Brock, who has made a sympathetic and minute study of the men, manners, customs, and costumes of the various periods of which Thackeray wrote, and who has a facile and effective pencil when he portrays old-time people. The illustrations in these volumes are as far away as possible in manner and spirit from the original drawings by Thackeray which have generally appeared in the various successive editions of his works. "Vanity Fair" is edited by Mr. Walter Jerrold, which means that it is prefaced by a general introduction, both biographical and critical, of Thackeray, and with a biographical note with special reference to the period at which "Vanity Fair" was written, and the circumstances in Thackeray's life at the time. The edition will be a model of a low-priced book, thoroughly satisfactory in the making, entirely agreeable to the eye, and yet published at a price which once meant cheapness in workmanship, but which now means both substance and quality in book-making.

Washington Irving. By Henry W. Boynton. (The Riverside Biographical Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4×6¾ in. 116 pages. 65c.

A very good example of condensed biography, showing excellent power of selection so as to bring out the salient and characteristic facts, compressed without any loss of interest or any sacrifice of flow of narration, written in a very easy, familiar style befitting the genial author of "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

Works of Walter Scott. Vol. XIX. The Betrothed. Chronicles of the Canongate. (New Century Library.) Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York. 4×6¼ in. 219 pages. $1.50.

World and the Individual (The): Gifford Lectures Delivered Before the University of Aberdeen. Second Series: Nature, Man, and the Moral Order. By Josiah Royce, Ph.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 480 pages. $2.25.

The importance of this second half of Professor Royce's last and, as we judge, greatest contribution to philosophical study appears from the review of the first installment of it in The Outlook of October 20, 1900. We reserve the present volume for review hereafter.

Young Folks' Cyclopedia of Literature and Art (The). By John Denison Champlin, A.M. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 604 pages. $2.50.

This completes a trio of useful books of reference for young people's book-shelves—the other volumes deal with "Common Things" and "Persons and Places." Mr. Champlin's long experience in this kind of work has given him sound judgment in utilizing a given amount of space to the best advantage. The titles are numerous, the articles brief and to the point, the pictures really illustrative.

The excellent books published under the general title "New Education Readers" were wrongly attributed in a recent issue to a firm by which, in point of fact, they are not published. The series is issued by the American Book Company of New York. By another error in a recent issue the price of Professor Calkins's "Introduction to Psychology" (the Macmillan Company) was stated as $4, instead of $2.

Correspondence

"Remarkable Phenomenon in Connection with the Portraits of Count Tolstoï"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The "Tula Diocesan Gazette"—the official organ of the Orthodox Russian Church in the province where Count Tolstoï resides—has just published a striking and characteristic article under the heading "Remarkable Phenomenon in Connection with the Portraits of Count Tolstoï." As an illustration of the amenities of theological controversy in that part of the world, and as an evidence that Tolstoï had ample justification for some of the statements that he made in reply to the Holy Synod, the article is worthy, perhaps, of translation and reproduction. Nothing could show more clearly the ignorance and superstition of some of the members of the Russian Church, and the mediæval credulity of the readers for whom such matter as this is prepared. The editorial (with a few unimportant excisions made for the sake of brevity) is as follows:

Many persons (including the present writer) have recently observed a remarkable phenomenon in connection with the portraits of Count Leo N. Tolstoï. After the exclusion of the Count from the Church by the Divinely constituted authorities, the facial expression of his portraits became absolutely satanic. His pictured features assumed an expression not only of wickedness but of moroseness and ferocity. This is no delusion of excited feeling arising from prejudice or fanaticism; it is a real phenomenon, which every one may observe and verify for himself.

The remarkable explanation of this phenomenon, as given to us by an aged and venerable man—an ascetic [1]—is as follows:

"Upon the ikons of the saints—that is, upon the portraits of the holy men approved by the Mother of God, and by God Himself—rests the invisible but ever-present benediction of the Holy Ghost, healing and working miracles, in accordance with the Spirit's will, but not without the faith of the worshipers by whom the ikons are kissed and adored. This is the reason why the Sacred Portraits, in the eyes of true believers, often take on the semblance of life. The same thing happens to these portraits that would happen to the face of a corpse if God should restore to the dead body the living soul; the face and facial expression of such body would become reanimate. When a person with faith prays before a sacred ikon—for example, before the portrait of the Most Holy Mother of God—the Holy Mother Herself, drawn by the worshiper's heart-cry and faith, approaches the ikon, and, as a result of Her invisible but cognizable presence, the portrait produces a miraculous impression. In like manner, the changed expression of the portraits of Count Tolstoï is to be explained by the gathering about such portraits of unclean spirits (demons and their master the Devil) whom the thrice-accursed Count—to the misfortune of humanity—has so zealously served. If we believe in, and are conscious of, the Blessed Presence when we stand before the holy ikons, why should we not believe in the gathering of unclean spirits about the portrait of a man who has given himself up to the service of Satan?

"Be assured that the impression you have received from the portraits of Count Tolstoï (an impression that has been felt by many, and that is in full accordance with the significance of recent events) is not a fantasy, nor an emotional deception, but a fact of spiritual experience."

In commenting upon this "explanation" the writer in the "Diocesan Gazette" says:

If we take this observed phenomenon in connection with the awful sensations that are said to have terrified the soul of the Count every night during his recent illness, we must agree with the starets that around the portraits of Count Tolstoï assemble secretly (invisible but cognizable) Satan and his demons. It is natural that this phenomenon [the changed facial expression of the Count's portraits] should be most apparent to true believers, because the latter acquire a peculiar clearness of spiritual vision, which increases as they become more and more pure in heart. "The pure in heart shall see God"—and how much more shall they see angels and demons! Vassilli the Blessed, and other saints, often saw demons and angels, and in the Muromski monastery, in the diocese of Olonets, still lives a priest—Vikentie—who, when he shuts his eyes, sees, with spiritual vision, demons of all sorts swarming in the ether [*sic*].

It would be useful to contrast the latest portrait of Count Tolstoï with the portrait of Father John of Cronstadt. The face is the mirror of the heart; and in the face of Father John we see the countenance of a man in whom dwells the Holy Ghost, giving peace to the soul of His chosen one, inspiring the fiery words of his sermons, and appearing, outwardly, in every lineament and action. In the portrait of Count Tolstoï, on the other hand, we see a man who is the habitation of unclean spirits, and from whose heart the father of lies puts forth heresy, blasphemy, scoffing, and lewdness.

In most parts of the civilized religious world the Devil is supposed to attain his evil objects by means of temptation and

---

[[1] The Russian word used here is "starets," a very aged man. In some parts of Russia "starets" means an old monk, hermit, or pilgrim. The name usually carries the implication of wisdom and sanctity.]

deception. It would be interesting to learn from the holy starets and the editor of the "Tula Diocesan Gazette" why the father of lies makes his servant, the Count, repulsive and abhorrent to the world by giving to his portraits a "morose," "ferocious," and "satanic" expression. If the Devil really aimed to mislead the orthodox, he would throw around the portraits of the "thrice-accursed Count" a deceptive halo of apparent sanctity, and give to his features the benevolent expression of a miracle-working ikon. Then true believers might possibly be led away into the wilderness of heresy and dissent where Tolstoï and the Devil would have them be. It is hard to see how Satan can expect to lure the faithful out of the fold of the Orthodox Church by showing them a portrait of Tolstoï to which he (Satan) himself has purposely and miraculously imparted an expression of wickedness, moroseness, and satanic ferocity. A. F. L.

[It may be of interest to note, in connection with the ecclesiastical curiosity to which our correspondent draws attention, the fact that the Public Prosecutor of Berlin has confiscated the German edition of Tolstoï's "The Meaning of Life," which contains Count Tolstoï's answer to the Holy Synod regarding his excommunication. The reason given for the seizure is that the work is calculated to bring the Church into contempt, and the Prosecutor's action is based on a paragraph of the German Penal Code which imposes a maximum penalty of three years' imprisonment on anybody who publicly insults one of the Christian churches or other religious communities enjoying in Germany the privileges of a corporation.—The Editors.]

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the first article of the series on "Religious Life in America," now appearing in The Outlook, your correspondent has, unintentionally it is hoped, given offense to a number of the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this city by a misrepresentation and some inaccuracies which, in the interest of justice and your reputation for fairness, I ask you to correct.

The Preachers' Meeting, at the time your correspondent called, was discussing the subject of Transfers. A non-Methodist, such as your correspondent, would scarcely be able to appreciate the real grievance involved in the one-sided way in which the law controlling transfers is so often administered, without familiarity with our church polity. Hence, supposing it to have been a mere clamor for the grapes of Eshcol, he has misrepresented a body of pastors, many of whom feel deeply wounded thereby.

The inaccuracies relate to what he says about ministers being weak between Sundays. Three years ago the subject of vestibules for our street-cars was widely agitated. A timely blizzard helped to enforce the arguments advanced for them. Not more than three or four churches were reported to have shown interest in the matter. The following spring the electrical workers of this city went on strike which lasted several weeks. Concerning the latter the churches apparently had nothing at all to say. It was our conversation about this which called forth the remark that the churches, not the ministers only, are "weak between Sundays." This means, not the Methodist Church only, but other Churches also—a view shared by the priest quoted in the second article. Our Church is far from doing all she might do in promulgating a social gospel, but she is equal in "brain and brawn" to many others and in advance of some.

Charles E. Guthrie.

Strawberry Methodist Episcopal Church,
Baltimore, Md.

[We have carefully re-read the article to which Mr. Guthrie refers, and do not see how the author can be charged with inaccuracies. So far from expressing the opinion that only the Methodist Church of Baltimore is "weak between Sundays," he distinctly intimates that all denominations are at least open to that criticism. As to the subject of "transfers," we can only say that the incident is corroborative of criticism made over and over again by loyal Methodists and Methodist clergymen. Is it not possible that the sensitiveness of a "number of Methodist ministers" in Baltimore is due to the soreness of the spot and not to the roughness of our contributor's touch?—The Editors.]

Not Universal

To the Editors of The Outlook:

One of your correspondents says: "Colored women fitted by nature, tradition, and education for nurses are refused admission to the white training-schools." It is only fair to say that this has not been so at the New England Hospital for Women and Children, Roxbury (part of Boston), Mass., the first hospital to train nurses in this country. A few colored nurses have always been received, and one has been for some time, and is now, acting acceptably as head nurse of one department. H. F. Kimball.

Brookline, Mass.

War and Epigram

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Some at least of your readers will be glad to read a timely epigram on the Boer war which appears in the London "Speaker:"

It appears that Mr. Chamberlain said in a speech: "I might die to-morrow and this great empire of our fathers would still remain."

I give you a reflection on this in English and Latin, if you care to print them:

Josephus states to an admiring train
That if he died the empire would remain.
Yes, if you die, it will survive you, Jo;
But if you live? That's what we want to know.

Dixerat insipiens aulâ Catalina frequenti,
"Etsi cras moriar permanet Imperium."
"Id modo tu caveas," ait ex adstantibus unus,
"Ne melius possit te superante mori"!

C. S. Oakley.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Please suggest some easy, common-sense reading (either magazine articles, books, sermons, or the like) on (1) the Holy Spirit along the lines of Whiton's "Gloria Patri;" (2) the Higher Life, or the shortcomings of the Keswick Movement, similar to Dr. Johnson's "Highest Life;" (3) recent discoveries in Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt, confirmatory of Scriptures; (4) Religion and Art, in which Art is shown as a help to Religion. (5) Has Lyman Abbott any sermons on the Holy Spirit? G. F. S.

1. The nearest thing to this, though with marked difference, is Professor Denio's "The Supreme Leader" (Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.25). 2. There is nothing in book form so satisfactory as Professor Johnson's work. See, however, The Outlook's editorial on "The Keswick Movement," February 28, 1898. 3. See Professor Paton's recent "Early History of Syria and Palestine." Its ample bibliography will suffice for Egypt also (Scribners, $1.25). 4. See Dr. Matheson's "Growth of the Spirit of Christianity, from the First Century to the Dawn of the Lutheran Era" (Scribners, $7.50, two volumes). The subject is a very wide one, including, as it does, music and poetry, and can be covered only by a wide range of reading. 5. None in print, we think.

What books or papers can you recommend to give condensed information about (1) home life of the Hebrews; (2) Jewish fasts and feasts; (3) social standing of the Jews in exile; (4) the Jews of to-day. H. B.

1. Croll's "Jewish Artisan Life in the Time of Jesus" (Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia, 40 cents) and Day's "Social Life of the Hebrews" (Scribners, $1.25). 2. Edersheim's "Rites and Worship of the Jews" (Revell Company, $1). 3. Kent's "History of the Jewish People" contains various notices of this, all that is known of it (Scribners, $1.50). 4. Morais's "Eminent Israelites of the Nineteenth Century" (E. Stern & Co., Philadelphia) and Wolf's "The American Jew" (Levytype Company, Philadelphia).

Can you give the name of a book that I could use as supplementary reading and reference to the Sunday-school lessons (International)? A. D.

The lessons for 1902 are in the Acts for the first half, and for the last half in Exodus to Samuel, inclusive. Out of a large list for supplementary study there may be named as most important, McGiffert's "History of the Apostolic Age" (Scribners, $2.50), Ottley's "Short History of the Hebrews" (Macmillan, $1.25), Day's "Social Life of the Hebrews" (Scribners, $1.25), Budde's "Religion of Israel to the Exile" (Putnams, $1.50).

Please give a list of authorities who discuss the subject of psychological phenomena, not including Hudson. I would like those who treat the subject from both standpoints—the spiritualistic and the scientific. Potomac.

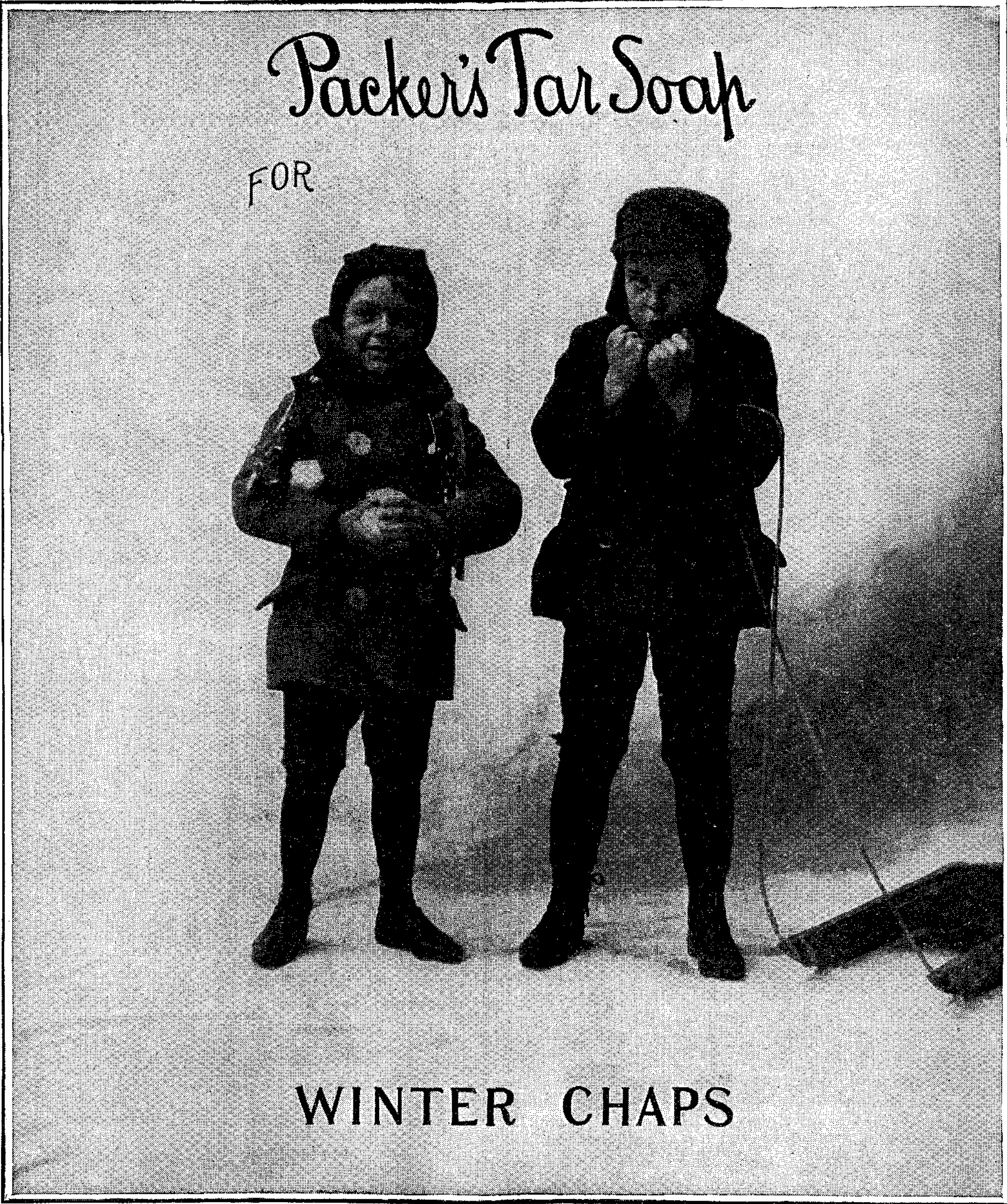
On the scientific side see Podmore's "Apparitions and Thought Transference" (Scribners) and "Studies in Psychical Research" (Putnams). On the spiritualistic see Wallace's "Psycho-Physiological Sciences and their Assailants" (Colby & Rich, Boston), "Planchette" (Roberts Brothers), and Homes's "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism" (London, Virtue).

I am a college graduate, but "the new psychology" has come in since my college days. Please name to me some up-to-date work that clearly presents the whole subject in moderate compass, as free as possible from technicalities, in the light of the latest researches and discussions. N. F. V.

The works of Professors James, Baldwin, and Ladd are recognized authorities and available for your purpose. The most recent publication is Professor Calkins's "Introduction to Psychology," briefly reviewed in The Outlook for November 2, not inferior to any of these, and presenting some features of special interest.

Will you kindly tell me where the frescoes of Raphael's "Hours" are to be found? Some say they are in Florence, others that they are in Rome. E. M. G.

It is doubtful whether the "Hours" attributed to Raphael were ever painted by him. Some claim that Raphael copied them from the walls of a room in the Baths of Diocletian, others that they were copies of Pompeian pictures to which the name of Raphael was attached. The originals have been lost, and are known only from engravings.


Packer's Tar Soap
FOR
WINTER CHAPS

Chapped and irritated skin quickly relieved by the cleansing, soothing and healing influence of

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

The Packer Manufacturing Company, 81 Fulton Street, New York

Stop Thief!
Scouring
steals the
plate. Use

ELECTRO
SILVER POLISH
SILICON

for cleaning
and polishing
before it's
too late.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
"Silicon," 30 Cliff St., New York.

TARTARLITHINE
TRADE MARK
FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM
Prepared only by
THE TARTARLITHINE CO.
SOLE AGENTS.
McKESSON & ROBBINS
NEW YORK

DEEDS
NOT
WORDS

TARTARLITHINE
CURES
RHEUMATISM.

Send for our free Pamphlet telling you how to cure Rheumatism.

McKESSON & ROBBINS
97 FULTON STREET NEW YORK
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

Dollars Saved by using **PEARLINE.** You save a few cents by buying some cheap washing powder, but you lose a hundred times as much in damage to your clothes. Where's the economy? They are entirely different from PEARLINE, which is absolutely harmless, and cheapest to use. 650

Pearline—Saving

COOK BY STEAM

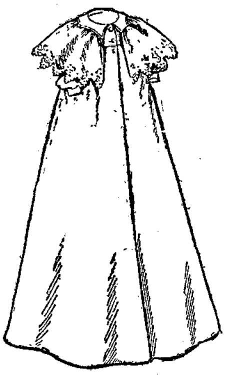
That's the new way. The famous
"BEVERIDGE SANITARY COOKER"
delights housewives. Recently improved, leads the world. 327,968 sold. Like no other. 19 sizes and styles. No smoke, no odor. Noiseless. Sells at sight. One agent sold 3,273. Cooker free to good agents. **Good salary and premiums made.**

AMERICAN UTENSIL COMPANY,
P. O. 968, Dept. D. Baltimore, Md.

BEST & Co
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Infants'
Long
Silk Coat
$8.75

Small collar with a deep ruffle of embroidery, lined with sateen.



Many other articles of moderate cost, particularly appropriate for Christmas Gifts, are described in our new Catalogue of Things for Children (send 4 cents for postage) containing OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS.

We have no agents.
Our goods sold only at this one store.

Address Dep't 10 60-62 W. 23d St., N.Y.

SOLID SUBSTANTIAL FLESH

and good Brains are made from

Grape-Nuts

Sold by grocers.

A HARD WORKER

One of the "Kings" of the Coast

Mrs. L. S. King, of Concord, Cal., is state organizer and lecturer for the W. C. T. U. of California. She had been carrying on her work without using proper food to sustain her body, and says: "Before I found Grape-Nuts food I was suffering seriously with indigestion and my mind had become sluggish and dull, the memory being very much impaired.

"Hearing of Grape-Nuts as a food for rebuilding and strengthening the brain and nerve centers, I began its use. In two months I have gained four pounds in weight, never felt better in my life, and find a most remarkable improvement in my memory and mental activity. I never stood the fatigue and pressure of work as well as I do now. A short time ago I went to a new county, worked twenty-two days, almost day and night, without rest, and came home feeling fine. You may be sure I take Grape-Nuts food with me so that I may depend upon having it."

Holiday Table Linens

Registered Trade Mark

Especially suitable for holiday gifts are the lace trimmed, embroidered, and fine hemstitched Table Linens, including—

Afternoon Tea and Luncheon Cloths
$6.00 to $75.00 each.

Fine Hemstitched Sets
(Cloth and one dozen Napkins)
$10.00 to $50.00 a Set.

Centerpieces
Embroidered, $1.50 to $30.
Lace, . . . 4.00 to 25.

Doylies
Finger Bowl, $3.00 to $50.00 doz.
Plate, . . . 9.00 to 100.00 "

These goods will be placed in boxes bearing our name and trade-mark—seal of sterling quality in linens.

Mail orders have prompt attention.

James McCutcheon & Co.
"The Linen Store," 14 West 23d St., N.Y.

We have no agents or branch stores. All orders should be sent direct to us.

Reduced Prices on Suits and Cloaks

YOU are now in the middle of your buying time, but the cloth manufacturer's selling time is over. That's why he will make his best materials for us now at far less than regular prices — and that's why we can offer you **suits and cloaks, of bran-new materials, made to order, at one-third less than regular prices.**

Nearly all of our styles and materials share in this sale.

Note these reductions:

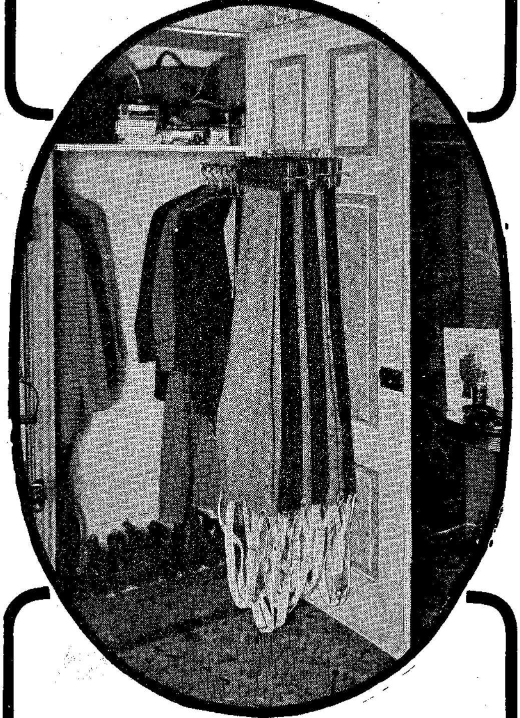
Suits in the newest models, made of up-to-date materials and lined throughout, suitable for Winter and early Spring wear; former price $10, reduced to $6.67.
$12 Suits reduced to $8. $15 Suits reduced to $10.
$25 Suits reduced to $16.67.
Latest designs in Skirts, with just the proper style to them; former price $5, reduced to $3.34.
$6 Skirts reduced to $4. $7.50 Skirts reduced to $5.
$10 Skirts reduced to $6.67.
Long Jackets, former price $10, reduced to $6.67.
$15 Jackets reduced to $10.
$18 Jackets reduced to $12.
Rainy-Day, Golf, and Traveling Skirts; former price $6, reduced to $4.
$7.50 Skirts reduced to $5. $9 Skirts reduced to $6.
Reduced prices on Rainy-Day Suits, Traveling Suits, etc.

Catalogue, Samples, and Reduced Price List sent *free* upon request, but write quickly, for this Sale will last a few weeks only, and the choicest goods will be sold first. If what you get does not please you, send it back. *We will refund your money.*

THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York

You Take No Risk

You may use the "Practical" Trousers Hanger and Press for 60 days, and if not satisfactory return it at our expense and **we will refund the full purchase price.** We assume all liability of wear and tear while the goods are on trial.



The "Practical" Trousers Hanger and Press

is an absolutely perfect device, which has been used over eight years by thousands of men for hanging and pressing their trousers. Saves clothing, by keeping them smooth as if ironed. Every garment separately "get-at-able." Closet capacity trebled. It is as much in advance of all other articles intended for the same purpose as the modern railroad is ahead of the old-time stage.

An Ideal Christmas Gift for Any Man

Our 100-page illustrated descriptive book (free on request) contains the endorsements of our device by more than **3,000 well-known gentlemen,** every one of whom is using at least one of our **$5 sets.**

The Five-Dollar Set, which consists of 6 "Practical" Trousers Hangers and 3 "Practical" Closet Rods, is sent, express prepaid, on receipt of price. The closet shown is fitted with a $5 set. It meets the average requirements. **For $1 we will send, prepaid, one hanger and one rod, and afterward when wanted the remainder of the $5 set for $4.** Single hangers, 75c.; single rods, 25c.

PRACTICAL NOVELTY COMPANY,

434 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We make no effort to compete with the cheap hangers on the market, and if you are skeptical, order a sample of each and give them a trial. You can get your money back for the "Practical" if you desire it after the test.

The New "Tomnus"

This latest style is made in three heights:

Tomnus, 2½ *ins. high*
Corolla, 2¾ *ins. high*
Hogarth, 3 *ins. high*

The "Little Indian" has put on a new collar of the famous brand

"Little Indian"

Collars—Cuffs—Shirts

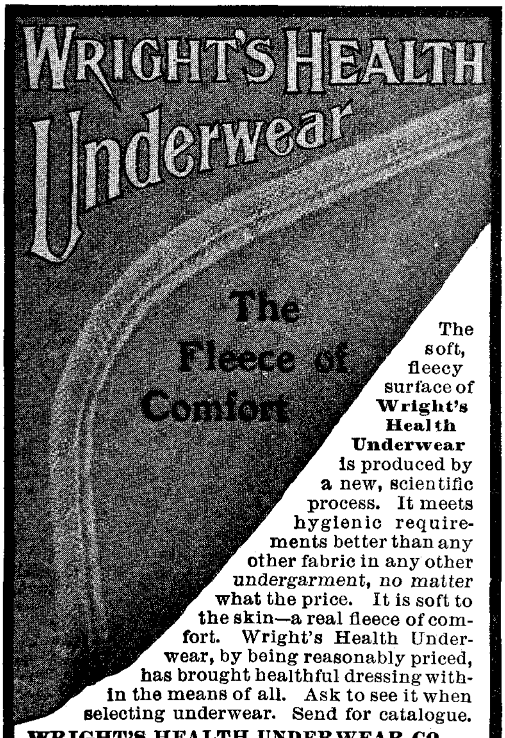
It is called the "**Tomnus**" and can be bought of all good dealers for 15c.—2 for 25c. Present this advertisement to your dealer and he will give you a handsomely mounted

Full Length Picture FREE

of the "Little Indian" ready to frame and without advertising on it. Size, 10 x 13 inches.

If your dealer does not keep "Little Indian" goods, write us and we will furnish name of one who does, where the picture can be obtained. Catalogue of styles mailed *free.*

H. C. CURTIS & CO., Troy, N. Y.



Wright's Health Underwear

The soft, fleecy surface of **Wright's Health Underwear** is produced by a new, scientific process. It meets hygienic requirements better than any other fabric in any other undergarment, no matter what the price. It is soft to the skin—a real fleece of comfort. Wright's Health Underwear, by being reasonably priced, has brought healthful dressing within the means of all. Ask to see it when selecting underwear. Send for catalogue.

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.,
75 Franklin St., New York.

The American Wringer Co's

HorseshoeBrand "Gem" Toy Wringer

MADE TO WRING

A practical toy for the young housekeeper.

The "GEM" is a perfect wringer with soft rubber rolls 4 inches long. Each wringer is packed in a separate wooden box and bears the Horseshoe Guarantee.

It is also of great convenience in the bathroom for wringing out laces, handkerchiefs and other small articles.

Price 50 cents from us postpaid—if your dealer does not keep them.

Funnier than a Jack-in-the-Box our surprise toy "It's all in the Rubber" Address Dept. 20

The American Wringer Co., 99 Chambers St., N.Y.

The "ARNOLD" BED ROOM SLIPPER

is the prettiest Christmas Gift that

20 CENTS

will buy,—and when you talk about comfort, that's a bigger story still,—for they're soft and warm, can be worn about the room or worn to bed, and will surely banish cold feet.

These slippers are made, sole and top, of washable knit fabric, fleece lined and in solid colors, Pink, Old Blue, Lavender and Black. They are ornamented with white silk shell stitch embroidery and are pretty as can be.

If you want a fine Christmas gift for a little money, send 20 cents and stocking size, to

NOVELTY KNITTING Co., 329 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

"HOWARD"

Mandolins and Guitars.

Sold by all First-Class Dealers. Lead all the rest. Illus. Catalog No. 43, the finest published, 80 large pages, sent **FREE.** Send 25 cents and we'll send you complete set strings for either violin, mandolin (with 3 picks), or guitar.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
254 E. 4th St., Cincinnati.

We Mail

our very handsome and expensive 72-page illustrated

Book Free

Not only that you may learn the dangerous possibilities of the old fashioned *hair* mattress and the desirability of the modern OSTERMOOR PATENT ELASTIC FELT, but also that you may learn the sizes and prices of OSTERMOOR

Pillows	**Chair Cushions**
Bolsters	**Window Cushions**
Wedge Bolsters	**Quaint Cosy Corners**
Yacht Cushions	**Church Cushions, etc.**

It contains hundreds of letters from men and women of *national reputation*, testifying to the positive merits of

COMPRESSING THE FELT BY HAND
TRADE MARK

The Ostermoor

Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, $15.

Which is the best mattress ever made at any price and is not an imitation of anything else. Don't believe any one who says it is "just like this" or "just like that." It is just like nothing but itself. It is not for sale by any store or agent—an Ostermoor mattress can only be bought of OSTERMOOR & Co., either by mail or at our warerooms. Please call if you can. Read our binding guarantee:

SLEEP ON IT 30 NIGHTS

And if it is not even all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

These Prices Include Express Charges.

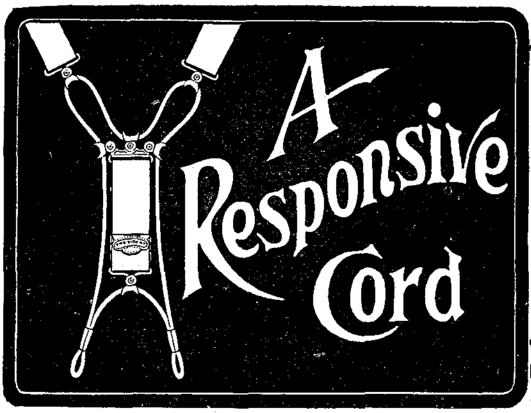
2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs. -	$ 8.35	All 6 ft. 3 in. long
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.,	10.00	
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs. -	11.70	
4 feet wide, 40 lbs., -	13.35	
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs. -	15.00	

Made in two parts 50c. extra. Prices quoted on special sizes.

Don't forget—Send for our FREE Book, "The Test of Time."

OSTERMOOR & CO., 120 Elizabeth St., New York

Send for our book, "Church Cushions."
We have cushioned 25,000 Churches.

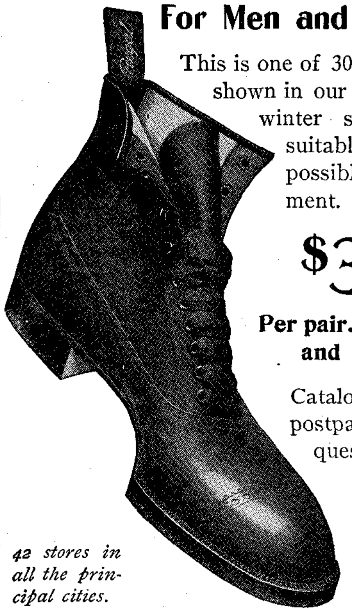


An answer to every movement made by the body is found in the action of **President Suspender.** All strain is relieved. No other suspender is built on the same principle as

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

Every pair is guaranteed. Look for **"President"** on the buckles. Trimmings cannot rust. **Extra** heavy style for manual workers. The price is 50c. If the nearest dealer can't supply you, send the price direct to us and receive a pair of new design by mail postpaid.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 226, Shirley, Mass.



The REGAL SHOE

For Men and Women

This is one of 30 illustrations shown in our catalogue of winter shoes — shoes suitable for every possible requirement.

$3.50

Per pair. All styles and leathers

Catalogue sent, postpaid, upon request. Mail Order Department,

P. O. Box 206

42 stores in all the principal cities.

L. C. BLISS & CO., Boston, Mass.

23 YEARS
THE STANDARD
OF EXCELLENCE

Jaeger WOOLENS

Only True Sanitary Underwear

Send for Catalogue.

ALL WEIGHTS FOR ALL WANTS

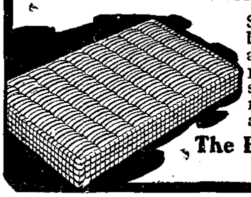
Agencies in principal Cities

New York: 16 West 23d St.
155-57 Broadway
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St.
Boston: 230-32 Boylston St.
Phila.: 924 Chestnut St.
Chicago: 82 State St.

WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO BUY

our mattress, we want to send you one, express paid, on 30, 40, or even 60 nights free trial that you may compare it with any other mattress made of hair, cotton, felt or cotton-felt, and we will leave it to your judgement what to do at the end of the trial period. Kapok comes from Java and is the ideal mattress filler, and you will never regret trying the

"Ezybed" KAPOK Resilient Mattress.



Send for our booklet, "Ezybeds of Kapok." It tells all about Kapok. Luxurious Kapok couch pillow, 20 inches square, Oriental covering, ready for use, sent prepaid anywhere for $1.00.

The Bohnert-Brunsman Co., Dep. Y, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Best Xmas Gift

The best gift for a woman is yards enough of our

Ladies' Fine Suitings

for a tailor made suit, coat or wrap. We manufacture the most fashionable woolen and worsted fabrics and *sell direct from mill* to you by mail at 40% less than the stores charge.

Send for FREE SAMPLES of B. C. M. Goods

SIMSON WOOLEN & WORSTED MILL, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

The most comfortable

HOUSE SHOES

for winter time

are the

Felt Shoes

and Slippers

made by the

DANIEL GREEN

FELT SHOE CO.

119 West 23d St., N. Y.

No. 3018. Delivered, $3.50
Gentleman's "Study" Shoe

No other house shoe **can** be substituted for this one. Once worn it is always wanted. It is made from pure WOOL felt, soles and all. They are very light, very warm, and cover the WHOLE foot. No wear out to them. Colors: black only.

New Catalog showing 42 styles of house and street shoes FREE on application.

No. 2568. Delivered, $1.50
Ladies' "Romeo"

Beautifully fur-bound. Finest pure wool felt. The style is exceedingly attractive. Noiseless leather soles and low heels. No other house shoe is nearly as comfortable. Colors: red, brown, black, green, and drab.

LIFE SIZE DOLL, 2½ ft. high.
SMALL BABY DOLL, 20 inches high.

This Doll is hand-painted in oil colors that will not crock.
Doll to be stuffed with cotton, as directions will show.
Dollie has Golden Hair, Rosy Cheeks, Brown Eyes, Kid Color Body, Red Stockings, and Black Shoes, and in following the directions in making up, if piece of heavy cardboard is inserted in the soles, a perfect shoe is formed, enabling the doll to stand erect.

Price of Life Size Doll, - - -	40c, or stuffed,	60c
Postage on Life Size Doll, - - -	5c, "	31c
Price of Baby Doll (white or black),	25c, "	45c
Postage on Baby Doll, - - -	4c, "	16c

If ordered by mail, add postage.

THE TAYLOR-WOOLFENDEN CO.

Woodward Avenue and State Street, - DETROIT, MICH.

Send for New Catalogue of **Dry Goods** and **Furnishings,** also Illustrated Catalogue of Handkerchiefs. Try Shopping by Mail. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS

ESTERBROOK & Co. FALCON PEN

150 Varieties. For Sale by all Stationers.

There is nothing so good in the way of a pen.

Works, Camden, N. J. **THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.** 26 John St., New York.

Enthusiastic Converts

There are Thousands of Them Who Believe as this Woman Does

Mrs. Ira Knowlton, of Butte, Montana, is a most enthusiastic convert to the virtues of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets as a cure for obstinate stomach trouble. She says: "I had poor digestion nearly all my life. It now seems to me that for years I never knew what it was to be hungry, to have a good natural appetite.

"I was troubled with gas in stomach causing pressure on the heart with palpitation and short breath. Nearly everything I ate soured on my stomach, sometimes I had cramps in the stomach which almost resembled spasms.

"Doctors told me I had catarrh of the stomach, but their medicines would not reach it and I would still be a sufferer had I not, in sheer desperation, decided to try Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"I knew they were an advertised remedy and I didn't believe anything I read about them as I had no confidence in advertised remedies, but my sister living in Pittsburg wrote me last spring telling me how Stuart's Tablets had cured her little daughters of indigestion and loss of flesh and appetite, and I hesitated no longer.

I bought a fifty cent box at my drug store and took two of the large tablets after each meal and found them delightful to take, being as pleasant to the taste as caramel candy. Whenever during the day or night I felt any pain or uneasiness in the stomach or about the heart I took one of the small tablets, and in three weeks it seemed to me as if I had never known what stomach trouble was.

I keep Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in the house and every member of our family uses them occasionally after a hearty meal or when any of us have a pain or ache in the digestive organs."

Mr. E. H. Davis of Hampton, Va., says: "I doctored five years for dyspepsia, but in two months I got more benefit from Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets than in five years of the doctor's treatment."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the safest as well as the simplest and most convenient remedy for any form of indigestion, catarrh of stomach, biliousness, sour stomach, bloating after meals, sympathetic heart trouble.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is not a cheap cathartic but an active digestive remedy containing the pepsin and diastase which every weak stomach lacks, and they cure stomach troubles because they digest the food eaten, and give the weak, abused, overworked stomach a chance to rest and recuperate.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold in every drug store in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain.

QUICK RELIEF, SURE RELIEF.

BROWN'S Bronchial Troches

For Coughs and Colds.

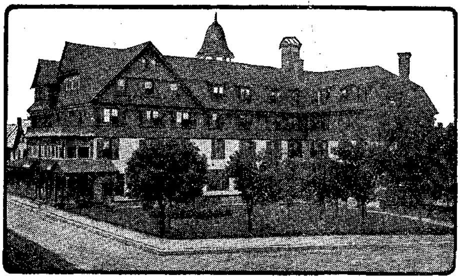
Fac-Simile Signature of John I. Brown & Son on every box.

1877 FOR 24 YEARS 1901

We have successfully treated all forms of

CANCER

Tumors and other new growths except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs and the Thoracic Cavity **without the use of the knife.** As a logical result of our success



THE BERKSHIRE HILLS Sanatorium

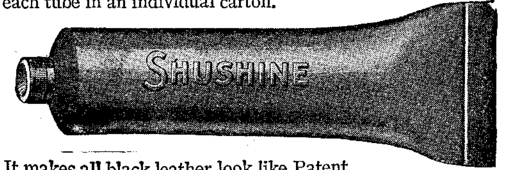
has, from a humble beginning, become the largest and most elegantly appointed private institution in the world for the treatment of a special class of diseases, and has no rivals. It is conducted by a graduate of standing in the Regular School of Medicine, and upon a strictly ethical and professional basis. Any physician who desires to investigate our method of treatment will be entertained as our guest. **All physicians are cordially invited.**

Upon receipt of a description of any case of Cancer or Tumor we will mail, prepaid and securely sealed, THE MOST VALUABLE AND COMPREHENSIVE TREATISE ever published on this special subject, and will give you an opinion as to what can be accomplished by our method of treatment, and will refer you to former patients.

DRS. W. E. BROWN & SON, North Adams, Mass.

SHUSHINE A PERFECT DRESSING

It can be carried in your grip, trunk, or pocket; **you can't spill it.** ***SHUSHINE*** is a paste put up in tubes, each tube in an individual carton.



It makes all black leather look like Patent Leather. Keeps Patent Leather, Enamel and Corona Kid looking just as good as new. **It never cracks or forms a crust.** Keeps the leather soft and pliable; after three or four applications, occasional rubbing will keep the shoes polished for weeks. It pleases the ladies, as it does not smut or black the skirts. If there is no agent in your city, we will send by mail on receipt of price **one tube, 25c.; or five tubes, $1.00.**

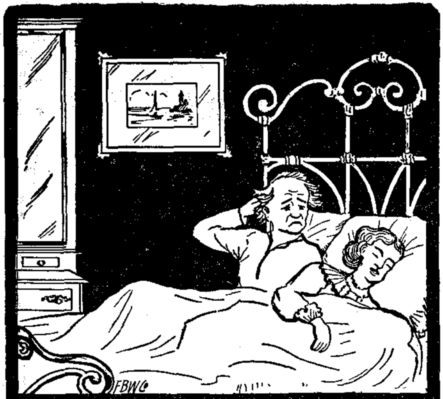
OSMIC CHEMICAL CO., Dept. O, Brockton, Mass.

Canaries

We have this year visited the leading canary breeders and trainers in Germany, and imported as fine a lot of trained singers as were ever brought to America. They are beautiful, hardy birds, with wonderfully soft, clear musical voices.

Catalogue of canaries, parrots, and other birds, **200 illustrations, very complete, free if you mention this paper.**

IOWA SEED CO., Des Moines, Iowa.



Snoring Stopped Instantly,

prevented and cause permanently removed by a neat and simple device which affords no inconvenience to user. **Failure is impossible.** It also prevents sleeping with open mouth, which habit ruins so many throats and vocal cords and in many cases brings on fatal diseases of nose, throat and lungs. **No Medicine.**

Name and address of all Snorers and Mouth Breathers wanted, to whom information will be sent.

Correspondence Confidential in plain sealed envelope. Address, (Mention this paper.)

SNOR-O-DONT, 142 Monroe St. Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Lyon's

PERFECT

Tooth Powder

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

DR MARSHALL'S
AROMATIC
CATARRH
& HEADACHE
SNUFF

For 65 Years Dr. Marshall's Catarrh Snuff has kept on Curing Catarrh

The oldest Remedy, has a national reputation and has never been equaled for the instant relief and permanent cure of Catarrh, Colds in the Head, and the attendant Headach and Deafness. Restores Lost Sense of Smell. Immediat relief guaranteed. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. **Ask your dealer for it.** Refuse all substitutes. Price, **25 cents.** All druggists, or by mail, postpaid. *Circulars free.*

F. C. KEITH (Mfr.), Cleveland, Ohio.

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879.

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP

Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Catarrh, Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Grippe, Hay Fever.

Do you know the danger which lies behind a simple sore throat or cough?

All children's diseases of the throat—Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, etc., begin in that way.

This is the warning which should be heeded. Don't delay an hour, particularly when contagious diseases are about, but start the Cresolene vaporizer at once.

Use it when you or the baby cannot sleep because of a suffocating cold in the head, or distressing cough.

Once used, you will never be without CRESOLENE.

Ask your physician about it, or write for descriptive booklet with proofs of its value.

All Druggists.

CRESOLENE THROAT TABLETS

A safe and simple remedy soothing and germ destroying in its action.

To be used for coughs and irritable conditions of the throat.

At your druggists', or from us for 10 cents in stamps.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,
180 Fulton Street, NEW YORK

Vapo-Cresolene

Tuberculosis
(CONSUMPTION)

Tuberculosis, whether of the throat, lungs, bowels or other organs, exists when the tissue or mucous membrane lining the particular organ has become so impaired as to furnish a "culture" spot or spots for the germ, Tubercle Bacilli, ultimately causing ulcers or sores or as they are called in the lungs cavities. "A healthy mucous membrane is a normal barrier to the invasion of Tubercle Bacilli and other disease bearing germs."

TINCTURE AMÄL

is not a "cure all" but by its effect upon the human system rebuilds tissue, restores the mucous membrane, in incipient and even in advanced cases of Tuberculosis, thus destroying the germ and does it in any climate. Accomplishing this much in Tuberculosis where loss is so great and waste so evident, it readily cures the lesser troubles of the membrane as Bronchitis, Catarrh, acute or chronic, Laryngitis, etc., etc.

The entire subject is dealt with in a common sense way in "Living for Health" written by a well known authority, which is mailed free upon application together with "Specific Cases"—treated and cured by Tincture Amäl as reported by leading physicians in various parts of this country, reprinted from medical journals.

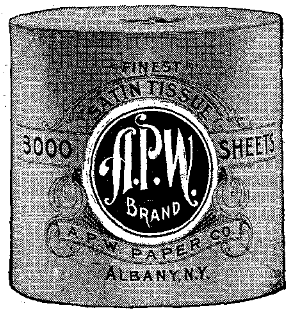
Every claim we make for Tincture Amäl is fully sustained by numerous thorough tests on the part of the medical profession.

TINCTURE AMÄL MFG. CO., Ltd., Baltimore, Md.

Toilet Paper (Like Satin)

A Year's Supply for the Family—Delivered—$1.00

THE matter is such a small one that you have probably never given the purchase of the toilet paper for your home a moment's thought, and yet it is a commodity that has as many qualities, sizes and prices as soap or shoes or corsets, and you should want the best (especially when it costs less than the inferior).



If you don't want to order without examination, simply send your address on a postal, or enclose your calling card, *and we will understand* that you wish to receive

Samples and Booklet Sent Free

We are the largest manufacturers of toilet paper in the world, and our **"A. P. W. BRAND"** is the finest we make. We want to convince you that it is not only the most *desirable* paper as to quality, but is also the *cheapest*—hence we will deliver (charges prepaid) a case containing *a year's supply* for only $1.00 to any family in the United States we can reach by express. Let us hear from you.

A. P. W. PAPER CO., 27 Colonie Street, Albany, N. Y.

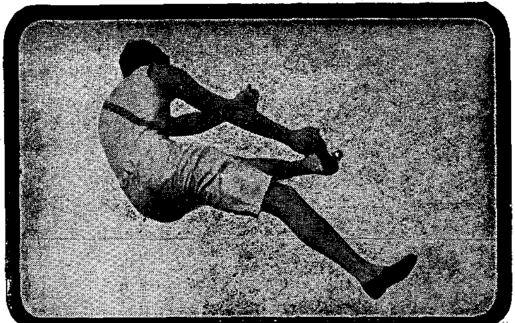
American Branches:
New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco.

Foreign Manufactories:
London, - Paris, - Berlin, - Cologne.

Useful Christmas Gift

As nothing brings so much cheer and comfort into a home as good light, nothing can be so acceptable a Christmas gift as the Angle Lamp. It is the ideal method of illumination, being as brilliant as gas or electricity, giving no trouble whatever, and costing but eighteen cents a month to burn. Thousands of homes use it to the exclusion of all other methods, and once installed is a constant pleasure. Send at once for our Catalogue O., showing all styles from $1.80 up.

The Angle Lamp Co.
76 Park Place, NEW YORK



Bausch & Lomb Plastigmat f-6.8

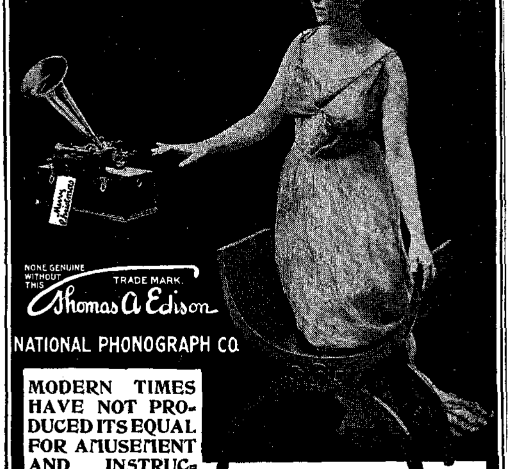
The Perfect Photo Lens, as the above picture made with it shows, is fast enough for the fastest work, and in addition, has the proper length of focus for the best pictorial results, the highest optical corrections and either combination may be used separately for long distance or portrait photography. Booklet with five difficult pictures mailed free. Buy your camera with it. Buy it for your camera.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
New York ROCHESTER, N. Y. Chicago

The DISCOVERY of the EDISON

PHONOGRAPH

Brought happiness to thousands.



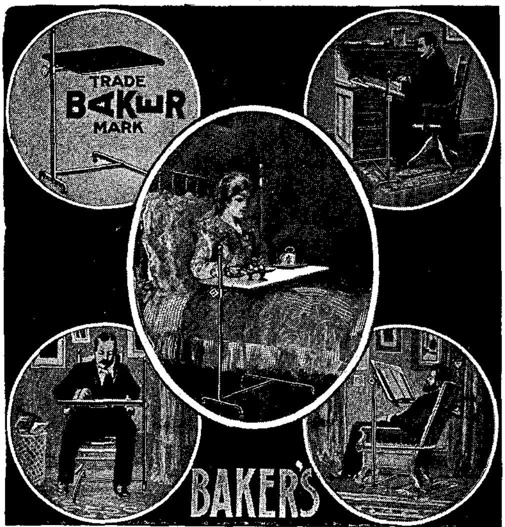
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS TRADE MARK.
Thomas A. Edison
NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO.

MODERN TIMES HAVE NOT PRODUCED ITS EQUAL FOR AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

Catalogues at all dealers.

Nine Styles from $10 to $100

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
New York Office, 135 Fifth Avenue. Chicago Office, 144 Wabash Avenue.
Foreign Department, 15 Cedar Street, New York.



Bedside and Reading Table

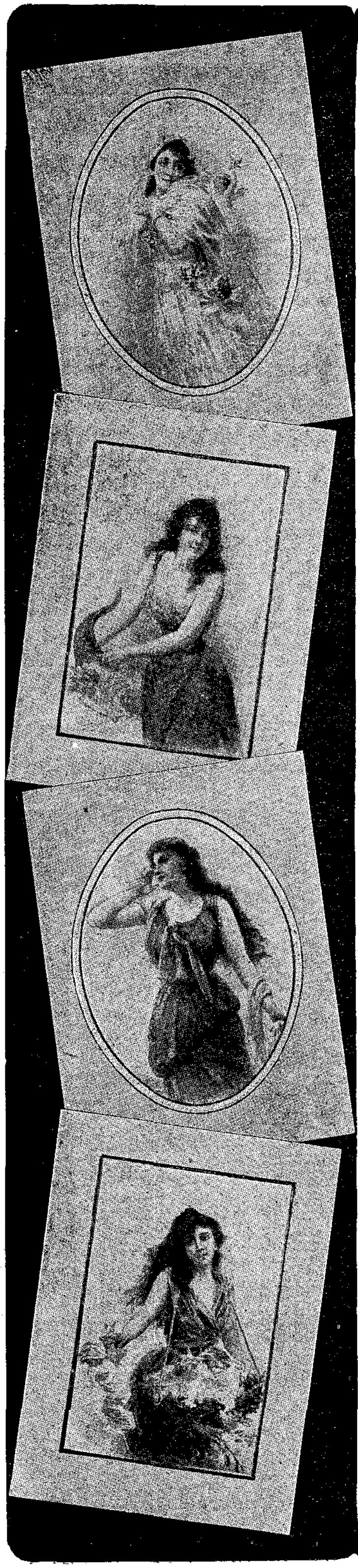
Adapted for use over Bed, Lounge, or Chair, for serving meals, reading, writing, etc. Has finely polished quartered oak top, that can be raised, lowered or tilted either way. Perfect device for holding books attached to each side. Frame is steel tubing, handsomely finished. Table weighs 15 lbs. Height, 38 inches.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

In Five Styles—Black Enamel, $4.25; White Enamel, $4.75; Nickel Plated, $6.75; Brass Plated, $7.00; Antique Copper Plated (very handsome), $7.25. **Freight prepaid** east of Colorado; by express prepaid, fifty cents extra.

Prompt shipment and safe delivery guaranteed. Money back if not satisfied. **Interesting Booklet mailed free.** Send for it.

J. R. Baker & Sons Co., 67 Wayne St., Kendallville, Ind.



Four Paris Salon Pictures

Reproduced in colors from the original paintings of Edouard Bisson

Free

with Fairbank's Fairy Art Calendar 1902—Fifth Year

Ten Oval Fronts cut from FAIRY Soap Cartons will secure the Calendar and the Four Art Supplements.

FAIRY Soap costs only 5 cents a cake. The Calendar and Four Pictures would readily command $1.00 in Art stores.

You can get all FREE by buying 10 cakes of FAIRY, the best Floating White Soap made, and sending us the Ten Oval Fronts, or you can have the Calendar and Art Supplements by sending us twelve 2-cent stamps.

We prefer you should send the FAIRY Oval Fronts. You will if you once try FAIRY Soap.

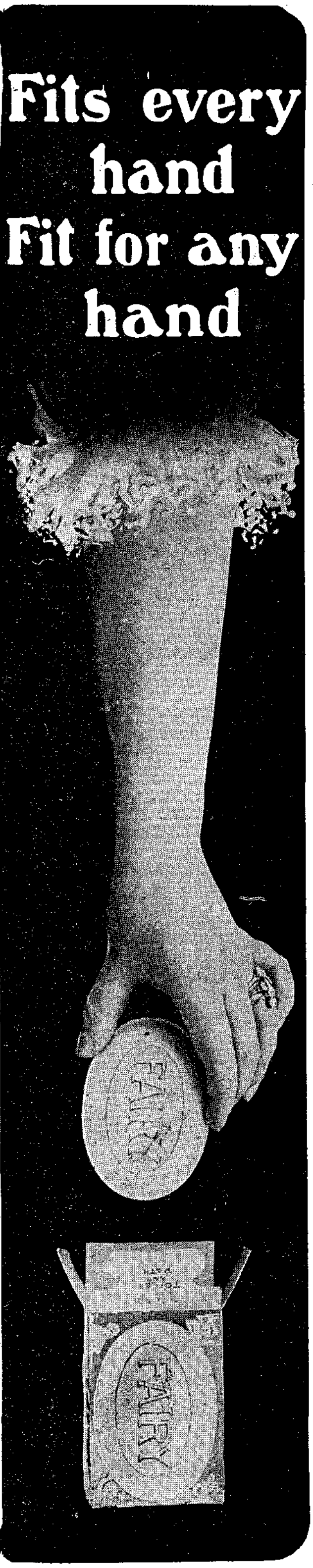
The FREE PICTURES

are faithful reproductions in colors of paintings by the world renowned French Artist, Edouard Bisson.

The Subjects are "La Fiancée," "Satania," "L'Echo," and "Little Prisoners." They are exquisite figure compositions, the beauty of which can only be suggested by the accompanying illustrations. They are the same size as the Calendar, 10¼ x 13⅜ inches on heavy plate stock without lettering to mar their beauty.

Send the 10 oval fronts or the twelve two-cent stamps to Department V

The N. K. Fairbank Company
Chicago.



MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
The Universal Perfume.

No sweeter or more acceptable CHRISTMAS BOX can be suggested than a box of the genuine

Murray & Lanman's

FLORIDA WATER

Delightful for the HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET and BATH
Most delightful after Shaving

NEW YORK

NYACK MILITARY ACADEMY

NYACK ON HUDSON
(29 miles from New York)
For prospectus address
The SUPERINTENDENT.

The BALLIOL SCHOOL, Utica, N.Y.

FOR GIRLS. College preparatory and general courses.
Louise Sheffield Brownell Saunders, A.B., Ph.D.
Edith Rockwell Hall, A.B.

PENNSYLVANIA

MISS BALDWIN'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
PREPARATORY TO BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

Miss FLORENCE BALDWIN, Principal. Within 10 years more than 120 pupils have entered Bryn Mawr College from this school. Diploma given in both General and College-Preparatory Courses Fine, fireproof stone building. 25 acres beautiful grounds. For circular, address the Secretary, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA, Overbrook

THE OVERBROOK SCHOOL

Girls' Boarding School in one of the most beautiful suburbs of Philadelphia. College Preparatory, General Course. Musical Department, Basket-ball, home life. Miss S. J. SAYWARD, Prin.

PENNSYLVANIA

Miss Gordon's French and English School for Girls

4112 Spruce Street, Philadelphia. College Preparatory and Academic courses. Certificate admits to Smith, Wellesley, and Vassar.

PENNSYLVANIA, Germantown, Philadelphia

WALNUT LANE SCHOOL

and Wellesley Preparatory. Prepares for all Colleges. Academic and special courses. Address Mrs. THEODORA B. RICHARDS, Principal.

NEW JERSEY

KENT PLACE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

SUMMIT, N. J.—Special attention to college preparation. Large grounds. Tennis, archery. Year Book and views sent on application. Mrs. SARAH WOODMAN PAUL, Principal. President Board of Directors, Hamilton W. Mabie, LL.D.

Summit Academy for Boys SUMMIT N. J.

Beautifully located on the Orange Mountains. Eight resident pupils to whom individual care is given. Home comforts and refinements combined with strict discipline. JAMES HEARD, A.M., Principal.

ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE, ALWAYS.

Remington Typewriter

327 Broadway, New York.

PRESERVING HELPS—A little refined Paraffine Wax poured on the preserves or jelly will keep it indefinitely. Sold everywhere. **STANDARD OIL CO.**

J. M. HANSON'S CLUB OFFERS

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Will Double the Purchasing Power of

YOUR MAGAZINE MONEY

GLANCE BELOW AND YOU WILL AGREE THAT THEY ARE REMARKABLE

The Outlook may be added to any of our Combinations for $3 additional.

	Regular Price for One Year		
	By Subscription	By Single Nos.	Our Price
Harper's Weekly (new sub.) Scientific American may be substituted for Harper's Weekly.	$4.00	$5.20	$5.00 For All Four
Literary Digest (new sub.) The World's Work may be substituted for Literary Digest.	3.00	5.20	
Harper's Bazar (Monthly) (new) Recreation (new) or Little Folks (new) may be substituted for the Bazar.	1.00	1.20	
Everybody's Magazine A Great Magazine. JOHN WANAMAKER, Publisher.	1.00	1.20	

The Periodicals will be sent to one or to different addresses, as may be desired.

The Club Price pays for a full yearly subscription to each periodical in the club.

	Regular Price for One Year		
	By Subscription	By Single Nos.	Our Price
Public Opinion, Little Folks, EVERYBODY'S, Harper's Bazar (all new subs.)	$6.00	$8.80	**$3.00**
World's Work, Sunday School Times, Country Life, EVERYBODY'S (all new subs.)	8.00	9.80	**4.00**
Harper's Weekly, Public Opinion, EVERYBODY'S, Country Life (all new subs)	11.00	14.60	**5.00**
Scientific American, Harper's W'kly, Public Opinion, EVERYBODY'S (all new subs.)	11.00	15.76	**6.00**
Public Opinion, Art Interchange, EVERYBODY'S, Harper's Weekly (all new subs.)	12.00	15.80	**6.00**

Success	$1.00	Our Club Price **$2.75** (Sent to one or different addresses.)	Cosmopolitan	$1.00	Our Club Price **$2.00** (Sent to one or different addresses.)
Leslie's Weekly	4.00		Leslie's Monthly	1.00	
Lippincott's Magazine may be substituted.			Success	1.00	
Review of Reviews (new)	$2.50	Our Club Price **$2.50** (Sent to one or different addresses.)	Leslie's Monthly or Cosmopolitan	$1.00	Our Club Price **$1.75** (Sent to one or different addresses.)
Cosmopolitan or Leslie's Monthly	1.00		Success	1.00	
Success	1.00		The Black Cat	.50	
Review of Reviews (new)	$2.50	Our Club Price **$5.00** (Sent to one or different addresses.)	Review of Reviews (new)	$2.50	Our Club Price **$4.75** (Sent to one or different addresses.)
Success	1.00		Leslie's Illustrated Weekly	4.00	
Current Literature (new)	3.00		New England Magazine	3.00	
North American Review (new)	5.00		Success	1.00	
Review of Reviews (new)	$2.50	Our Club Price **$3.00** (Sent to one or different addresses.)	Current Literature (new)	$3.00	Our Club Price **$3.00** (Sent to one or different addresses.)
Success	1.00		Review of Reviews (new)	2.50	
Cosmopolitan	1.00		Success	1.00	
Leslie's Monthly	1.00				
Literary Digest (new)	$3.00	Our Club Price **$5.25** (Sent to one or different addresses.)	Woman's Home Companion	$1.00	Our Club Price **$2.00** (Sent to one or different addresses.)
The Critic	2.00		Cosmopolitan	1.00	
Success	1.00		The Black Cat	.50	
The Bookman	2.00		American Boy	1.00	

NOTE.—New England Magazine, Review of Reviews (new), and Current Literature (new) may be substituted for each other.

OR WE WILL DUPLICATE ANY COMBINATION OFFER ADVERTISED

Harper's Magazine may be added to any of our Combinations for $3.35. Regular Price $4.00. The Youth's Companion (including all extra numbers and calendar for 1902) may be added for $1.75. Century Magazine may be added for $3.60. Regular Price, $4.00. McClure's Magazine $1.00. Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post, $2.00.

REFERENCES: Phœnix National Bank, Lexington, Ky., and all publishers.
CLUB RAISERS AND AGENTS WANTED to take orders for our combination offers. Liberal commission paid.
$1,000.00 IN CASH to agents sending us most subscriptions. Write for particulars. Address all orders to

J. M. HANSON MAGAZINE AGENCY **105 Hanson Block, Lexington, Ky.**

☞ **44-Page Catalogue of 3,000 Periodicals Free**